

STORIES OF PERIL AND ADVENTURE

CONTAINING

THE BLACK MAN'S GHOST

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER

By JAMES GREENWOOD.

AND

NUMEROUS INTERESTING AND USEFUL ARTICLES:
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND
MISCELLANEOUS.

EDITED BY

G. A. HENTY.

WITH FULL-PAGE AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS. ,

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John C. Hutcheson.

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THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.



Master Jupp, the Malay Woman, and a

CHAPTER I

My birthplace and parentage—Origin of my acquaintance with William Jupp—My first roving
—I am tempted by thirst to commit a great sin—My struggle with the water boy—The
hut on Luncheon Fields—The friendly Malay woman—I get confirmed an adventurer

I WAS born on the 8th of July, 1798, in a little alley in Goodman's Fields, in the parish of Wintehapel. My father was a tailor, and my mother, although she might have profitably employed the little leisure left from her domestic cares by helping in the meaner parts of tailoring, preferred working at her own trade, which was that of a pen-cutter. It is not on her authority, however, that I say that she preferred pen-cutting; indeed, if you might take her word for it, she would willingly have resigned the cutter for the needle, only that the ability to seam without puckering had been denied her, and that, though her life depended on it, she never could successfully accomplish a button-hole. My father, whose penetration was not remarkable, was content with this excuse, and, instead of regarding it as an obstacle to the extension of his business, was inclined to set it with the rest of my mother's valuable qualities, or, at least, to regard it as a fact highly curious and interesting. Unless I am much mistaken, however, what stood chiefly in the way of the develop-

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ment of my mother's talent for making button-holes was her natural self-dependence, the offshoot of which was a desire to ascertain the exact value of her labour, and to leave the same to display, though only for so short a time as it took my father to say, "You must have stuck to the work this week, my lass. Ah! if you could only make a decent button-hole!" At the risk of convicting my mother of a small matter of deceit, I fervently trust that I do not misjudge her; it may seem a petty business in the eyes of those who will recognise chivalry only as assaulting a big-clawed dragon, and bravery but as picking the very teeth of Death; but, for my part, when I think on her bony fingers and constant cheerfulness; when I recall the familiar picture of her bending over her board by candle-light, till her eyes, seen through her spectacles, were rimmed red, and all that folks might not know what a twopenny trade tailoring was, or, perhaps, even what a twopenny tailor her husband was, she becomes my foremost heroine and pearl of women, and I know not if I am most fond or proud of her.

My relations were not numerous. I had one brother and three sisters, all of whom were younger than myself. I had two uncles on my father's side, one of whom was of my father's trade, and the other a ladies' boot-maker; on my mother's side there was an aunt who was a spinster, and an uncle who was a stavedore, living close by Wapping Wall, and of whom the reader will presently learn some further particulars. As to my grandfathers, the one on my mother's side was a fellowship porter, and plied at Billingsgate; and my father's father (as I am informed, for he died before my time) was coachman and gardener to a retired sugar-baker.

From all that I can gather from the history of both my grandfathers, never in their lives did they travel farther from London than a coach would carry them; and it was their boast that they never once had laid down to sleep at night out of earshot of the watchman's call. My father must have been an even more insignificant traveller than they, for one of the recognised funny anecdotes of our family is to the effect that once upon a time he, my father, was over-persuaded to make one of a boating party to Blackwall Reach, but that, being overtaken by sickness, he was landed at Rotherhithe, and, having been put to bed, returned home by the road on the morrow. This was after his marriage. But, and despite his insinuations to the contrary, as a single blade he was not much given to roaming. He married my mother straight from the 'prentice board of his master in Eastcheap. It was the custom of this worthy to inscribe on the back of the indentures of his apprentices any serious act of ill-behaviour of which they were guilty. I have my father's indenture in my possession, and its reverse side is unsullied, save for the following line:—"Out without leave till within seventeen minutes of midnight. August 13, 1795." To this is appended in my father's handwriting this explanation:—"Went to a tea-party with Miss Joyce (my mother's maiden name), and afterwards to the wax-work show in Holborn."

In case the reader should surmise, from my having made mention of so many of my relatives, that it is part of my plan to relate their adventures, as well as my own, it is only proper for me at once to disavow any such intention. To the best of my knowledge the most perilous passages of their lives was when colic attacked them, or a raging tooth sent them battering at the dentist's door; and as to adventures, the most momentous that dwell in my memory arc, that once, when my grandfather Joyce was a lad, he was sent to Bridewell for three days, for letting off fireworks in

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Aldgate; and again, that my uncle, the ladies' boot-maker, was, in his younger days, stage-struck, and finally worked himself to such a frenzied condition as to essay the part of Macbeth on the stage at Sadler's Wells; his impersonation causing such emotion among the audience, that the manager was heard to declare that he would not risk a repetition of it for fifty pounds.

"Why, then," the reader may ask, "have you introduced these people? If they have nothing to do with your adventures, why have you been at the pains to make mention of them at all?"

To this my answer is, that it is just because that none of my relatives (with a slight exception in the case of my uncle the stevedore, perhaps) have anything to do with my adventures, that they have been brought under the reader's notice. I don't know how others may think of it, but it seems to me somewhat curious that I—the son and grandson of folk bred and born to home pursuits, and following them as scrupulously as though trades were religious creeds, to infringe any of the articles of which would expose them to everlasting ruin; whose real knowledge of the earth extended to less than fifty square miles of it, the corner pillars being a work-bench, a pay-table, a porridge-pot, and a coffin; who, to a man, regarded the higher flights of science as atheistical bravado, and ballooning as flying in the face of Providence—I take it to be a marvel, albeit I am not quite sure that it is a mercy, that one so descended should be possessed of a mind so inquisitive as mine, with so restless a temper, and a disposition so urgently disposed to roving.

My very earliest reminiscence is one of roving. At the time I was about eight years old. I had made the acquaintance of a boy whose father kept a corn-chandler's shop in Crutched Friars. The sentiment that first drew me towards the lad—he was about a year older than myself—was one of envy, founded on his unlimited dominion over bins full and sacks full of peas; from which exhaustless stores I was wont to draw my humble ha'p'orth for parching. It was not uncommon for him to be allowed to serve such small customers as myself; but I never liked him to serve me, as, in his endeavours to appear an off-hand man of business, he would give many less peas for a ha'penny than his father did; consequently, many a time, when circumstances or inclination favoured a parched-pea banquet, I have, from prudential motives, endured the agony of waiting till such times in the day when I knew the greedy shopman was released from business. If ever I detested a human creature in my life, it was that boy at that period. Yet, after all, I discovered him to be a most excellent fellow.

The discovery began one sultry August afternoon. I had earned a halfpenny from my mother by taking some pens to Canonile-street, and, after mature deliberation, resolved to buy peas with it. The time of day was favourable for the transaction, as the corndealer boy would be at school. Confident of success, I entered the shop, and tapped the counter with my halfpenny. Nobody came. I tapped again; when, with an angry growl, the chandler's boy emerged from the shady bin where the pollard was kept, and fiercely confronted me.

"Well! what do you want?" said he.

There was no retreating.

"A ha'p'orth of grey peas, please."

"Blest if you aint always wanting grey peas!" said he, plunging the measure savagely into the pea sack. "Come, be quick; hold up," and he motioned towards my cap.

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Aggravated as much almost at his rudeness as at the miserably few peas he was proffering, I felt it would be a cowardly thing not to rebuke him. I proceeded to do so, with a mildness for which he had to thank his superior size rather than my forbearance.

"If I kept a shop," I said, "and another boy came for a ha'p'orth, I should give him a whacking fair ha'p'orth; and I shouldn't bite his nose off, if I happened to be asleep, as I had no business to be, when he came in."

"But suppose you *wasn't* asleep?" replied he, laughing and looking honestly ashamed of himself; "suppose you had got a half-holiday, and a fellow that you knew had lent you a jolly book about cannibals, and you had just laid down to it, and got to a stunning part—suppose a chap came in then? Why, you would have a jolly good mind to chuck a flour-scoop at him, wouldn't you?"

The young chandler had touched a subject concerning which there were no bounds to my sympathy. My wrath vanished, and I replied emphatically—

"I have no doubt I *should* throw a scoop at him. I know all about the book you mean—it is 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"You know all about 'Robinson Crusoe!'" exclaimed he, regarding me with admiration. "You don't mean to say you have got the book of it?"

"My aunt Jane has," said I, with assumed carelessness, at the same time conscious that the boundary of peas, that had hitherto stood between us, was considerably diminished; and that, if I was not his equal, I was not far short of it. "I can go to my aunt Jane's whenever I like, and read it. I could go this very moment, and sit in her easy chair in the garden, in the corner where the gooseberry bushes are, and read till it was dark—all about how he got the things off the wreck on to his raft; and how he stowed away his gunpowder; and how he met that old goat, don't you know? in the cave; and how he kept a reckoning of the days, by cutting notches in the pole; and how, don't you know? when the savages came, and he watched them from where he was hiding, and saw them dancing round the fire they had made to——"

As I progressed, Bill Jupp (that was his name) blinked his eyes more and more, and opened his mouth wider and wider; while the undelivered and forgotten peas in the measure dribbled to the ground in a stream. When I had proceeded so far, he suddenly plucked me by the shoulder, and pulled me towards the pollard bin.

"Here," said he, "come on, there's nobody at home; you aint in a hurry, I know. Let us get into the bin together, and then you can tell me all about it."

Luxuriously bedded on pollard with my late enemy, I commenced "Robinson Crusoe," and, to the best of my memory, proceeded with that truly wonderful narrative till late in the afternoon, when, all unperceived, his father entered the neglected shop, and, pouncing on Bill, laid into him with a meal-bag, while I scrambled out of the pollard and made my escape.

A friendship, however, of no ordinary character dated from the pollard bin. The very next morning he was lurking about our house, and, as it happened that about ten o'clock I was sent to the currier's for a penn'orth of French chalk, I encountered him.

"Come along," said he, "I began to think you were never coming. I have been waiting for you this hour and a-half."

The determination and severity of his countenance was not that of a friend, and, as he seized my arm and hurried me up the street, I began to suspect that it was his intention to inflict on me what I had yesterday missed—my share of a drubbing.

"Have you got another holiday, Bill?" inquired I, in a conciliatory tone.

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"No," replied he, in a morose voice, and looking so ruffianly that I was quite afraid of him. "I have taken a holiday this morning, Reuben. You and I are going off together, and you are going to finish telling me all about Robinson Crusoe."

"But, Bill," said I, "I am going on an errand."

"No, you aint," replied he doggedly; "you are going with me. We are going together to Limchouse Fields. I've brought something to eat; look here."

He opened the mouth of one of his trouser pockets, and discovered it throttled with peas; the other pocket he did not open, nor was there any occasion, as the dog-biscuit with which it was crammed was projecting visibly.

"Only say you will come," said he persuasively, "and you shall have it all to eat, going along, or after we get there. Why, what are you afraid of? You wout get a double lesson and a whacking at school, if we are found out."

This was true. As I had imparted to Master Jupp on the previous day, I had not yet been sent to school. That, however, was a fault—if fault it was—that, in justice to my father, I must confess did not attach to him, but to my mother. Eighteenpence a week was the lowest sum for which a private school would have received me, and that my father stoutly and justly maintained was an expenditure at once extravagant and needless on the part of persons in our condition, especially as there was an excellent par. school, that not only supplied education gratis, but also clothing and a gift of coals and meal at Christmas time; but this was an argument little likely to prevail with a woman of my mother's spirit; so, by way of compromise, she consulted her sister Jane, who, as I said before, was a spinster, and occupied the first floor of the baby-linen shop in Cable-street. Miss Jane Joyee was a lady of superior education, and, what was better still, a dear, good-natured creature. She at once agreed that a charity-school was no place for me; and, as regarded the alternative, advanced the opinion that a man (she never liked my father) had no business to marry if he did not see his way perfectly clear to paying eighteenpence a week for his son's education. "However, Mary," continued she, hastening to pour oil on the wound she had inflicted, "that is no fault of yours, my dear, nor of his either, perhaps, as you say, but rather his misfortune. One thing is certain—unless you wish the boy to grow to be a scavenger, he must be taught something. Let him come to me for an hour of afternoons, when I am resting from my stitching, and I will do the best I can with him; that is," continued she, turning her spectacles severely on me, "as long as he comes clean. I couldn't have a boy with dirty boots trampling over my carpet, or one with griny fingers turning the leaves of my books. If such a boy were to knock at my door, he would not be let in."

Finding that she scrupulously adhered to this resolution, I was wicked enough, after the novelty of going to my aunt's to be taught had somewhat subsided, to turn it to account by appearing before her, whenever I wanted a holiday, with the boots of a mud-carter and hands fresh from marbles and the gutter. After a short time, however, she became alive to my design, and one Monday afternoon, instead of the wished-for observation, "I can't have you here in that dirty condition, Reuben; go home, and come cleaner to-morrow," she considerably astonished me by remarking, "Since you are so dirty, Reuben, you may as well clean my candlesticks; after which, and when you have blacked yong boots and made yourself clean and respectable, you may go home." At the time, I was dis-

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and to regard this as one of those side-blows of ill-luck to which the best-arranged schemes are always liable; but finding, on the next occasion and the next, that my irritability was met by the candlesticks, which were tall copper ones, of a provocingly crinkled pattern, I began to see that I was out-generalled, and resigned myself to cleanliness. Thanks to my good aunt Jane, at the age of eight I was able to read most of the books contained in her little library, amongst which were "Robinson Crusoe," "Barnaby's Travels in North America," and "Parkinson's Voyage to the South Seas."

To return, however, to Bill Jupp, who all this time is waiting an answer to his daring proposition. How could I deny him? However wicked he might be—however iniquitous it was to play truant and to filch dog-biscuit, I was in no condition to condemn him, for I was implicated. Until he knew me, he had known the great solitary islander but by name. Out of my mouth had he tasted the palatable wonders that belonged to "Robinson Crusoe;" it was I who had roused his appetite, and I only who could satisfy it. Still, why he had selected so distant a spot as Limehouse Fields for the gratification of his craving was more than I could understand.

"Is Limehouse Fields a very fine place, Bill?" I asked him.

"I should rather think it was," replied he enthusiastically. "There isn't a house for a mile round; none of your stupid grass, and green hedges, and flowers, but all barren and cut up in holes and rucks, with ditches and thick furze—a regular jolly wilderness; you might almost fancy yourself on Crusoe's desolate island. Oh! come on!"

Had the terms of Master Jupp's description been no more seductive than the description itself, I am inclined to think that I should have remained unacquainted with Limehouse Fields; in which case, as far as human discernment may be relied on, I might never have become a wanderer at all, and have missed the many rare adventures that have since befallen me. But, there, it is idle to discuss what might have been. I might have been a dead man years and years ago; and when I am brought to consider the scores of narrow escapes it has pleased Providence to bring me past, I am warned to the observance of what is and what may be, unless I take care, and am content to let what might have been go.

I yielded to the linking of Bill Jupp's arm in mine, and sped off with him.

Limehouse Fields was a terribly long way off, or, at least, so it seemed to my small and conscience-burthened legs. Master Jupp knew the road very well, but he had never traversed it but in his father's cart, and just about noon was compelled to admit that he did not think the fields were so distant, and to beg back some of the dog-biscuit that, two hours before, he had pressed on me for my private consumption. Shortly after, as we lagged along the hot and dusty road, we met a boy carrying a pitcher of water.

Now, because of the husky dog-biscuit, we were both drooping as much from thirst as fatigue, and we civilly asked the boy to give us a drink; he, however, turned out to be a greedy fellow, and, instead of helping us at once to what we stood so much in need of, and which had cost him nothing, he set down the pitcher, and tantalisingly plashing its cold and sparkling contents, and sprinkling our hot faces with a few drops, refused us the smallest drink, unless we first gave him something. He was one of those heavy-jawed, bull-necked boys, ragged-headed, and with big, dirty fists; therefore there was no use in arguing the matter with him.

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Bill Jupp produced some slate-pencil and a piece of india-rubber, but at these the extortioner turned up his nose contemptuously, and an offering of peas met with like treatment.

"I don't want that sort of rubbish," said the water-boy; "I want money—I want a ha'penny a-piece of you, and then you may swig away as long as you like."

"I hav'n't got a farthing," said Bill Jupp; "have you, Reuben?"

"No; that is, it isn't mine. I hav'n't a penny of my own."

"Then you will have to go thirsty," replied the rascal. "Oh, jimminy! how thirsty you will be! You want find a drop of water for more than a mile, and then it's a ditch with a dead cat in it; but you will be glad to take a pull at it by the time you get there, I'll be bound."

I think that of the two I was thirstier than Bill Jupp; my tongue felt harsh as a dried eel-skin. There was my father's penny! It was a shameful thought, and I looked hastily towards Bill to see if I was detected. Had he looked unconscious of the dreadful thing the Devil had put into my head, I should have been saved; but unluckily, as he returned my gaze, I saw at once that he, too, was thinking of my father's penny; his eyes were eloquent of it, and he looked very imploring indeed.

"I daren't do it, Bill," said I. "I'd rather go thirsty than be a thief."

"I'm jiggered if I would," said the wicked water-boy emphatically; "leastways, I'd rather crib anything than go raving mad with thirst like the dogs do. Now, look here: you've got some money in your pocket at this very minute as doesn't belong to you. Aint I right?"

"I've got a penny of my father's," replied I, wondering how it was that he, a perfect stranger, should have known so much of my private affairs.

"I knowed you had," said the blackguardly water-boy. "Now, suppose I could make a jump from here to your house, and was to say to your father, 'D'ye hear, mister? here's your boy a-going mad with thirst, out Stepney way; he has got another boy with him, and both their eyes are a-rolling dreadful. Shall I take that penny of yours, what they've got, and let 'em have some of my water, which it will save 'em?' What do you think your father would say? What do *you* think his father would say, young-un?" said he, turning to Bill Jupp.

"I know my father would give a jolly sight of pennies rather than I should go raving mad," replied Bill evasively, at the same time beginning to cry.

"Well, young-un, if you're all along of your mate's hard-artiness," observed the little blackguard, still addressing Bill Jupp, "he'll be sent across the herring-pond for manslaughtering you. If you want have any of my water, I'm off."

So saying, he swung the pitcher on to his shoulder, and slowly slouched away. The despairing look that poor Bill Jupp sent after him was more than I could bear. I plucked my father's penny from my pocket, and, running after the dreadful boy with the water, put it in his hand, and the next moment we had the deliciously cold brim of the pitcher at our lips, our thirst was appeased, and our friend walked off chanting a lively air. With the subsiding, however, of the first sensation of sweet relief the water afforded, my conscience began to quake more violently than before. My guilt stared me broadly in the face, and I covered before it, and cried and wrung my hands. In my frantic despair, I attacked Bill Jupp with a ferocity that appalled him. I left him with his nose bleeding, and gave chase to the boy with the pitcher, who, by this time, was a long

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way down the road. I overtook him. I begged, I implored him to give me back my father's penny. I even went as far as threatening him, but he laughed alike at my prayers and my threats, and went on singing, as though he did not hear me. I made a rush at him from behind, kicking the calf of his leg, and causing the pitcher to tilt, and the water to slop down his back. This was too much for his equanimity. He growled some dreadful words, and, setting the pitcher down, turned about and showed me such an ugly, scowling face, at the same time whipping off his tattered jacket, that I sped away towards Bill Jupp, who immediately commenced howling, and took to his heels, making sure, as he afterwards informed me, that the water had come too late to save me, and that I had really gone mad. We pauleyed at a distance, and on his generous promise to lay the whole case before his mother before I went home, and to obtain of her the precious penny, I was comforted, and we trudged on together to the fields, which we had now nearly approached.

They answered his description thoroughly, being just about as wild and desolate as could be well conceived. What little grass there was, was shabby, and stubbled, and brown, and the ground was all broken up into gulleys and hillocks. At some time or another the place had been the scene of brick-making operations, and great, overbaked masses of brick-stuff and clinkers were lying about everywhere; and at one end of the field—the most marshy and miserable end—there was a ruined brick-making hut, and just outside of it an old clay-grinding machine, with its wood-work split and bleached from exposure, and its iron parts red with rust.

By this time Master Jupp had quite recovered his spirits; and with the weight of the penny lifted from my mind, although far from elate, I became soberly cheerful, and at once fell in with his proposition that we should adjourn to the ruined hut, and consummate the plan that had cost us so much peril to approach thus far. We squatted down in a shady corner.

“Where did I leave off, Bill?”

“What was his surprise to see before him the print of a naked foot?” replied he promptly.

So at that point I took up the thread of the eventful narrative, and spun it out, doubtless with hitches and tangles innumerable, but still with sufficient precision to enthrall my listener so completely, that, but for his laboured breathing at stirring parts and an emphatic sniff at a crisis, I might have been there alone, for all the sound there was, save that of my own voice. So intent were we both that we were unconscious of heavy clouds gathering and obscuring the sun, and had no suspicion of approaching rain, till it fell with sharp clicks and patters upon the crisp straw with which the hut was thatched.

“It rains, Bill,” said I, for a moment interrupting the story.

“Oh! bother; can't I hear it? Go on,” replied Master Jupp.

So I went on, but not however for more than another minute, for, at the expiration of about that time, the gloomy shed was lit up to its extreme corner, and there followed such a thunder-clap, that the earth seemed to tremble. For a moment we looked at each other in speechless terror, and then said I—

“I won't stay any longer, Bill Jupp. It is so much like a judgment, I'm afraid.”

No wonder, child as I was, that I was afraid; for the sullen clouds, just rent by the sharp lightning, had thickened, as though to resist its attack and our hut was

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murky, so that you could barely see its extremity, and suffocatingly close; while the beetles and other creeping things, whose abode was the thatch, routed by the deluge, came swarming out and down the walls and about us with noises that, to unaccustomed ears, were weird and unaccountable.

• “Come on, Reubch,” said Master Jupp, rising and shaking the dust from him; “I’m afraid, too. We will run all the way home.”

“You had better stay awhile, my little gentlemen; there is a sharper flash, and a louder thunder crash to come, and the rain has yet to fall its fastest.”

If we were afraid before, what were we now? We clasped each other by the hand, and, pale as ghosts, were for fitting off, however the storm might rage; but barely had taken three steps, when there appeared before us, turning out from the shelter the eaves of the thatch afforded, a hideous old woman, sooty black, with a red hood over her head, and a stumpy pipe between her shrunken lips; that is, between her shrunken upper lip and an under one of wood, or so it seemed in the uncertain light by which we viewed her.

“Don’t be afraid of me, young masters,” said she, in her thin, piping voice; “I’m only a poor old woman, weather-bound, like yourselves; let us go under cover, and have a little chat. What shall I talk to you about?”

• “We don’t want to be talked to about anything, thank you, ma’am,” replied Master Jupp, giving me a nudge. “We don’t think you could tell us anything we should like better than going home.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the dreadful old hag, angrily, “you are afraid of me, that’s what it is. You silly children, you are more afraid of the poor old Malay woman than of the lightning that could catch you, though you ran faster than the wind; yet why should you be? It makes me sad to see decent folks shun me. I don’t mind frightening bad people, if I can frighten them into doing good. I don’t mind scaring bad boys who cheat other boys out of their pence.”

I could see her coal-black eyes peering keenly at me through a cloud of tobacco-smoke as she uttered these last words; and I could feel my face glowing with shame and humiliation at the hint conveyed in them. This seemed to tickle the old witch’s fancy, as her keen eyes twinkled more and more, and her wooden lip wagged again. Then she seemed to fumble for a pocket among the folds of her tattered cloak, and, withdrawing something therefrom, beckoned me towards her. A thrill of joyful hope for a moment possessed me, conquering my fear and aversion, and I went over to where she sat.

It was the identical penny. I knew it from the circumstance of its being stamped with the letter C; and chalk being the article it was intended to purchase struck me as rather an odd thing. She pressed it into my hand without a word, and shut my fingers over it.

So overwhelmed with thankfulness was I, that, had it not been for her pipe and wooden lip, I verily believe her wizened black face would have been no obstacle to my hugging her round the neck, and kissing her. I compromised the matter by shaking her bony hand very cordially indeed.

“Thank you very much, ma’am,” said I; “I am sure I don’t know what I should have done but for your kindness; though I can’t help wondering how you could have found out——”

“Well, there was no magic about it, I can promise you,” replied she. “I was at the other side of the palings, lighting my pipe, when you came after the boy with

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the water-pitcher, and I heard all that you said, and all that he said. When you ran away, I kept on the inside of the palings, and, walking faster than the boy, got out into the road ahead of him, and then turned back and walked towards him. He! he! he made no attempt to interfere with me, I can tell you; he struck into the road, leaving me all the path to myself; but, my little chicks, I wasn't going to allow the rascal to pass so easily. I walked straight up to him, and, says I, 'Shall I tell you your fortune, my little dear?' And he answers me quite civilly, 'No, thank ye, old woman, I aint got a fortune as is worth telling.' 'Yes, you have,' said I; 'this is your fortune—you will come to the gallows, if you are not more careful how you get money than you got that penny you have in your pocket.' He! he! you should have seen how foolish he looked then, my dears. I think he would have run, but he couldn't for the pitcher. At last, says he—for I stood before him all the time—'Oh! well, if that's it, I don't want the penny.' 'Then,' said I, 'give it to me, and I will take it to the boy you took it from.' He was glad to get off so cheap; and here the good-natured old soul began so to chuckle at the recollection of her exploit, that she swallowed some of her tobacco-smoke, and began to stare, and gasp, and look so hideous, that had we not, by that time, been fully convinced of her benevolent disposition, we should not have dared to have stayed with her another moment—not that the aspect of the weather encouraged us to be squeamish as to trifles. As the old woman had prognosticated, the fury of the storm was not yet spent, and, ever and anon, double and treble darts of lightning illumined our shelter, to be answered by the bellowing thunder. Finding the sort of old woman she was, indeed, we began to be thankful for her company; and at every demonstration of the angry heavens we edged closer to her.

"I never before saw such a storm as this," ventured Bill Jupp, when the black woman's coughing and gasping had subsided; "did you, ma'am?"

"Have I, chick?" replied the old woman. "Ah, that I have! I have seen storms beside which this would be but an April shower. I have seen great trees, big round as the bodies of twenty men, wrung out of the ground, or broken short off as you could break a daisy. I have heard such thunder as has made the birds in the trees scream to hear, and the oxen to quake till their hides rocked with sweat. I have seen such rain as would strike down a strong man did he venture out in it."

"That must have been before I was born, ma'am," observed Master Jupp.

"Years and years before you were born, my dear—before your father was born, unless he is an old man. It is fifty years and more, since my eyes last rested on beautiful Sooloo. Beautiful Sooloo, thousands on thousands of miles away, and fifty years ago and more, but fresh to the eyes of my mind as though 'twere only yesterday. See how good to preserve what is best of us love is, my little boys! Distance is nothing to it; time is nothing to it; else, my dears, the eyes of God in the skies, more miles away than the wisest man that ever yet lived dare consider, would never reach us to watch and take care of us."

The old black woman's latter remark was much more applicable than she could have known; it struck home, and brought remorseful tears to our eyes, though in the gloom she did not perceive them. She presently put an end to an embarrassing silence by commencing to speak again.

"But, my dears, although I should like to see beautiful Sooloo once more before I die, you must not think I wish myself there, living as I used to live. The Lord forbid! They don't know the Lord in Sooloo, my dears."

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"Where is So—Sooloo, ma'am?" inquired Bill Jupp.

"Far away in Asia. As far as the shores of the 'China Seas,' replied she, "where the tall cocoa-palm flourishes, and the woods cluster thick with beautiful fruit and flowers down to the very brink of the broad waters where the pearl-fishers work."

"That must be a nice place to live in," I observed, taking immediately to the cocoas. I never yet had had the good fortune to possess an entire cocoa-nut, but judging from the rare slices my means had permitted, together with some milk of the same I had once tasted, it was a food I would cheerfully have subsisted on till the end of my days, never asking for any other—"A much nicer place than England."

"Ay, ay!" said the Malay woman, shaking her head; "but, my little man, fruit and flowers are not the only things to be met with in the forests; there are great, hideous apes, tall as men, and twenty times as strong, who lurk among the branches, and threaten you with their terrible teeth and their great, hairy limbs; there the rhinoceros is to be met, and the wild boar, and the mighty elephant; as well as birds, big serpents nestle in the trees, and hang down their great, glittering lengths, plying their forked tongues in search of food; there, in these same forests, where cocoa-nuts and bananas grow, and where there are flowers of the colours of the rainbow, and some so large that a baby might lie in one and not be seen; and where great measures of wild honey are stored in the hollows of the trees—there lurk in the grass creeping things with stings as dangerous as poisoned arrows, and swarms of leeches that crawl about and cling to you and suck your blood. Would you call all that nicer than England, my dear?"

"But if one went to that country they would not be obliged to live where the rhinoceroses and the serpents lived, would they?" inquired Master Jupp. "Did you live among 'em, ma'am?"

"No," replied she; "I lived in a village where——"

But, even if it were my desire, I should find it impossible to relate, in a narrative form, the wonderful things she told of that same village. and of many others forming one of the hundred islands that form the Malayan Archipelago—of the houses built of reeds and bamboo, and plastered with mud—of the trades of the inhabitants—how that some gathered india-rubber, and some were weavers of cloth of grass, and some went out hunting small birds for the market, their only weapon being a sort of gigantic pea-shooter, but with tiny arrows instead of peas—and some went fishing for pearls, diving to monstrous depths, and remaining below long enough to drown ordinary mortals, and that without the least assistance. She told us how the people lived, what their food was, how they dressed and decorated themselves (painfully illustrating this part of her story by removing the odious wooden plug from her bottom lip), with some of the curious ceremonies that attended their death and burial; she told us about the slaves—of how they were kidnapped, and who were the kidnappers, and how the Spaniards came in ships, and bought them and carried them away; of the wars and bloodshed that prevailed among the tribes, with some startling and incomprehensible information of one tribe going out on head-hunting excursions, the heads being human ones, and to be cut off and carried home in triumph, and kept for ever afterwards as precious trophies of valour. To this hour I am uncertain which most impressed me, this head-hunting business, or what she told us about the pirates—of whole nations being pirates to a man, &c.

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and to a woman and child; and if not every man, at least every family, possessing a fighting-boat (prahus the old woman called them); and how that these prahus did not prey singly, but clubbed a hundred or more together, and put themselves under a chief, who chose his officers and led the marauders to fight and pillage. No petty cockboats were these war prahus, seemingly, but taut, capacious craft, carrying rowers and twenty armed men, besides each something in the shape of a cannon so that a pirate fleet must have been a stirring sight, and a pirate battle a bloody one.

But I have not enumerated half—no, nor a quarter—of what the Malay woman told; though, without bringing her the least discredit, I might do so—all she related, as I afterwards had ample opportunity of proving, and as will be, by-and-by, made known to the reader, being strictly true.

She told us so much that it was waning towards evening, and the storm had disappeared, leaving the heavens bland and bright again, before she concluded; and she bade us good-bye after accompanying us to the verge of the fields, going the contrary way.

I will not impose on the reader's patience by keeping him by the button till we reached home, that he may hear the wonderful conversation that transpired between Master Jupp and myself as we re-trod the weary road traversed by us in the morning. I trust this forbearance will not be regarded too lightly; for, were I to recount the comparing of notes, the agreements, the contradictions, the schemes for running away to sea that very night, the amendments that we should postpone it till next week—for a month—for six months—till we saved sufficient pocket-money to purchase an outfit; the cooling of our ardour as we neared home, the sneaking anxiety to shift the big share of the day's truancy each on to the other's shoulders, the final and tearful pause at the corner of Goodman's Fields, that the very best excuse might be adjusted—were the reader to be dragged through all this, he would, without doubt, appear at the Goodman's Fields end of it in a mood too unamiable to move another step.

This as regards the patient reader; as to the impatient one, I have grave doubts if I have not already incurred his lasting displeasure.

"Why 'home again' at all?" says he. "It was bad enough that you occupy a dozen pages in getting no farther towards Borneo from Whitechapel than Limehouse. Why back to so unromantic a place as Goodman's Fields? Why not take ship and be off at once?"

To which, with all respect, I reply to the impatient reader, that I know no more "why not" than he himself does. It was not so, that is all. It was not so till nearly six years afterwards.

"Then, Master Davidger, why did not you begin your story six years later? It was yours to choose the time to begin, and it is a little too hard to call us so long before we are wanted."

My dear, impatient reader, it is you who are a little too hard. True, I did not commence my more momentous adventures till I was nigh fourteen years old; but it was that little affair in Limehouse Fields that, finding my mind bent on roving, so hardened it, as hot iron is hardened by a scouse in water. Far be it from me, however, to boast of this; alas! it was a sorry business for me, and, as I verily believe, launched me on that thorny road from which I was lucky enough, albeit so torn and battered, to escape with life.

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A STORY OF THE SOMALI PIRATES OF CAPE GUARDAFUI

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

Author of "The White Squall," "On Board the Emerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.

"HULLO, old ship!"

"What, is that you, Sails?"

"Aye, bo, all that's left of me, sure enough; but I must be up stick and away; ain't got time for a palaver now."

"Why, what's your hurry, Sails, when it's more'n six years good since you and I last clapped eyes on each other, old man? Come and bowse up your jib, my hearty, and let us have a talk about old times."

There was a pleasant smile on the good-humoured face of the speaker as he uttered these words in a deep bass voice whose gruffness betrayed his joyous emotion at this unexpected meeting with an old shipmate; and he broke off with a half laugh, as if to further conceal his real feeling, clasping his comrade's hand in a tight grip, and shaking it vigorously up and down, almost enough to wrench his arm off.

"No, sonny," replied the other, in an equally glad tone, and returning the handshake with gusto, "can't spare a minute, now, Chips. I promised the skipper to be aboard early to look after those rascally stovedores stowing the cargo, and I'm late as it is."

"Still in the same old barquy?"

"No, bless her old bones, she's a-lying at the bottom of the Gulf of Aden, and I'm in a brau new craft now, built by the same owners to replace her, and sailed by the same old skipper. •The *Jenny Webster*, she's called—a fine steamer, nearly a thousand tons bigger than the poor *Maelstrom*. She's a rare one for speed, I can tell you, when before the wind with all her canvas set and full power on; just the boat for our trade!"

"And so the old *Maelstrom* was wrecked? I thought you'd have stuck to her as long as you followed the sea, as you couldn't rest quiet ashore like me when we were both pensioned off out of the service."

"No, I was afeered of getting rusty, and twenty years under the pennant couldn't cure me of my old love for blue water; but I see getting married and settling down hasn't rusted you neither, Chips; you look as smart as when we were paid off from the old *Billyriffian* together, and parted company on the Common Hard, seven year ago—you to get spliced, and I to jine the merchant service, as I told you; and—"

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"And I've never set eyes on you since," said the other, interrupting him with a cheery laugh; "you deserted your old pal, quite!"

"But I wrote to you from Bombay, when I got there, on my first v'yage in the *Maelstrom*."

"Aye, and I answered you, and told you how Mary and I had christened our first boy—we've got a whole crew of 'em now. We named him Ben after you, old chum. I wrote and told you, as I say, but never got an answer; and if I'd heard as how the *Maelstrom*, your ship, was lost, in course I'd have thought you had gone down in her, which I'm thankful as isn't the case! Hullo! though, my hearty, how did you come by that nasty cut I see across your upper works, oh?"

"Ah, that's all a yarn," rejoined his comrade with a grin, feeling tenderly a broad scar that extended along his forehead from a little above the right temple to the corner of his left eye, which it appeared to have narrowly missed—"that's got something to do with the wreck of the *Maelstrom*, too."

"Has it?"

"Aye, but the story would take too long a telling now, and time is sailing on with a full sheet, and I must be off to my ship. Why can't you come aboard with me, sonny? and if you don't mind waiting a bit while I look after the stevedores, we'll have a good palaver as soon as they goes off at eight bells, when we'll pipe down to dinner."

"I'd be only too glad," replied the other; "but my wife, you see, 'll be expecting me home, and——"

"Oh, she'll excuse you for once when she knows you're with me. Besides, if you come aboard you'll meet another old shipmate who'll like to see you again; and the *Jenny Webster* ain't far off, only lying in the South Dock, a step from here. Don't you remember Jim Jobson?"

"What! young 'Jimjobs,' as we used to call him in the moss; the boy whom you jumped in after and saved from drowning, off Malta, and who was invalided home out of the service afore we left?"

"The very same," replied Sails, as his friend called him, an ex-man-o'-war's-man like himself, although now in another line, and promoted to the rank of boatswain, instead of being a sailmaker, as he was when in the service, from which calling he obtained the sobriquet. "When I went to see him and his mother in London, after parting with you in Portsmouth, and told him as how I was a-going to jine the merchant service, nothing would please him but he must come with me; and he sailed with me in the *Maelstrom*, till she came to grief last v'yage, when he had the chance of paying me out and saving my life and crying quits over that Malta job."

"You don't mean that? Fancy little Jimjobs saving your life, Ben!"

"Ah! You wouldn't call him 'little Jimjobs' now," said the other,

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with a laugh, as his c'd shipmate, Chips, whilom carpenter's mate of H.M.S. *Bellerephon*, putting aside all scruples about being hauled up for unpunctuality by his wife, now accompanied him towards the Docks, the two chatting comfortably together as they passed along Ratcliff Highway. "Why, he's half a head taller than either of us, and another cut above us, too; for Cap'en Bulger was so taken with the way he behaved when the *Maelstrom* got wrecked that he recommended him to the owners, and Jim is now third officer of the *Jenny Webster*, our new craft, and a regular smart swab he is, too, with the gold lace on his cap, just like our second luff on board the old *Billy*. But here we are now, sonny. There's the *Jenny Webster* afore you, lying alongside the jetty; and that gangway will take us aboard in a brace of shakes. Come along, old chum!"

CHAPTER II

"SAILS'S" YARN.

"Mr. Jonson on board?" asked the boatswain, as he stepped down on the dock of the vessel, addressing the black cook who was standing outside his galley in the forepart of the dock-house.

"No, sah," replied the sable, curtly, showing his ivories; "him just dis mint go ashore and say him back by dinner time."

"Ah, that's all right then, for I want to see him particularly. Mind, Pompey, and let us have something good when we pipe down, as I've got a friend who's going to dine with me."

"All right, you bet, massa bo'sun," said the darkey, swelling himself up with much importance. "Um belly good dinner to-day, sah; lobscouse an' corn beef hash, wid plum-duff to foller, what you tink ob dat?"

"That's your sort," answered Sails approvingly, rubbing his hands with an anticipatory relish of the feast. "Now, Chips, you just light your pipe and be as comfortable as you can while I make those lazy beggars stir their stumps."

So saying, the boatswain went further forward to where the cargo was being struck down into the hold, his appearance causing the gang of stevedores to quicken their movements; boxes and bales being hoisted up from the wharf alongside by the steam derrick and lowered down into the bowels of the ship with astonishing rapidity in contrast to the leisurely way in which the work had been going on previous to his arrival; and the time passed quickly enough, even to his friend Chips, who was looking on, until presently a boy came from aft and struck "eight bells," or twelve o'clock, on the ship's bell hanging above the windlass right under the break of the forecabin.

"Spell O!" cried Sails, throwing down a handspike which he had been brandishing about as a sort of wand of office and emblem of

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authority, and joining his friend by the after deck-house, "Come in here to my cabin, Chips; for I've no doubt Pompey has got dinner ready for us by now."

He could have had no doubt on the point, the smell of the savoury lobscouse, just hot from the cook's galley, pervading the air; while Pompey, in honour of the guest, had covered the little table in the deck-house with a snow-white table-cloth borrowed from the cabin, giving vent to a huge negro laugh of delight on the boatswain expressing his approval of the arrangement.

When the two friends had satisfied their appetites, Pompey's culinary skill winning golden opinions, especially in respect of the plum-duff, which Chips declared was as good as what his wife gave him at home, the latter reverted to the original theme of their conversation.

"You promised, old man," said he, "to spin a yarn about the loss of the *Maelstrom*, and how you came by that cut over your figure-head?"

"Aye, aye, and so I will, if you'll only give a fellow time to fill his pipe first," replied the other, loading up a little black cutty which he produced from his waistcoat pocket, and lighting it and puffing out a few short whiffs so as to get it well under weigh. "Now I'm ready, old chum, here goes.

"Over twenty years in the royal navy, as you know, seeing us how we were brother shipmates together, and pretty nigh seven arterwards in the merchant service, I've followed the sea, man and boy, for close now on thirty years and seen plenty of perils in my time; but, of all the adventures I ever had and the voyages I've been, that last one on board the *Maelstrom* was the most eventful and unfortunate."

"Come, that's a good beginning, anyhow," said the other, as Sails paused a moment to eject a huge volume of smoke which he had been inhaling while speaking, and to clear his throat.

"It ain't more than the yarn deserves," replied the boatswain, laying aside his pipe and leaning back on his sea-chest which he used for a seat, "no, not a bit; for I was never on such a voyage before, and I hopes never to be again, God willing.

"From the very first start, everything seemed to go unlucky for us, as if we were doomed to mishap. We were engaged originally to take out a light cargo of fancy goods and fad-lals to the Cape; but this falls through, somehow or other, and the owners ordered the skipper to go round to Cardiff and ship a lot of steam-coal for Bombay. It was the first and last time as the poor old *Maelstrom* was disgraced by being turned into a collier, and wasn't our skipper, Captain Bulger, mad at having to do it; but the owners' orders had to be obeyed, of course. So to Cardiff we went and loaded up with our black freight, setting sail from England just about the very worst time of the year.

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"Crossing the Bay o' Biscay we had it so rough off and on for three days with a stiff sou'-west gale and a chopping sea, that the old barquy laboured as if she would founder every moment; and we had to keep her head to wind for eight-and-forty hours at a stretch, though it was as much as we could do with full steam power on to keep her from slewing round broadside on to the sea, taking in all the while the heavy green rollers over our bows, swamping out the engine fires. Everything went wrong with us, we had heavy head winds through the Mediterranean, and grounded no less than three times going through the Canal!"

"You did?"

"Aye, and got cussed by the crews of the ships that had to wait for us, in French and German, and every known lingo, I should think, besides our own, which is strong enough when well handled, as you know. Howsomdover, we got through at last, reaching Port Said with the loss only of one blade of our screw. Still, our troubles weren't ended; for although the passage down the Red Sea is generally more temperate in the winter months, we had it hotter than it was ever known before; and it was all our work sluicing the coals day and night to prevent them taking fire in the hold, for the thermometer was over 100° under double awnings in the evening, and if you asked for a glass of cold water you'd get it pretty nigh on boiling!"

"You were unlucky," said Chips, on the boatswain pausing at this point, as if to give due emphasis to his words; "did you have a cat on board?"

"A cat! bless you," retorted the other, "why, we had three. There was one in the engine-room belonging to the chief greaser, an old Tom as black as the ace of spades, and looking like an imp of Satan; and the men had a tabby that had lost its tail, in the fo'c'sle; while the steward had a tortoiseshell one, as yellow as a herring, and as big as a small donkey, in his pantry aft. A cat, indeed; I should think we had one aboard with three to choose from!"

"No wonder you came to grief then," remarked the ex-carpenter, who was somewhat of a superstitious frame of mind, like most sailors even in these educated days, and would not have gone to sea on a Friday on any inducement if he possibly could avoid it. "One cat is bad enough; but three would sink any ship!"

"Aye, bo! you're right enough; but we didn't know we'd all them varmints aboard when we started, worse luck!" returned Sails, with a solemn shake of his head. "However, we managed to get out into the Indian Ocean all right without catching fire, and fetched Bombay in due course, somewhere a month behind our time, glad and hearty at reaching port with no further mishap of any consequence."

"And, then, came your return voyage home?"

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"Aye, then came our voyage home," repeated Sails, sententiously :
"and that was the worst part of all !"

CHAPTER III.

OFF CAPE GUARDAFUI.

"AFTER discharging our cargo of coals at Bombay," went on the boat-swain, "we proceeded round to Calcutta in search of something to take back to England, the expenses of a steamer being too heavy to allow of going home merely in ballast with nothing to pay her way with ; and, although we had to lie idle for some months, we at last secured a freight of jute, as luck would have it, for Dundee, much to Captain Bulger's delight, for we waited so long in the Hooghly for a cargo that the skipper thought we'd have had to break the *Maelstrom* up and sell her for old iron, for fear of going to rust in the sacred river, where the corpses floating by day after day and sailing out to sea, used to make us feel sick as we watched them, lazily looking over the side with nothing to do.

"The jute coming down to be stowed made us all lively again, however, and we worked like niggers to get it aboard, one of us doing the work of ten Lascars, although the sun was burning hot ; and we set sail at last from Calcutta, homeward bound, just at the beginning of the south-west monsoon, in the early part of June."

"Your troubles seemed then over, eh ?" put in Chips.

"Aye, 'seemed,'" returned Sails grimly ; "but they were only going to begin, as you'll hear presently. All that happened to us when going out was child's play to what occurred on the voyage home !

"Taking the usual track of steamers from India to the Red Sea at that time of the year, we ran down south by west until we were 2° south of the equator, when we steered westward for some 1800 miles or so in a bee-line after passing the Chagos group of islands to the southward of the Maldives.

"We had fairish weather through the Indian Ocean, but our machinery which had stood all the racket of the gale of wind in the Bay going out, began to give the engineer trouble almost as soon as we turned westwards ; first a slide valve giving out, and then the main condenser, so that we had to lie to for a couple of days while the engine-room staff set to work to patch up damages.

"On reaching the longitude of 55° E., Captain Bulger altered course to the nor-nor-west, making for the African coast between Ras Hafun and Cape Guardafui, which, you know, is just at the bend of the Gulf of Aden, before you come to the entrance to the Red Sea, the skipper keeping well to the southward of The Brothers till he fetched the land,

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so as to avoid the heavy swell which is met with off Socotra when the south-west monsoon is blowing.

"We made a good landfall at Ras Hafun all right, Captain Bulger being about the best navigator I've ever sailed under, and rounding Guardafui, were about working up for Burnt Island, to enter the Gulf of Aden, when the weather came on thick and hazy, with the signs of a blow.

"The skipper gave the order, 'Half-speed ahead,' putting a double lookout forward and a-watching keenly himself the colour of the water alongside, which, as well as we could see it in the dim evening light, had changed from deep blue to a sort of muddy green, and he suddenly cried out 'Stop her!' and going back to the bridge, shifted the engine-room telegraph to 'full speed astern!' when all at once Mr. Waste the chief engineer, rushes on deck all in a flurry.

"'I can't reverse the gear, cap'en,' says he, 'something's gone wrong, and it won't act; and the strap of the eccentric, too, has shifted, so we must blow off steam, and set to repair damages before we can work the engines.'

"'You can't stop the engines now,' replied Cap'en Bulger, excitedly; 'why, man alive, this ground swell is driving us into the land every moment, and the water is shoaling fast; you must work 'em, no matter what happens.'

"'I can't, sir,' replied the engineer, equally excitedly; 'it is impossible to get a single revolution out of them either ahead or astern now.'

"'Then, God help us!' said the skipper, calm again in a moment in the presence of danger, as he always was, 'in another moment the ship will be on the rocks, if you don't get her head round so that we can claw off the shore.'

"'Boatswain!' he shouts to me, as I stands on the fo'c's'le, 'run up that forestaysail, and see if that'll draw her off.'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' sings out I; but, Lord bless you, all the canvas in the world wouldn't have turned her then against the strength of the heavy swell rolling into the land and the tail end of the monsoon blowing the same way, and the ship rolling helplessly like a log with her disabled engines; and, almost before the forestaysail had been half hoisted—when, by the same token, it got splintered to rags—the wind came in such sharp, angry gusts, the old *Maelstrom* struck heavily on the rocks that sprang up like ugly teeth out of the desert sand fringing the coast round, her bows rending and grinding against them, and our fore compartment being full of water in a jiffy!"

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.



Carthagenian Galley.

CHAPTER I.

ITS RISE AND ESTABLISHMENT

THE story of the British Navy is one of the most delightful and interesting to narrate of any in the world. Every one must know more or less about the 'Iliad,' which details the story of the siege of Troy, and they must remember the heroic deeds that were there done—the grand episodes of the battle, and the way in which, according to the blind old poet, the Immortals mingled in the fight, and interposed on behalf of those whom they took under their more especial protection. After the 'Iliad' comes the 'Odyssey,' which, for romance, and charm, and positive delight, is worth, to the lovers of startling deeds, a dozen 'Iliads.' The story of the British Navy, as compared with any other portion of British history, is just what the 'Odyssey' is, compared with the 'Iliad.' It is the story of a life of wild adventure on the limitless seas contrasted with the calm existence of a vegetating villager, whose

most important events are dated from the 'hard winter' of such-and-such a year, the fall of a neighbour's chimney, or the great ploughing match which came off at 'Clay-bottom,' where all the competitors won, and none of them got the prize.

But new to the subject of our story—the sea itself in one of its every-day aspects. Here it lies before us, at the North Foreland—the deep and dark green ocean—the image of eternity—the type of untamable strength—sublime in its wrath, beautiful in its repose—the solemn ocean hungering for calm, in whose breast so many awful secrets are buried, in whose depths lie heaps of treasure, jewels unnumbered, and mounds of untold gold. As we stand on the verge of the North Foreland and gaze out seaward, what a vast prospect is open before us! We see

'The stately ships sail on, to their haven under the hull.'

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From every point of the compass they come and pass like beautiful water-birds of snowy plumage, graceful as the fancy of poet or painter could depict them. Look at those noble fabrics, which bear the produce yielded by every clime for the use and the gratification of man, and bring it to his very door. Look at that symmetrical creation, the delicate tracery of her cordage, and her tapering spars, as she floats idly on the deep. In a second she can be quickened into wrathful life by the voice of man; and, although she looks so harmless, from her "adamantine lips" comes belching thunderously a Phlegethon of fire, accompanied by a crashing rain of hurtling iron, before which all obstacles wither and fade, and perish as if blighted by a black eclipse, while the terrible agent stands alone, quivering wrathfully yet on the bosom of the throbbing waves.

The story of the British Navy, therefore, is something to be proud of. It has a many-sided aspect. It is both grand and humorous, and has more of the rocklessness and desperation of daring about it than any other form of historical episode. Its many phases of transition, as may be easily imagined, are curious in the extreme. It has seen the queer Saxon galley grow into the cultured proportions of a man-of-war, and the man-of-war has become an iron-cased frigate. Steam has superseded so many of the old-fashioned methods of navigating ships, that the seamen of Blako, Bonbow, and Nelson have been drafted off to Fiddler's Green and taken their pigtails with them. How their ghosts must be surprised when they witness the customs of the age! The days of "Poor Tom Bowling" and "All in the Downs" have now gone by; and to gaze back on the past conveys a saddening influence as we think of the days gone by never to return. At the same time we feel a proud sense of self-gratulation at the progress we have made in all that pertains to the sea, and what we have done on land. The old salts did much for England's glory; God grant she may long retain the fame she won by their aid and assistance!

The growth of a navy is a matter of time, and is owing, in a great measure, to the geographical position of the country to which it belongs. England, like that weird "Bohemia" which Shakspeare happens to men-

tion was a maritime power (save the mark!), has plenty of salt water round her, and, being an island, boats and ships became a necessity to her. Necessity, we know, is the mother of invention, and by her came our fleet. Timber was put together less and less rudely—more and more correctly—and the galley of war and the barge of commerce began to bear testimony to England's enterprise; and by slow degrees a queer, half-savage fleet was seen to grow, and then we became a maritime power. It is not a little amusing, besides that it is flattering to our self-love, to contrast what we are with what we have been. Look at the galleys of William the Conqueror's time, as copied from the Bayeux tapestry; look at the towering and unwieldy Great Harry of Henry VIII., and look at the Wellington or the Warrior of our own day—the very poetry of proportion, and the realised type of strength and speed. When we recollect that, with not more than a hundred and fifty thousand sailors and marines, we held our ground for twenty years against thirty millions of people, we certainly have some right to reckon our navy at whatever lofty standard of value we please; and, looking at the astounding deeds that have been done from time to time—deeds forming always the salient characteristics of great wars—we are more than ever convinced that the story of the British Navy ought to be a "golden treasury," and that every healthy-hearted Englishman and English lad should have a copy of it in his library, and bear its records in his memory. Howsoever (as Marryat's tars would say), not to be fearing, and box-hauling, and dragging astarn at the very beginning, as it were, let us make a commencement. We have paid out this exordium with slack enough to double the bight of Guinea, so here goes for a plunge—right off the North Foreland; and—ouf!—there we are at sea—in the sea, sure enough.

There have been paves and navies since over the world began. Tyre, Egypt, Carthage, Massilia (Marseilles), boasted of their fleets when the Briton believed in *Dreadnaughts*, and navigated a cockle-boat made of wicker-work, which was not quite so trustworthy as the washing-tub in which Mr. Usher, the celebrated clown, was wont, once upon a time, to delight the good people of Lambeth

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by floating down the Thames on the occasion of his benefit. Caesar invaded Britain in his *triremes* and *quadremes*—overgrown barges, with so many seats for the rowers, and fighting-stages, or galleries, for his soldiers to ply dart, javelin, and catapult from; and a certain Carausius is spoken of as a desperate fighting admiral of a long date back. He defied Maximian and Constantius, and that with a considerable amount of success. Allectus, one of the “sailing-masters” of Carausius, succeeded him, and was reckoned as a brave and skilful naval officer. He bequeathed all he knew and all he had done unto several generations, until our Alfred the Great became his own admiral, and first began to fight the Danes on their own element—that is to say, on salt water—where, hitherto, they had been masters, as daring as they were lawless, as bold as they were free. It seems to have been suggested to the foresight of Alfred that, as these marauders built their boats hastily, and with an eye to a momentary emergency, his safest plan would be to excel them in building, by not only giving more attention to their construction, but also careful regard to workmanship and size. By establishing a school of navigation, also, from which he could draft experienced and able-bodied hands, he made another great improvement, and soon he had galleys capable of holding sixty rowers and as many fighting men which he sent out to scour the seas, with instructions neither to “give nor to receive quarter.” With these appliances carried to their utmost limits—instructions and all—he soon began to astonish the Danes, and, in a single year, made a “Flemish account” of no less than twenty of their ships, together with their crews, not one of whom ever got home to tell the story of their defeat. Edgar, Sweyn, and Canute are names honourably associated with the story of the rising navy of England. William the Conqueror, when his day came, burned his ships in order to incite his men to fight the more desperately and the more successfully. Henry II. held the superiority at sea over the navy of France, between which and that of England an early rivalry was established; and Richard Cœur de Lion boldly and worthily seconded his father’s measures while he had the opportunity. He made his “stout ships” famous

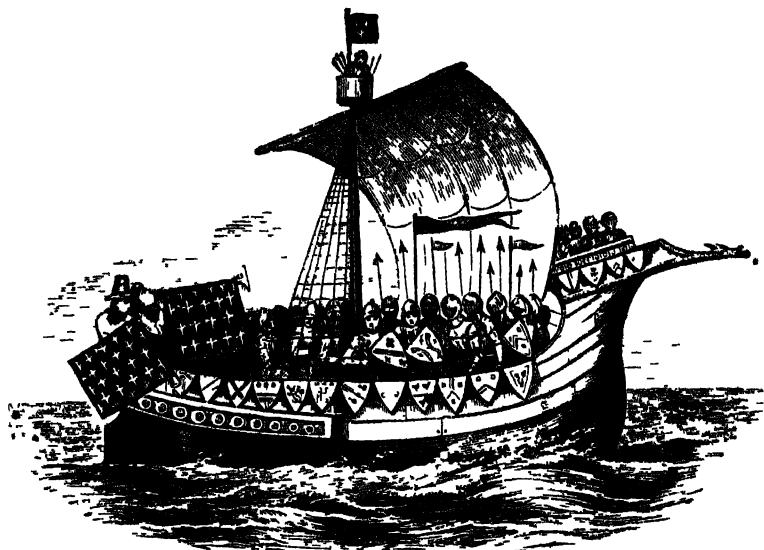
in the seas of Cyprus by taking a huge Saracen—boarding the “great floating castle,”* as Matthew Paris calls it, after the “Ay, ready!” manner of Nelson or Donald—out of 1,500 men, leaving but 200 alive, who found themselves prisoners, very much against their will most likely; but, with a slaughter of 1,300 before their eyes, they would also suppose that matters might have gone even worse against them. The reign of John, like the reign of Stephen, was remarkable for men knocking their heads against stone walls, and for internal dissension, rather than for putting wood and water together, and the navy sensibly declined. In the reign of Henry III. it existed only in name, but during the rule of the vigorous first Edward it rallied again, and became a power of no small consequence in his own hands, however, it remained for Edward III. to retrieve its tarnished honour, and to make it respected, during his contest with Philip of France. It is not until now that we begin to get at something tangible and reliable about the English Navy, which from this epoch fairly dates the commencement of its fame.

The first great naval battle of the period merits some little detail; for hitherto, save when Alfred met the Danes, or when Richard the Crusader “pitched into” the Saracen, most sea encounters were little more than skirmishes; but now we come to a genuine sea fight, fought upon approved principles, and properly commencing the strategies of naval warfare. In the year of grace 1340, Edward III.—conceiving that he had some claims to the throne of France, owing partly to the Salic law which excluded females from the succession, and owing also to a natural tendency in kings to consider themselves as “next of kin” to anybody whose inheritance is worth the having—put in his claims against Charles of Navarre, although Philip of Valois sat on the throne by the general consent of the nation, which we might consider to be sufficient for all general purposes. Be that as it may, Edward’s parliament granted him so liberal a subsidy, that he was enabled to pass over to Flanders with a well-organised navy, where he found the Gallic fleet ready to resist him.

Lord Cobham returning to give an

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account of the enemy, and stating the pious remark that, "by the blessing of God extreme number of their ships and forces, and St. George, he would revenge all the wrongs he had received," which was a



Ship of the period.

gratuitous oath on his part, as history does not distinctly relate the wrongs he complained of. In preparing for battle, however, Edward displayed a genius for the art of war which always characterised him. His ships were drawn up into two lines, the first consisting of his stoutest ships, which could bear the first brunt of an encounter, while alternately he filled them with archers and men-at-arms; the second line being a reserve to be drawn upon as necessity required. The fight was a tough and desperate one, for it lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until seven at night, which gives eleven hours of heavy pounding, and shows they were pretty equally matched. Even then it was almost a drawn battle, and was begun a second time; for thirty French galleys attempting to escape in the twilight brought upon them another attack, and Edward's fleet took the St. Jacques of Dieppe, and sank several others. At this formidable battle of Sluys, as it is termed, Edward was his own admiral, and wrote home the first naval despatch recorded in our annals. Of course, he spoke

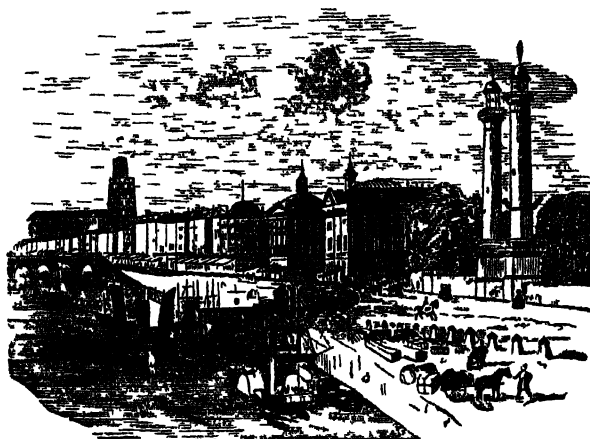
very modestly of himself. It was not all *rouleur de rose*, nor plain sailing, for the French fought with great pluck and determination. Philip's fleet was in a very efficient condition. It was well manned, and his ammunition was plentiful, while the English fleet lost heavily, and would have lost all, and have been thoroughly beaten, only that our English instinct taught our men how to handle their ships with much more ease and facility than the French had as yet acquired. We had a great ship and a Hall galleon sunk—all hands lost—by a shower of stones—a queer sort of a broadside in comparison with Armstrong guns and their shot. In a third conflict, only one man and a woman escaped—four thousand men had to be accounted for on our side, which was a pretty heavy average; but the French had nearly three times as many to mourn for. Edward kept the sea for three days, to put his victory beyond dispute. Only Philip's court fool dared to tell the French monarch of his severe reverse.

Six years after this occurred the siege of Calais, and here Edward commanded the fleet

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...ten hundred and thirty-eight sail, manned by fifteen thousand men, which gives an average of about twenty men to a ship—a ship about the size of a merchantman's long-

boat! So, after all, it was but a fleet of midgets—a fleet that the Sandwich Islanders have surpassed in more barbarous days. Something in the shape of piracy and the



DOCK

right of conquest seems always to have held but a certain power of fascination from the earliest days. It seems so easy to *find* a helpless ship at sea, and, picking her up like a purse on the highway, make her one's own "findings," no doubt, suggest "keeping," and not to be scrupulous is not to be bothered with many doubts. It seems, then, that in 1549 a Spanish squadron took it into its head to do that for which we exacted some heavy overages on the Spanish main, in the days of the freebooters and filibusters of after-times. This squadron, pressing up the Gironne, found at Bordeaux several English ships, a little leaky, and heavily laden with wine, and, although the nations were at peace together—which, perhaps, was not a normal condition of things with folk who had an eye to business—they boarded the vessels, murdered the crews, and bore the ships away. Howard was not a man to put up tamely with this. Learning that a richly-laden Spanish fleet of merchantmen were on their homeward way from Flanders, he gathered at Sandwich a squadron of fifty sail, and embarking himself, with the Prince of Wales the lords representing the great houses of Lancaster, Salisbury, Warwick, Arundel, Gloucester, and the rest, met forty odd

carracks near Winchester, all larger and much stronger than his own. Twenty



Richard II

two of them, laden with woollen cloths and valuable stuffs, the produce of the industrious Flemings' looms, he carried them into

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English ports, and, in a speculative spirit, disposed of them as prizes of war. In order to commemorate this he caused a gold coin to be struck, on which he is represented as standing in the midst of a ship, sword in hand, and so descended to posterity as the *Avenger of Merchants*, which, to cloak the splendid plunder involved, has a very admirable and very explanatory sound. At the death of Edward the navy of France became slightly "rampagious," to use Joe Gargery's phrase, and sought to wipe out old insults by making descents upon Portsmouth, Plymouth, the Isle of Wight, and other places on the English coast, in effect to clear the whole of them off the map of England. Richard the Second was at this time king; and he was, undoubtedly, one of the most pusillanimous and chicken-hearted of all the rulers we have had, when we remember that he was the son of one of the Bayards of history—our Black Prince, of Gallic renown. Friends, too, north of the Tweed began to find out that privateering in English waters brought much profit with little trouble, and commenced a series of harassing visitations—which, indeed, according to Dr. Johnson and other authorities, they have not ceased to pay us up to the present day. A filibuster of the period, whose name was "Mercer," seems to have acquired as much renown as plunder in this lawless trade; but he is suspected to have been instigated in his raids by the Scottish government, which is not unlikely. With a small squadron this freebooter fell on the east coast, and carried off several vessels from Scarborough, and—being of a speculative turn—added some French and Spanish vessels to his force, and did very serious injuries to our commercial marine. These were left to be revenged by a private individual. John Philpot, a trader and alderman of London, fitted out a force at his own expense, and our buccaneering "Sawney Bean" came to grief—Mercer being defeated, and his whole fleet transmuted into chips and so much *flotsam*. With some astonishment we read that John Philpot "narrowly escaped punishment by the imbecile Richard's council!" The English Navy for all this, was getting out of sorts. Ships rotted in harbour from dread of the "water-rats" covering the seas, there being no other haven

to hold them, even if they did put out of port. Commerce languished, for the old warlike spirit of England had sustained a collapse. After Richard the Second was knocked on the head by Sir Piers Exton, Henry the Fourth ascended the throne, and began to look after his Admiralty. From this period, the British Navy rose by degrees through reverses and successes to the high importance which was originally associated with it as an institution of the kingdom. Henry the Fourth was a very "respectable" individual, no doubt; but he was nothing more. He put Richard out of the way quietly enough, and there was not much to choose between them; but, meantime, the English oak was growing, the shipping was progressing with it, and by-and-by we shall look upon a glorious result. Henry, the "respectable," already once a widower, married the "relict" of the Duke of Brittany, which her people did not at all relish. Some of them—for the Bretons are good seamen—angered at this, made sail westward, and turned Plymouth into a brick-kiln, while the "respectable" Henry was squabbling with his potential subject, the Earl of Northumberland, and a few other bold "border boys" who backed the earl. The good folk of Plymouth, warmed by this, fitted out a number of their best ships, and put the squadron under the command of William de Wilford, who held the title of "Admiral of the Narrow Seas" (that is to say, the straits and channels of Britain). De Wilford pounced on forty ships, cargo and all, iron, oil, wine, *soap*, it is said also, but it is questionable if people *washed* themselves in those queer days. He visited with sword and fire the coast of Brittany, and left the ports of St. Matthew and of Ponnarch pretty unsubstantial reprisals for the unprovoked attack made upon our very tranquil shores' inhabitants. After this little incident, an attempt was suddenly made by the French admiral, Du Chastel, to land some troops in the Isle of Wight; but this turning out a failure, he made for Devon, and opened fire upon Dartmouth, where the county militia gave him so rough a reception, that he would very gladly have sheered off with a loss of six hundred men—four hundred of these being slain—only that himself was a unit in the two hun-

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dred that were taken prisoners. Just now, too, the French were hampering us in a very harassing manner. Regardless of an existing treaty, they invaded the ceded duchy of Guienne, sending, at the time, a thousand men, with a fleet of one hundred and forty, to aid Owen Glendower in his pretensions. These were met by Lord Berkeley and Henry Page, who commanded the Cinque Ports squadron, and, after having taken fourteen and burning fifteen, the rest were so frightened that they "topped their boom," and made a rapid run back to harbour again; so here, at all events, we came off with flying colours. The Earl of Kent contributed some little to our successes during this reign. Taking a fleet which he commanded, to the coast of Flanders, which place was then subject to France, he entered Sluys, took captive three out of four Genoese merchantmen, despite a very determined resistance, and, after hunting up all the Norman ports, he burned, at the least, *six-and-thirty towns*, mostly timber-built. With a vast amount of plunder, he entered Rye in triumph, and shared his booty amid much exultation, in which *his*, as the lion's share, was not forgotten. As a matter of course, the honour and glory of the English navy were proportionately enhanced. It happened, too, that, at this period, an illustrious prisoner was picked up at sea. Some mariners of Cley (Norfolk), while cruising near Flamborough Head, took a Scotch ship, on board of which was James, the young Duke of Rothsay (afterwards James the First of Scotland); and, being sent with his attendants to King Henry, then at Windsor, the monarch kept the prince a prisoner for several years. Henry was capable of many shabby actions, for all that he was so "respectable" an individual, and this keeping ward of the youthful duke was surely a scurvy trick. Just at this crisis, the French naval power received a blow which paralysed it for some time to come. Sending a squadron to the Welsh coast, in order to assist Glendower, and, of course, to worry our naval and military powers as much as possible, thirty ships only arrived, the rest being taken by our cruisers. And, soon after, the Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Henry Page, fell on a hundred and twenty merchant vessels, forming the Rochelle fleet,

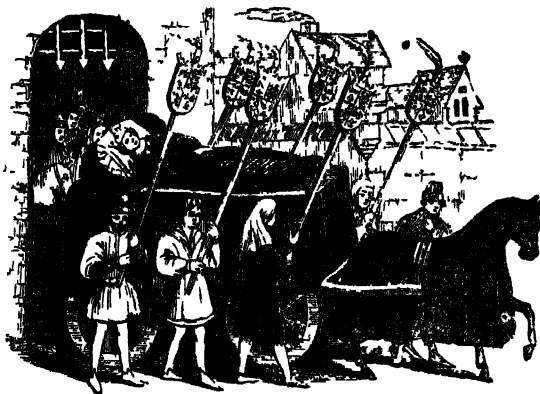
all richly laden, and took them all into English ports. The rise and progress of commerce, at this age, is marked with some emphasis by this very fact, for the arts of peace flourished in defiance of the arts of war. On the other hand, Henry, who kept a Scottish prince his prisoner, narrowly missed the same fate for himself. In 1407, he had spent some portion of the summer at Leeds Castle (Kent), and, hurrying into Essex to avoid the plague—the plague was a chronic visitation in those days, when men avoided soap and water, and never changed their linen—he embarked at Queenborough with five ships, all of which, save that which Henry was in, were taken by some French cruisers. This not a little alarmed the king, and he lost no time in fitting out and manning a strong squadron, the command of which he gave to the Earl of Kent, who at once made sail for Brittany, and, attacking Brinke, in which port the privateers found shelter, he took it by storm, and destroyed men and ships in a wholesale manner.

It is here worthy of remark, that year by year a continued improvement was taking place in the structure and the rigging of our ships. Long before this, the oars and the rowers had been, in most instances, superseded by a wide spread of canvas, and under a fore-sail and mainsail vessels were urged through the water at a speed hitherto unknown. The clumsy half-ton of stone, slung forward, had given place to the improved anchor. There were fighting galleries in the tops, on the fore-castle and poop; ships obeyed the helm and the trim of the sails, instead of being subjected to the slower propulsion of the oars; while, other improvements easily suggesting themselves, the beauty of an English ship-of-war in its perfection was rapidly becoming an accomplished fact. Henry the Fifth has made himself beloved to every English heart in the pages of Shakespeare; but his history does not here concern us further than having regard to the British Navy, and he certainly gave it an energetic "shove ahead." It must be clearly seen that nautical terms, free phrases, and the technology of the ship are now in full use, and their utility are not to be disputed; so that, if such are found, they must be taken as terms meant for purposes of the most vital necessity, and on the proper understanding

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of which the ship and crew necessarily depend for life and safety. There is a certain *naïveté* in a sentence now lying before the eye. "Henry the Fifth, like several of our most illustrious kings, was *deeply affected* with the desire to conquer France." "Deeply affected!" How touching! (But "affected" then scarcely bore its modern meaning.) But, of all the illustrious kings after the first Edward—for the first Richard really did not care about it, and, so long as he played the knight-errant, the troubadour, and smashed up Saracens by the fieldful, heeded little else—Harry, the familiar of fat Sir John Falstaff—the comrade of Nym, and

Dardolph, and Pistol, poor dogs! who came to grief when the scampish crown prince became impressed with the dignity of his own position—Harry the Fifth certainly *did* "tickle the ribs" of France, and gave that restless and vivacious nation no small cause to remember him, and not with the most loving and brotherly of good wishes for his welfare. With his accession to the throne came, therefore, that selfish form of amendment to which Shakspeare has given such significant emphasis. With this also came that sentiment of being "deeply affected" for the conquest of France. We know well how he played the part of "leading counsel" for



Funeral of Richard II.

himself when debating his claims on the French crown—to which he had no less right than Rob Roy had to the cattle he "lifted," or to the spoils of raid and foray he was engaged in. Henry's advisers say that if he had turned his energies to the management of his own business at home, and employed his undoubted pluck and courage in the repression of feuds, out-lawries, and feudal spoliations in his own kingdom, he would have acted well and wisely. But Henry could no more "mind his own business" than many other people that we know; and so, with Fluellen, and Williams, and Nym—who was hanged for stealing a "pyx"—and his "cousin Westmoreland," and a very ragged regiment indeed, he embarked for France, fought the battle of Agincourt, and took possession of

Harfleur—a place that was of much consequence to the French, since it was almost a key to the kingdom. Necessarily, the French made every effort to recover this place, investing it by sea and by land, and straining every nerve for the accomplishment of their object. Its keeping was, however, intrusted to good hands. The Earl of Dorset defended his charge with the unrelaxing pertinacity of one of those "island mastiffs" to which the Englishman has more than once been likened. As governor of Harfleur, he was indefatigable in beating his foes out of every breach, and in being prepared for every attempt to storm the walls; but he was, at last, so sorely put to it, that, without aid in men, the town must be lost. Henry, feeling this, embarked twenty thousand men in a fleet counting

BIRDS' NESTS AND BIRDS'-NESTING.

there being one bird's nest for a hundred seekers thereof, there were, in the localities named, at least one hundred nests for one seeker. It would, probably, be something rather novel for the majority of our readers to know where some dozen nests existed belonging to wood-pigeons, missel-thrushes, blackbirds, redpoles, chaffinches, nettle-creepers, nightingales, wrens, linnets, and other common birds; but when, in addition, they had found the nests of owls, snipes, plovers, and hawks—all of which are rare, or are difficult to discover—they would understand that the localities were not much frequented by bird-nesters.

It is very curious to find how uniformly birds of a particular kind select the same sort of place for their nests: there appears but little ingenuity or originality in various members of the same species, almost all of which seem to select exactly similar places. Perhaps the wood-pigeon or ring-dove exhibits the greatest variety of selection; for the nests of these birds—composed only of a few dried sticks, placed across each other as though laid to light a fire—may be found in holes of trees, low down or high up, on the extreme ends or forks of branches, in holly-trees, thorns, or ivy-covered trees; in fact, we have found wood-pigeons' nests in almost all places except on the ground or in a hedgerow. There are scarcely ever more than two eggs in a wood-pigeon's nest; these are beautifully formed, quite white, and, *when properly blown*, look very pretty in a cabinet.

Let us here say a few words about blowing eggs. The old-fashioned or clumsy way of teaching your grandmother how to suck eggs was to make an incision at both ends, then to blow out the contents by placing one end to the mouth and blowing into the egg until the contents were forced out at the other end. When this plan is adopted, the egg cannot be placed in any position in the cabinet, so that its beautiful oval shape can be seen, without our also seeing the broken end or ends. When, however, the two holes are made with a pin or knife, as at A and B, the egg then placed in warm water after being well shaken, and, lastly, blown until the original contents are driven out, the egg may be gummed on to a card, with the holes downwards, and there is no sign whatever of the shell having been perforated, nor is the beautiful outline spoiled by an ugly crack. All eggs that are fresh enough to take can be as easily blown in this way as by the former method, and its advantages will be at once evident to those who value appearance.

When visiting a most rural part of Hampshire, two or three seasons ago, I succeeded, with the aid of a young companion, in discovering upwards of twenty wood-pigeons' nests during about a fortnight. The greater number of these had been built in low, thorny trees, where there was ivy; in fine, wide-spreading old yews; in holly-trees; or in the holes of decayed trees.

The wood-pigeon's nest is discovered without any difficulty. The bird usually will sit just long enough on its nest to allow you to come within some ten or twenty yards of it, then, with a great noise, it flies away, by this means at once attracting your attention. A peep amongst the branches of the tree will almost immediately reveal the nest, and a more careful look usually enables a person to see whether there are eggs in it. It is a great pity, when in search of eggs for specimens, to take those which are so near being hatched as to render blowing them almost impossible. If the eggs be held up to the light it can always be told whether or not they are "set." If they are almost transparent, or lightish, then they are fit for blowing; but if dark and opaque, or reddish-looking, they should be replaced in

BIRDS' NESTS AND BIRDS'-NESTING.

he nest, as they are unfit to be blown, and will soon be hatched, when our stock of nest-makers and egg-layers will be thereby increased •

If the wood-pigeon's nest be the easiest to discover, certainly the plover, or ee-wit, as it is sometimes called, is the most difficult. The plover always lays its eggs on the ground, makes scarcely any nest, but selects the side of a small tuft of grass or heather, and there deposits its eggs. The colour of these eggs is well suited to prevent them from being readily seen, and the plovers are so crafty, and practise so many artifices to draw you away from the real position of their nest, and to induce you to believe it to be somewhere else, that they really deserve to succeed,



Likely holes for Stulings' nests

Most commonly the plover selects a locality near a piece of marshy land, and invariably near furze and heather. Immediately an enemy is seen to approach, the birds either rise from the ground or begin to run along on it, crying all the time their shrill *pu-ut*. The nearer you approach their nests the more excited they become, whilst the most cunning amongst them will fly round and round at the distance of a hundred yards or so, crying loudly, as though their nest were really just beneath them, whereas, probably, it is situated at a distance of two or three hundred yards. If you approach these birds they will gradually fly away, leading you farther and farther from their eggs. They can, however, be outwitted; for, after these manoeuvres, and when they believe you to have left the vicinity and given up the search, they usually return to their nests and sit upon the eggs. A person, therefore, with good sight, can from a distance perceive the exact spot on which the bird's alight, and hence the most probable situation of their eggs •

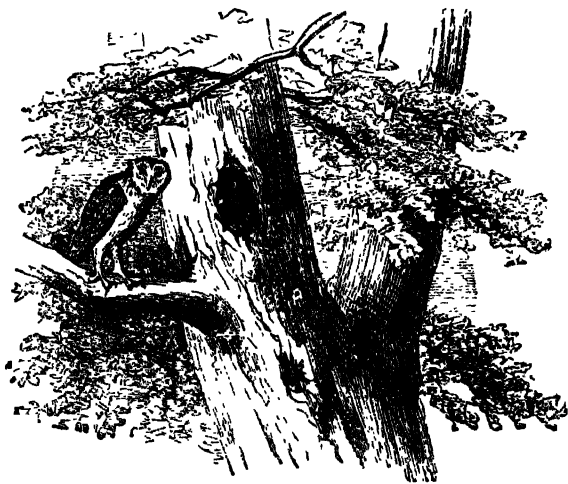
Plovers' eggs fetch a good price in the market when fresh, therefore the country people in some places make a business out of this description of bird-nesting, and it is not unusual to hear a man there spoken of as a good egg hunter just a

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we hear men referred to as good shots, the capacity for finding plovers' eggs appearing to be due to a mixture of practice and keen sight.

From the less cunning nature of the bird, the eggs of a snipe are much more easily found than are those of the plover. The snipe sits very close, and requires, in some instances, to be almost kicked off its nest. It seems that most animals watch a person who is approaching them, and they can tell when he is looking at them, for often a bird will allow himself to be passed within a few yards if he thinks he is unseen, whereas if he is looked at intently he will immediately take flight.

Whilst speaking of snipes, we may mention several excellent opportunities that



A likely place for an Owl's nest.

we have had of investigating the cause of a singular noise which these birds make during the breeding season. Not only by day, but also by night, these birds repeatedly make a dull whirring sound, which can be heard at a considerable distance. It is not unlike the bleating of a distant goat, and its cause would sadly puzzle a cockney, who probably would attribute it to some quadruped instead of to a bird. Knowing that there was some controversy, even amongst naturalists, as to the way in which snipes made this noise, we armed ourselves with a powerful pair of opera-glasses, and sought a concealed position, one beautiful clear afternoon, in a spot over which the birds flew repeatedly.

Presently a snipe flew directly overhead, giving frequently as he passed his double whistle. Then he altered his method of flight, and descended with a sort of swoop, and as he did so the dull whirring noise occurred. Immediately that he made his swoop he ceased his whistle, and thus, although his beak was closed, there was no actual proof that he did not make the whirring with his beak. After this same bird had several times passed over us, and had descended rapidly whenever he made the peculiar noise spoken of, he at last continued his whistle at the same time that he made the noise in descending; it was, therefore, evident that he could not have made two noises with his beak at the same time, and so we decided that, the

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beak had nothing to do with the whirring. We all (for there were three observers, one being a popular naturalist) had remarked that the bird, when it descended, separated the large feathers of the wing, which very rapidly vibrated, and seemed blurred in consequence. Many times afterwards did we perceive exactly the same effects, and noted that when the vibration of the wing feathers was greatest the noise was greatest, and that the whirring varied exactly as did the vibration. In the tail feathers we could perceive no vibration at all, although by the aid of our glasses the bird was brought very close to us. Hence we decided that there was undoubted proof that the snipe uses its wings to produce the strange noise referred to.

When the habits of any particular kind of bird have been studied, the observer can usually tell where these birds have formed their nest, supposing any of the kind are in the neighbourhood. Lately, during a visit in the country, we saw a pair of starlings fly overhead; my companion, a keen observer, at once watched the birds, and saw them fly into a wood distant a few hundred yards.

"I want some starlings' eggs for specimens," he remarked, "so we will go and find their nests."

Upon entering the wood, he soon selected a fine old tree, and pointed at once to a hole in the trunk, some thirty feet from the ground. Having ascended the tree, the nest was found in this hollow; but, luckily for the starlings, they had not yet laid their eggs.

Every person must have observed that the common martin always builds its nest under the eaves of houses, whilst the sand-martin invariably makes holes in a sandy bank; but all people may not have noticed that birds of the same feather seem to select invariably the same style of locality for their nests.

Blackbirds and thrushes appear to affect a great variety of favourite places, their nests being found almost everywhere, except in the topmost branches of very high trees. Nests of these birds are found in small trees, amongst bushes, especially blackberry-bushes, in hedges, on the ground, amongst ivy on a wall, and in other snug situations. Several small birds—such as the linnet, bullfinch, and chaffinch—also select various positions for their nest. A few days past a friend found a stonechat's nest on the ground, in an old rat-hole in the middle of a field; it contained four eggs.

Owls are very fond of holes in trees, especially of those in yew-trees. They will build also amongst the nooks and crannies in an old ruin, from which they will sally out of a night and utter their weird-like hootings.

There is a peculiarity about all birds' nests which is usually sufficiently marked to enable us to recognise to what species the nest belongs. The most singular taste prevails amongst thrushes, blackbirds, and some few other birds, in connexion with the lining of a nest. It seems natural that the interior of a nest ought, in order to be comfortable, to be soft and warm; but the birds mentioned above almost invariably plaster their nests with mud, and this they accomplish in a very neat and successful manner, making it smooth and even. That such a furnishing should make the nest as warm and comfortable as though it had been lined with moss, feathers, or hair, seems highly improbable; but then there is no accounting for taste; and whatever is, is right.

Amongst several nests which we have examined, we find that the lining is very varied, according to the species of the bird. The nightingale generally makes use

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of oak-leaves, which are very artistically entwined amongst the grass and twigs that supply the place of rafters and beams. Now, nightingales appear to be partial to oak-trees, and, if they have any choice, usually select for their residence and solo vocal performances a wood in which there are oak-trees. Whether the nature of the oak-tree is such as to suit the constitution of this melodious bird we cannot say, although it is asserted that the "oak-lung" is a very admirable medicine for those human beings who suffer from weak lungs. Perhaps, however, the nightingale may find that its midnight songs are improved in tone if they are uttered from the branches of an oak. However this may be, we can positively assert that we never yet heard a song-bird who seemed to suffer from hoarseness or cold, although they are all exposed to night air.

Certainly one of the most comfortable-looking of English birds' nests is that of the wren. This bird usually selects either a bank of earth or some low brambles, and lays a great number of eggs in its nest. The interior is very mossy, and must be warm and soft. The long-tailed tit and hedge-sparrow are also very fond of moss as a material with which to construct their nest; whilst the tree-pipit usually selects grass for the lining, and the white-throat horsehair.

There is a very singular difference, not only in the colour, but also in the size and shape, of birds' eggs. In some cases, birds that belong to the same family lay very different-looking eggs; whilst others scarcely allied to each other lay eggs of nearly an exactly similar description. When we examine, also, the form of some eggs, we should probably be led to believe that birds of a peculiar shape always laid eggs of a peculiar form. This, however, is not the case. For example, the diver, grebe, guillemot, cormorant, and crane are all a rather long, thinnish sort of birds, and their eggs are a long, thinnish sort of eggs; but the heron, as thin a bird as any of the former, lays eggs which are roundish, and in form very like those of ducks and geese.

Very many of the Falconidae lay white or whitish eggs; and it is generally found, when the eggs laid by the same birds at different times are compared with one another, that the young birds usually deposit the whitest eggs; so that it is not uncommon to find the eggs of a young bird quite white, or merely tinged with spots, whilst those of an older hen of the same species are distinctly marked by coloured blotches. The honey-buzzard's eggs are of a dirty brown and white; as also are those of the red-footed falcon, the kestrel, merlin, and jer-falcon.

There is a most singular resemblance between the eggs of the ruff and those of the common snipe. The form and colour are the same, the only difference being that the former are slightly the larger of the two.

There does not seem to be any connexion between the colour of the bird and that of its eggs; some birds that are very brilliant in their plumage laying eggs of a plain, sombre tint, whilst others that are clothed in the least showy manner deposit highly-coloured eggs. The bullfinch is a very bright-looking bird, having much variety in its colours: its eggs are a yellowish-green, with a close array of dull brown spots round the broadest part. One of our most brilliantly decorated birds, the kingfisher, lays a perfectly white egg, its form, however, being very beautiful. It is one of the most spherical eggs of any, its smaller axis or diameter being very little less than its greatest; whereas, with some birds' eggs, the former is half that of the latter.

• Most of the tits' eggs are whitish in colour, and are covered with minute reddish

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spots; while the raven, rook, crow, and chough all lay eggs that have a dull greenish ground, upon which there is a mass of dirty brown spots.

It is certainly a great relaxation, when we have been hard at work all the morning, and have been puzzled and re-puzzled with various intricate problems, to escape into the woods and fields, to breathe the fresh air, scent the sweet flowers, and listen to the notes of our little feathered songsters. To have some purpose in view adds considerably to the interest of our trip—no matter what this purpose may be. Perhaps it may be our intention to procure certain wild roots to add to our garden stock—ferns to adorn the rockery, or even moss or wild flowers to exhibit as trophies of our pedestrian powers. It may be that we intend searching for beetles, moths, or butterflies, or to watch the habits of some of Nature's many interesting productions. Probably, also, we may be seeking for birds' nests and eggs; and here, undoubtedly, we shall find an ample opportunity for the display of our patience, perseverance, and keen sight, for when the hedges and banks are covered with leaves a nest is not at all an easy thing to discover; and although we may, by accident or watchfulness, observe a bird approach to, or retreat from, its nest, yet even this will not be an every-day occurrence. But any one of these occupations serves to give us an interest that never is obtainable if we merely "take a walk." There is, probably, nothing more dull, dreary, or stupid than a mere walk, especially when the scene of our performance is a dusty road or a street. Everybody believes that when a walk is taken a very health-giving process has been gone through—that to take a walk every day is a sure antidote against sickness. Truly, it may be granted that fresh air and exercise are both essential to health, but something more is required. We require change of mind, of thought, and feeling, just as much as change of air; and this we obtain when we adopt a thorough change of occupation, such as results from a *roam* in the country in search of something. When a taste for Nature is once engendered, and an interest taken in searching out those mysterious changes which occur amongst many of even the most minute creatures in creation, a walk in the country becomes an endless source of amusement; for then every pool of water, hedge, or bank teems with well-known marvels, and instead of our rushing on, unmindful of all around us, or as ignorant of all we see as a monkey who glances at the stars, we shall, undoubtedly, discover much more to actually amuse us than will those who have remained in the vicinity of towns or high roads. Thus even birds'-nesting and egg-hunting, although a comparatively cruel sport, especially if carried to excess, is certainly less to be condemned than are the proceedings of many youths of the present day, whose foul, dirty pipes have long since irrevocably polluted their breath, and who, probably, are under the impression that "one of the slowest things going is a *roam* in the country" in search of specimens of natural history, or for the purpose of observing the habits of various creatures.

A NIGHT IN AN OBSERVATORY.

A SHORT time ago it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to visit a gentleman, who, in his love of astronomy, had, at his own expense, erected an observatory, and furnished it with several of the finest instruments which at the time were made. The night which I chose for my visit was a beautiful one; not a cloud was above the horizon; and, in addition to the multitude of fixed stars, near the zenith shone the planet Jupiter, and not far from it Saturn, of whose rings I had read and heard much, and was anxious to see. On making my friend acquainted with my wish to learn from him a little of his favourite science, and have the privilege of seeing some of the heavenly bodies through his wonderful and costly instruments, he bade me ascend a stair, which I found led up to a spacious and nearly circular apartment, which at a glance I knew to be the observatory that contained the instruments on which my friend had spent so much, and in the using of which he found so much pleasure. In the centre of this apartment, under a sort of dome—which I afterwards understood to be movable—stood a long tube, securely fixed on a movable centre to firm supports, at the lower end of which was a strange piece of upholstery: it was neither a couch nor chair, but, from its jointed back, it seemed capable of being used as either or both upon occasion. At the side of this tube, with its back against the wall, stood a timekeeper, which seemed to differ from an ordinary modern eight-day clock only in having an additional hand or pointer travelling all round the dial every second, but which, my friend afterwards told me, kept very much better time. Numerous other instruments were in the room; some of them, which required to be fixed, were firmly braced to the wall, or to columns rising from the floor; while others, meant only to be used in the hand, lay scattered about; but, before I had time to look at them particularly, my friend, who as yet had not spoken, but had allowed me to gaze around on the beautiful machinery with which I found myself surrounded, drew my attention to the clock

which, as I mentioned before, was fixed against the wall, and which every second gave a clear and audible tick.

"This clock," said he, "is the most useful instrument in the room; without it most of the others would be next to useless; it keeps time with the stars; and this it does so well, and with so much accuracy, that they will not vary so much as the fractional part of a second in several days. It is by the aid of such accurate time-measurers that astronomers have discovered the exact dimensions of this stupendous world; it has also enabled them to find its approximate weight; and by its aid I can point my telescope to any particular star or part of the heavens during the daytime, when to the naked eye not a star is visible, as easily and accurately as I can do so just now. But as this night is so clear, and so many interesting objects are above the horizon, I think that an examination of some of them would interest you more than minute descriptions of these instruments."

While he spoke he led me to the chair or couch at the lower end of the telescope, and, having desired me to seat myself in it, he, by drawing a cord, opened up a part of the dome in the roof above, revealing a strip of clear starlit sky. Directing my attention to this part of the sky, my friend said—

"You see between those two twinkling stars one brighter than either, shining with a steady light? That is the planet Jupiter; it is the largest and brightest of all the planets and is, as you well know, attended by four moons, which revolve round him in the same manner as our earth does round the sun, or the moon round the world. They are easily seen by means of a small telescope, and you may imagine that the study and observance of their motions must be very interesting, as well as instructive, presenting, as they do, a system similar to our own in miniature. In their revolutions round their primary they are sometimes eclipsed, or pass into his shadow, and sometimes pass, or transit, over his disc; and at the moment of their disappearance—by being

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immersed in the shadow of their primary—or their reappearance from behind him, or emersion from his shadow, is seen from all parts of the earth at the same moment, we have, in observing these eclipses, the means of finding our position on the earth. From this "Nautical Almanac"—which contains, among many other tables, calculated and published for the use of mariners, one which gives the exact moment when all the visible eclipses and reappearances of Jupiter's satellites happen at Greenwich—I find that the second satellite will be eclipsed to-night at eight hours, forty minutes, and its observance will, I think, prove very interesting as your *first astronomical observation*."

• My friend, the sage ruler of all the wonderful machinery around me, now consulted his clock, referred to some registers which he selected from a multitude of manuscripts, books, &c., lying on a table at the farther end of the room, adjusted the tube by means of brazen wheels fixed to its axis, and bent the back of the chair on which I sat until my eye was brought into all but contact with the eye piece of the telescope.

"Now," said my instructor, "tell me what you see."

"The field of view," I answered, "is crossed and divided into squares by threads, which I am sure must be exceedingly fine; and near the middle is a large, bright globe, not unlike the full moon. Is that Jupiter?"

"It is; but are you sure that its surface is *all* equally bright and clear?"

"Oh, no; near what I would consider to be the equator of the planet I see several dark stripes or belts."

• Yes, they are very conspicuous; but astronomers are not agreed as to the cause of these appearances. They are subject to considerable variation in regard to breadth and distance from one another; but they are generally parallel to one another and to the equator of the planet. We also frequently observe spots on the belts, and from their motion we infer that Jupiter turns on its axis in nine hours, fifty-five minutes."

When I again looked through the telescope, nothing besides the crossed threads, fixed in the telescope's focus, and a few little stars, were visible. Jupiter had been carried by the diurnal rotation of the earth

out of the field of view. On knowing this, my friend slightly shifted the position of the instrument, and, having ascertained from me that Jupiter was again in view, he desired me to tell him what I saw besides the planet.

"Why," I answered, "I see three bright little discs, all in a line both with the planet's equator and the dark streaks on its surface, and one of them seems pretty near the edge of the planet. Are not these Jupiter's moons?"

"Yes, they are his satellites, or moons."

"But I always understood that there were four of them, and I can only see three. How is that?"

"The fourth is at present eclipsed, and is behind the planet. The one which you observed close to Jupiter will come still closer, when it will enter into the planet's shadow, and be eclipsed. This is what I wish you to give your attention to, and observe."

My friend then explained to me that finding the difference of time between observing the disappearance of the satellite where we were, and the time at Greenwich at the same moment, as given in the "Nautical Almanac," would give the difference of longitude in *time*, and as one hour corresponds to 15 degrees, it can be easily reduced to degrees and minutes, remembering that, if the observed hour is *earlier* than the Greenwich time, the observer's longitude is *east* of Greenwich; and, if *later*, must be *west* of the place from which the longitude is measured.

Obedient to directions—the telescope being again adjusted—I looked, but the little satellite was still a good way distant from the planet. My kind instructor, however, told me that it would disappear before perceptibly approaching any nearer its primary, as it would there pass into its shadow, which, he said, lay on that side of, and not exactly behind, the planet.

"Indeed," continued he, "at times the shadow is so projected with regard to the earth, that the third and fourth satellites vanish and reappear again on the same side of his disc. You must now be on the lookout, as it is now twenty-four minutes past eight o'clock by our time; and, as our position is east of Greenwich, we must expect it to

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happen several minutes sooner than the time given in the Almanac. This button at your right hand, when pressed down, instantaneously stops the hand of the clock, which, you observe, goes all round the dial every second. This arrangement is exceedingly useful in very delicate observations; but, as in such a case as the present the time cannot be taken so exactly as the fractional part of a second, you need not make use of it, but keep your eye fixed on the satellite, and count the seconds along with the clock, so as to be able to tell me the exact second when it disappears."

I kept my eye on the satellite which I expected soon to vanish, and counted the seconds as well as I could; but in my excitement I once or twice lost count, and had to look again at the clock at my side.

"Not yet eclipsed?"

"No; it is as bright as ever."

"It ought to begin to disappear in a few seconds, so keep a sharp look-out, and count carefully."

"Now it is beginning to disappear—seventeen, eighteen—I can't count—why, it is out of sight altogether now;" and as I said so I fairly leapt from my seat in the excitement of the chase.

"Can't count?" said my friend, laughing.

"Why, who taught you arithmetic? There was plenty of time if you had been cool about it. But when did it *begin* to disappear?"

"At the fourteenth second, I think—that is, at 26 minutes, 14 seconds past eight o'clock."

"Then, as I said before, the 'Nautical Almanac' gives 8 hours, 40 minutes as the corresponding time at Greenwich. Our time is, consequently, 13 minutes, 46 seconds earlier than at Greenwich; and we infer that our position must be east of that meridian by a longitude which corresponds to 13 minutes, 46 seconds. Now, you will find that, reduced to degrees and minutes, it is equal to 3 degrees, 26 minutes, 30 seconds, which is our longitude."

I now told my friend how anxious I was to see Saturn and his rings, which, I had heard, was a very grand sight when seen with a good telescope, and asked him to point the instrument to it.

"Saturn," answered he, "is just now in a

very bad position for seeing his rings, as we can see little more than their edge. In the month of November, 1861, the planet was in such a position with regard to the earth that the plane of the rings passed through the earth, and, consequently, their extremely thin edge only was turned towards us, and to all but the largest telescopes they seemed altogether to disappear. They are now becoming more inclined, and from year to year will appear more and more open, until 1869, when they will be seen to the greatest advantage. On the occasions when the rings disappear, the satellites—of which, you well know, eight have been observed—are much more easily seen, and sometimes appear like beads on the thin thread of light which is all that can then be seen of these singular appendages. Look now, and I think you will find Saturn in the field of view."

"Oh, yes, I see it! It is not so large as Jupiter; but, like him, I see it has several belts; but they seem much more faint, and, unlike his, are not confined to the planet's equator. From what you said, I suppose that the two bright protuberances I see at the sides, which look very much like handles to it, are all I shall be able to see of the ring. But you spoke of eight moons. I can only see four—no, now that my eye becomes accustomed to the light, I see another; but that makes only five. What has become of the other three?"

"In consequence of the great distance of the Saturnian system, only a few of the finest and largest telescopes in use are able to make the others observable at all, and then only at times when the condition of the atmosphere is most favourable. For the same reason their dimensions have not been ascertained with any certainty."

Then followed a long and very lucid explanation by my kind instructor, from which I gleaned many notable truths, and he finished by desiring me to repeat my visit on the next clear evening, when he said he would extend our inquiries into those realms of space which stretch far beyond the limits of our system, and view some of the wonderful and interesting objects which lie there. Thanking my friend for his kind instructions, and telling him that I would, with pleasure, accept of his invitation to come another night, I turned homewards."



A domesticated Javanese Rhinoceros

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES;

WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION.—MENAGERIES SUPPLIED.

BY REV. J. G. WOOD.

IN TWO PARTS. — I.

“**M**AKE you the tour of the world,” wrote Alphonse Karr to an intending traveller, “I will make the tour of my garden.” And he wrote his tour, one of the charmingest books of travel ever committed to type; observant, witty, and oftentimes strangely pathetic, as the perfume of a flower or the rustling of a leaf thrills the chords of human sympathy. What delightful letters are those, quaintly dated from “*Sur le dos*” and “*Sur le ventre*!”—how full of incident, how rapid of action, and how graphically descriptive of the nations that inhabit the turf or dwell upon the oak-leaf! Yet the scant limits of a suburban garden formed the boundary of his travels; and a few minutes sufficed to traverse the space, which furnished such strange histories, such piquant anecdotes, and such subtle observations of manners and customs. So can any one, being imbued with a similar spirit, make most interesting travels without stirring from his native soil, and see more astonishing things at home than he would meet at the antipodes. I made such a journey a few days ago, and if the object of travelling be to see strange sights, to hear strange languages, and to witness strange customs, to all intents and purposes I had travelled into distant lands, though within sight of the Monument, and within smell of the Thames.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES;

In the distant country where I found myself, after a quarter of an hour's walk from London Bridge, the population is divided into two great sections; namely, resident and floating; the former recognisable by a universal tendency to hooked noses and glossy black curls; and the latter of diverse types and costumes, but with a peculiar waddle in the walk and a characteristic bronze on the countenance that smack of the ocean and its many hardships.

Every one who has travelled is aware that each land has its peculiar smell. Your nose acquaints you with your vicinity to France, though the night be black as pitch: and the odours which herald the approach to Ostend are more familiar than pleasing. So in this region the nostrils are never greeted with an honest British smell, but inhale a mixed volence of fried fish, garlic, tar, and the most remarkable tobacco ever converted into smoke. Now and then a whiff of a pungent and exotic character just touches the olfactory nerves, and wafts the mind to the arid wilds of Southern Africa or the dank thickets of tropical America, but passes away before it can be traced to its source, overpowered by the myriad odours through which it has to make its way. As to sounds, it is only useful to walk slowly through this strange land to hear every imaginable dialect to which the human race is liable: and, as the traveller is sure not to understand one word of the conversation, he is as well off in point of novelty as if he had journeyed five thousand miles, and landed in a totally unknown country. Strangely enough, a sound, or the echo of a sound, occasionally penetrates through the babel of many languages, and recalls to the traveller's mind the pungent odour just mentioned, together with ideas of boundless wastes or rich tropical scenery. As to strange sights there are few stranger than that which met my eyes; namely, an elephant in a red coat, walking quietly up the street, and no one taking the least notice of him!

The key to the vague ideas that had flashed through the mind was this—There must actually be a colony of wild beasts in the midst of a dense population: and the residents must be so familiar with the fierce and powerful denizens of the desert and the jungle that they cease to take any interest in such every-day sights. For my own part, having had no practical experience of such a life, I cannot but think that the fact of six or seven lions, half as many tigers, a few wolves, a juma or two, and a party of leopards being housed in my next-door neighbour's back-yard, would have an injurious effect on my peace of mind, and that the voices of these nocturnal prowlers might tend to produce restless nights. Custom, however, is all-powerful; and even though a tiger does occasionally knock out the side of his cage, and indulge in a quiet walk through the street, or a leopard escape from its keeper, and have to be hunted from one court into another, until captured and garrotted, the residents, doubtless, look leniently upon these little escapades, and certainly seem to care no more for a lion or tiger than for a dog or cat.

Being in a strange land, the traveller ought to investigate its manners and customs; so I traced the elephant to the spot where his temporary home had evidently been established, and, rather to his surprise, proposed to enter. He was very inquisitive—put his proboscis round my shoulders once or twice, and then began to probe my pockets; but, finding nothing eatable except a handkerchief and a pair of chicken tortois, he drew aside and let me pass. He was a very little elephant, hardly bigger than a Newfoundland dog, but wonderfully curious, brisk, and energetic. He was remarkable, too, from the fact of having come from Malacca.

WHOLESALE, RÉTAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION.

and being supposed, by his experienced owner, to have attained his full growth. On entering a modest archway, such as frequently flanks commercial houses for the purpose of admitting the carts used for the conveyance of heavy goods, I found myself in the midst of a dépôt where are assembled beasts and birds from every country under the sun. Partaking, necessarily, of the same character as the ordinary menageries, it differs from them by the fact that the occupation is only temporary, and that the cage which holds a lion on Monday may be tenanted on Tuesday by tiger, leopard, or puma. To this strange place are brought the furred and feathered races from all quarters of the globe; some being purchased from ships that enter the docks after a foreign voyage, but the greater part being forwarded by regularly-appointed agents. There is, perhaps, hardly any trade so widely ramified as that which supplies menageries with their inhabitants. Every fierce, rare, or beautiful animal that can be captured is forwarded to this dépôt, and thence the creatures are distributed throughout Europe, England taking but a comparatively small number. While I was in the building, two telegrams arrived; one announcing that three Bengal tigers were on their way, and another that the fifteen hundred Java sparrows had just come into dock, at one of the great seaport towns. Probably, before the week had ended, the three tigers were speeding to three different parts of Europe, and not a Java sparrow would remain under that roof.

On the particular day when I visited the establishment, there was only one wolf, who, according to the keeper's account, "was not over-tame, nor yet over-spiteful." But, as he allowed the keeper to put his hand into the cage and pat his face, I thought that he was quite as tame as a wolf could be expected to be. The keeper has himself something of a character, and, though the beasts remain for a limited and uncertain time under his charge, he contrives to teach them some kind of tricks. There was a puma who had to sit up like a dog while "begging," and who would only obey after a vast amount of snarling and remonstrance. The monkeys had to salaam in honour of their visitor, and were tolerably obedient, with the exception of one impertinent little object, who flattened himself against the back of the cage, where the keeper's arm could not reach him, and bluntly declined to perform the required obeisance. The keeper, however, was not going to be insulted by a monkey, and opened the cage door. As soon as he saw the door fairly open, poor Jack yielded the point, carried his hand to his temples, ducked his head, and then came boldly forward, as having earned applause, and diverted intending panishment.

One member of the monkey tribe was too rare and precious an article to be kept in company with these more hardy and volatile animals, and resided in a back-room of an adjoining house. This was a fine young chimpanzee, in perfect health, and tame as a pet puppy. His owner carried him into the room, swinging him by his hands like a child, dropped him on the sofa, and, though the doors that communicated with the street were all open, sat down at his desk and took no further notice of the animal. There he sat on the sofa, his knees gathered to his chin, and his long arms wrapped round him much as a lady envelops herself in a shawl. He was quite affable in demeanour; permitted me to examine his wonderful hands, with their large flattened fingers and little thumbs, and allowed me to pull his ears without displaying the slightest irritation. Following the example of his owner, I then picked him up by his hands and swung him about, for the purpose of testing his weight. No one would have imagined, on looking at the little black fellow on

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the sofa, how very heavy he was; for, even if he had been a third larger, and yet weighed no more, he would have appeared rather a heavy animal. He tried his best to be conversational, but his vocabulary was limited to the words, "Hoo! hoo!" uttered loudly and rapidly, his lips shooting out the while in a kind of trumpet shape.

He was presently gratified with a pear, and began to eat it in a manner that was wonderfully slow and deliberate. I have often read in French romances of certain personages "absorbing" any delicacy of which they were particularly fond, and used to think that the expression was more fanciful than accurate. But the sight of the chimpanzee eating his pear convinced me that the novelists had chosen a perfectly apt word. He veritably absorbed his pear, drawing it slowly and contemplatively through his teeth, as if pondering on the flavour, and not permitting a particle of its succulence to escape his palate. He contrived to reject the rind, allowing it to fall on the sofa as he drew the ripe fruit between his teeth. But after he had quite finished the pear, sitting in retrospection of past enjoyment, he took up a little bit of the rejected rind, examined it on every side, put it into his mouth, and ate it. Another bit followed in a few moments, and before many minutes had elapsed the whole of the rind had vanished. Thus have I seen many a schoolboy, proud of his new knife, draw forth the shining steel exultingly, peel his pear, throw down the rind, and, after he has finished the fruit, find his mind misgive him, take up the rejected portions, and eat them; so that, but for the name of the thing, he might have eaten the entire fruit at once. Altogether, I liked the quaint, old-fashioned animal, and thought it was a thousand pities that his beautiful mild brown eyes should ever gleam with senseless, brutal ferocity, as certainly will be the case if he lives to adult age. I would not like to say "*Vivat!*" of him, though I wish him well with all my heart.

Happening, as has already been mentioned, to have in my pocket a couple of chicken tortoisés, I bethought myself of the strange antipathy that is said to exist between the anthropomorphous apes and the reptiles in general—a harmless lizard or tortoise frightening the creature as much as a venomous serpent. So I took a tortoise out of my pocket, and held it towards the ape. He seemed to be more puzzled with the strange creature than afraid of it, and pushed out his lips to a wonderful extent, muttering, as it were, in an under-tone. He did not like to have the tortoise brought near him, and retreated slowly as I held out the reptile towards him, behaving altogether like a dog when a wine-glass is offered to him, but still retaining his gentle manner. Poor Tom is now, I believe, on his travels again, having become the inmate of an itinerant menagerie.

In an adjoining yard the reptiles were in great force, turtles and tortoisés of various kinds being there established. A large vessel, partly filled with water, and erected in a sloping position, so as to allow the inmates to enter or leave the waters they liked, was full of the aquatic Chelonians of America, "hearty as bucks and heavy as stones," according to the remark of the attendant, who was very proud of his tortoisés. These creatures are carnivorous and mostly hungry, feeding largely on cat's-meat. Weight is as good a criterion of a healthy tortoise as of a healthy crab, and when the creatures become light they are in a fair way of dying.

Land tortoisés had taken possession of two yards, a stable, and an outhouse, and, in spite of their unwieldy shape and bony curass, had contrived to crawl into the most astonishing localities, the manger being a favourite spot with them. It

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was no easy matter to traverse these places, for the tortoises literally swarmed on the ground, and it was necessary to stand on one leg, and kick the tortoises away, in order to secure a resting-place for the other. They are vegetable-feeders, and eat large quantities of cabbage-leaves, which are thrown carelessly on the ground. Their eggs were very plentiful—roundish white objects, about as large as those of the pigeon, but more globular. They are very good eating if taken when fresh, and every one who had a taste for this diet might be supplied with new-laid tortoise eggs at a rate little higher than that which is paid for the so-called new-laid eggs of the fowl. The shell is extremely thick, hard, and solid; the white, or albumen, stiffly gelatinous; and the yolk of a very dark colour, spotted with minute dots of black, much like the mantle of a common snail. To empty and clean these eggs is not a very easy task, for the albumen is so very stiff that it is likely to burst the egg asunder rather than to pass out through the little aperture that is made in the shell.

In neighbouring yards are to be seen large heaps of valuable shells, piled up carelessly in the open air as if they were rubbish ~~let~~ out of contractors' carts. Even the costly shells, which, in their rough and unpolished condition, are sold by weight, are to be seen flung about as if they possessed no value whatever, and are tossed here and there like the sovereigns over a banker's counter. Like those coins, however, the shells are perfectly appreciated, and, however carelessly they may seem to be thrown about, a single specimen would be missed if it were removed, and the attendant would be forced to account for it. Here the shells are prepared for the market—an operation which demands no slight skill, though the instruments are few and simple. In the open shed, where the shells are polished, little is to be seen except an array of shells in every stage of progress. a common grindstone worked by the foot, and a number of shallow tubs filled with liquid. As an example of the change that is wrought by manipulation, a specimen of the common *haliotis*, or ear-ear, is selected, and its rough outer surface applied to the grindstone. Round rushes the stone, a cloud of strange dust flies from the shell, and a very peculiar flour strikes the nostrils. In a few seconds the rough, shapeless, colourless surface is transformed into a bright, shining plate, glittering with the colours of the rainbow, and pleasantly smooth to the touch. Steam cannot be employed in this part of the process, as the shells have to be, "humoured," and the force to be applied in a very variable manner. In very valuable specimens the polishing is entirely done by hand; and I have a specimen of a *haliotis* prepared by the delicate hands of a lady, in which every line of the shell is scrupulously preserved, and its soft undulations, uninjured by the stone, have an indescribably beautiful effect. Many of the highly-ornamented shells, especially those which have a darkish coating upon a nacreous basis, owe the greater part of their brilliancy to artificial means, the outer coat being removed in certain determinate patterns by means of the wheel, and the beautiful nacre exhibited beneath. In many other shells, acids are employed for the same purpose, and spots, stripes, and patches of darker and lighter hues are produced at will.

In these establishments it is needful to lay aside, for the time, the organ of wonder, for no one can tell what he is likely to meet. An attendant opened the door of an old pigeon-cage, and, thrusting in both hands, became very busy in the interior, catching, as we thought, the inclosed pigeon. Out came the hands, bearing, not a pigeon, or even a bird, but a great heap of chameleons, sixteen or seven-

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teen at least. One chameleon is at any time a comical sight, with its funny, grasping feet, and its great eyes, that move quite independently of each other, and can be twisted about with astounding mobility. But the spectacle of some sixteen chameleons all in a heap, their tails twining and coiling about like small snakes, their absurd heads protruding wherever they had a chance of so doing, and each having a tight hold of four or five others, was almost too ludicrous for description.

After leaving the domains, which have been very superficially described, the questions arise in the mind, How got these creatures here? How were they caught, how transported, and what is to be done with them? We shall try to answer these queries as briefly as possible.

In the first place, the trade in wild beasts—a term including most animated beings—is a system as regular as the trade in tea, or coffee, or cotton, or any other merchandise. Some creatures, of which parrots are the most numerous, are brought over by sailors, who intend them as presents for their sweethearts, and sell them for frog and tobacco as soon as they land. These, however, are hardly considered as forming part of the regular trade, and bear a very small proportion to the great mass of living creatures that are brought from all parts of the world. A dealer, such as the proprietor of the establishment I am describing, has a staff of agents, in every country on the globe, and these agents communicate with the natives of the various countries.

In India the agents have a comparatively easy task, as there are certain tribes who make their living exclusively by the capture of wild animals, which they ensnare with wonderful skill and courage, and which they mostly keep alive until they meet with a sale. There are, however, many of the beasts and birds which are not sold, and, but for the accumulating habits of their captors, would soon devour the sums gained by the sale of other creatures. As soon as it is found that they cannot be sold they are killed and eaten, and the skins preserved for the chance of a sale on some future day, dried skins eating no food and occupying no cages. The agent may visit an encampment of such a tribe, ask for a certain beast, bird, or reptile, and feel tolerably sure that it will be brought to him. Or, he can give an order for so many tigers, so many elephants, &c., and be certain of getting them at a given time.

In other countries, the agents are obliged to spend much time and trouble in obtaining the creatures; but the system is now carried to such perfection, that, if any gentleman or lady would like an elephant for private riding, a tiger as an ornament to the garden, a crocodile or hippopotamus for the lake, or an ostrich or emu for the lawn, the wish can be gratified by merely addressing a letter to the London dealer. He will calculate distance, the time occupied in catching and transporting the desired animal, give a close estimate of the cost, and deliver it at the door on the appointed day.

PUZZLE PAGES.

ALTHOUGH our delight is to be straightforward and 'lonest as this world goes, we here design and do, with malice prepense, intend to cram into these, our Puzzle Pages, as much of the Roundabout, as many mysteries, as much chicanery, and halting doubt, and great misleading, as human nature will be likely to put up with. We may say this in our favour—although, be it minded, we wish to suffer manfully for the trouble, vexation, and beating of temples we may cause—that the toast and sentiment which we shall propose at this festive season is—May you find us and our machinations out!

1—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



2—FICTIONAL CHAUCER.



Attached to bubbles oft, my first
Hath figured till the bubble burst;
Oft raising money like the wind,
And leaving nought but wreck behind;
Although, to most, a sign of sooth,
Commercial honour, thrift, and truth,
I absorbed in prayer, my second dwells,

Like prison'd rogues in silent cells,
Condemned, alone, to bear the cross,
Till purified from earthly dross
My last, an empty headed thing,
Doth often make the welkin ring,
My whole, with thought and laughter joined,
Is eye with joy and mirth combined.

PUZZLE PAGES.

3.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



My first, with half my second, strong,
Is fain to urge the steed along ;
Or in the warehouse to enfold
The goods it keeps in firmest hold ;
My second in the forest wide
Its dappled form is sooth to hide,
Or swiftly o'er the mountain height

It hurries on in mazy flight ;
My third, when armed, in danger's front
Is bold to bear the battle's brunt ;
And yet in peace in safety bears
The household goods of many cares ;
My whole a town in Spain provides,
And gives to light the things she hides.

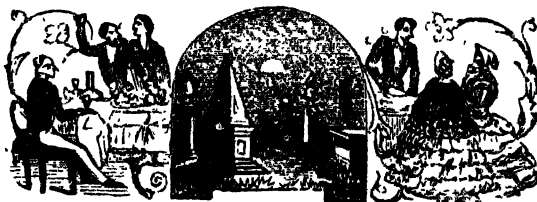
4.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



My first, in battle's wild alarms,
Calls the soldier fierce to arms,
Rouses all his courage dire,
Weary, wakens all his fire ;
Bears within its circle fair
Sweetest fruits with safest care,
Welcome as the youthful crowd

Break its head, with laughter loud ;
My second holds, for good or ill,
All of mortal thoughts or skill,
All of virtue, or of vice,
All of knowledge without price :
My whole, when beat, like naughty boys,
Produces but an empty noise.

5.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



All know me well, as, silent still,
I offer them my breast ;
Yet few there are, for love or will,
Would seek in me their rest.
And yet my first is pleasing, when
With kindly air 'tis worn ;
And contrasts well when fast young men

Hold virtue up to scorn.
My second, in a clever hand,
Metes out to maidens fair
The means wherewith they may expand,
And sail with modish air ;
My second, also, *à propos* 's
Another place for hanging clothes.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

MY DEAR LADS,—All the various professions, businesses, and trades by which men earn their livelihood have their advantages and disadvantages ; and in none, perhaps, do the former so largely preponderate as in the profession of literature. To my mind, one of the chief pleasures of such work is the community of feeling that is established between the writer and his readers. This is more specially marked when, as in my case, one is a writer for boys. In youth not only are one's likes and dislikes more strongly felt than is the case in after life, but they are much more strongly and freely expressed. When an adult reader of a magazine or book does not like an article or tale, he does not continue to read it ; but when a lad is similarly disappointed, he does not let the matter rest so quietly. When I sat at the Editor's table of the late lamented "Union Jack," communications used to pour in upon me by scores. Some contained suggestions, some expressions of approval, some criticisms of the most refreshing straightforwardness and candour. "Why do you put such rot as this in?" "I call this story downright bosh, and all the other fellows think the same." "That story of yours is not half as good as usual." "I should advise you to tell Mr. ——— to shut up and get some one who can write the sort of things boys like." These are specimens of the candid criticisms of which I received scores, I may say hundreds, of examples. The bitters of these stern expressions of disapproval were counterbalanced by the sweets of the letters, happily much more numerous, of commendation ; while the suggestions made were sometimes valuable, and would have been even more so had they not been so absolutely contradictory to one another. Some boys wanted all tales and no articles on miscellaneous subjects ; others did not care much for stories, but wished that I would devote a much larger portion of the magazine to useful kinds of information. One wanted articles on games, indoor and out ; another was going to learn shorthand, and was urgent that instruction on that head should appear. Carpentry and chemistry, electricity and model steam-engines and steamboats, were subjects much desired. Dog, pigeon, chicken, and rabbit fanciers, all wanted a page or two. Natural history was strongly advocated, and collectors of postage stamps, sea-weeds, fossils, and wild-flowers, were all clamorous that a portion of the magazine should be set aside for their special subjects of study.

Now, I own I like all this frank outspokenness and candid expression of opinion. It brings me close to my readers, and is absolutely refreshing in an age when people do not often speak out their minds. It is, therefore, with pleasure that I once more assume the duties of Editor of a

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Boy's Magazine, and I shall be happy to hear from my readers at all times, and to answer, as far as I can, all sorts of questions in a page that will be specially devoted to correspondence; and shall be glad of letters on all subjects of interest to boys. At the same time, while ready to listen to suggestions, I would point out that except as to the new matter, I have no responsibility, and that, with the exception of the addition of this matter, the magazine is already mapped out, and no changes are possible. BRETON'S BOY'S OWN MAGAZINE was so great a favourite with the boys of the last generation that I have no fear whatever that you will find it less interesting than your fathers did; and I can only say that I will do my best to make the new part equal to the old. Many of the very best of the writers of boys' stories have promised me their aid; and although I know that boys are rather hard to please, I think that they will be satisfied with the wonderful sixpennyworth that Messrs. WARD, LOCK and Co. are going to give them.

I daresay that the paging of this magazine has caused you some surprise, and that the lettering A, B, C, and the commencement of page 1 at each of these letters, has proved a little bewildering. It is just as well that I should explain the matter to you at once. This arrangement has been made for your own advantage. As the magazines for a year will contain, in all, 1536 pages, they could hardly be bound up in two volumes, as these would be much too cumbersome to be conveniently handled. If bound in three volumes, however, each will be of reasonable bulk, and at the end of the year they will therefore be issued in this form. But it would be a nuisance for a boy who wants to read a story to have to get down all three volumes to obtain it; moreover, those who, instead of taking the monthly parts, purchase the magazine at the end of the year, may not wish, or, rather, may not have the funds, to buy three volumes. It would not therefore do to bind up four monthly magazines to make a volume, as none of the serial stories would be finished in it. In order, then, that each volume shall be complete in itself, we have hit on the plan that has been adopted. All that will be necessary in sending the magazine to the binder is to instruct him to bind all the A's, all the B's, and all the C's, in separate volumes, and you will then have three complete books with the pages numbered consecutively from beginning to end, and each containing one or more complete serial tales, besides other stories and miscellaneous articles.



THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A NIGHT IN A WORKHOUSE," ETC.



My presentation to the Captain of the Margaret.

CHAPTER II.

In which I am flogged to no purpose—I visit Bill Jupp in chains—He is reformed, and our intimacy ceases—I inspect the crocodile-shop for the last time—Become a stevedore's boy, and am once more flogged—I enter as a "stow-away" on board the Margaret, West Indiaman—I am discovered.

MY parents having arrived at the melancholy conclusion that I was either kidnapped or drowned, and that if ever they set eyes on me again it would be in a parish dead-house, or as brought to their threshold pallid, and extended on a shutter, were overwhelmed with emotion on my suddenly appearing before them.

This I was easily enabled to do by reason of the street-door of our house being fastened by a latch merely. There was mother at the window, her eyes red with weeping; my father, before the neglected fire-grate, haggard, jaded, and with his hat on his head, as though he had but recently returned from a protracted and successful hunt after me; and my aunt from Cable-street—who never visited

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our house except on extraordinary occasions—busily writing what I afterwards discovered to be a faithful description of my attire, height, and complexion, for circulation among constables and watermen. Hot, hungry, dusty, trembling with guilt and apprehension, I stood in the shadow of the open parlour-door, beseechingly meeting the amazed glances of the three pairs of eyes that greeted me. This interesting picture, however, was composed and effaced in less than a tenth of the time it has here taken to describe.

“Thank God! Oh, my dear Reuben, you cruel, cruel boy!” and in an instant my mother was cuddling me close to her, and kissing me, so that my heart instantly changed its burden of fear for one of remorseful sorrow; and as I piped my eye, and clasped my hands round her neck, I resolved that the most desolate island the world could afford should never tempt me to leave her. At this distance of time it will now and then occur to me, as food for mental speculation, whether, if my mother, at that time, had been allowed her way with me, my path in life might not have been entirely different. I know what she would have done if no one had interfered with her; she would have fed me and sent me to bed, and while I lay there, full of loving thoughts of her and quite melted through her kind behaviour, she would have come in, all in the dark, and, sitting by the bedside with my hand in hers, she would have talked to me, Heaven knows what about, but convincingly, and to the purpose, I am sure. What important results may have followed! My wayward inclination, put in train by Master Cusoc and the rest of the roaming crew, and clinched by the Malay woman, would have yielded to her persuasion; and, doubtless, I should have become a sober London journeyman, or, maybe, a rich and respected citizen. Well, if such would have been the case, and my parents and myself have been advantaged by it, the guilt of marrying such a consummation lies at the door of my aunt Jane.

“Well, upon my word,” exclaimed she to my tearful mother, “this is, indeed, a pretty way to reclaim him from vicious and vagabond habits! Mary, I am ashamed of you. Is he to play his pranks and befool you both in this way, John?”

Now, I must confess that at this period I was not over-much attached to my aunt Jane; endowed as she was with many virtues, they were not discoverable by little boys (nor, indeed, by grown-up folk if they were strangers, and not particularly acute), by reason of the disguises she dressed them in. She always seemed as anxious to conceal her goodness as a miser to hide his gold; and as he secures his dear dross in unlikely rugs and flinders, so she went about with her charity masked with stinginess, and her solicitude with disdain; nice enough to reflect on when you found her out, but until you did she was decidedly a loser, as you were liable to regard the good turns she did you as mistakes on her part, or diplomatic triumphs on your own. Undoubtedly, she was actuated by the purest motives on this particular occasion; but, so far from appreciating them I could not help regarding her interference as most unwarrantably vindictive and cruel; and observing my father, in obedience to her suggestion, casting about for some handy means of chastisement, I frantically exclaimed against her as a wicked old woman.

“You come with me, Mary,” was her reply, marching across the room, and taking my mother’s arm; “and let his father deal with him.”

Arming himself with a sleeveboard, my father proceeded to deal with me.

“Now, sir, tell me where you have been?”

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"To Limehouse Fields, father."

"To Limehouse Fields! Pray what took you there?"

"I went with a boy, father."

• "Well?"

"To tell him a story."

"Why, you audacious, false-speaking rascal!" replied my father as soon as he had recovered his astonishment that such a flimsy and ridiculous excuse should be attempted on him; "d'y'e think to come it over me in that way?" Instantly I was subjected to such a series of spansks with the sleeveboard, as, if they had not been deadened by my squealing, might have been heard on the other side of the street.

Was I the better for the flogging? Alas! bad, passionate boy that I was, I was the worse. I went to bed, for the first time in my life, without saying my prayers, and cried myself to sleep with bitter and rebellious tears; and, thanks to the wicked angels I had invoked, dreamt delicious dreams of commanding pirate prahus and diving for pearls, and riding magnificently-caparisoned elephants through palm-groves, picking cocoa-nuts by the way. This was bad for my unwholesome temper, and in no wise prepared me to partake, with humility and contrition, of the dry bread and sugarless beverage that composed my breakfast.

I became a changed boy; it got into my silly head that my father, my aunt, my mother even, were against me, and, strangely enough, I nourished the suspicion with a considerable degree of satisfaction. Regarded in this false light, my exploit of the previous day assumed proportions it had not before possessed—became a deed of daring that had convulsed my relations with terror, and brought on me heavy punishment. To be sure, the nature of the punishment was not such as is inflicted on detected dare-devils; and properly I should have been pilloried or placed in the stocks rather than have been spanked with a sleeveboard.

In this latter respect Master Jupp was luckier than myself, though in truth the poor fellow seemed not all alive to his advantage. Knowing from personal observation, as well as from hints Bill had, in the midst of his tribulation, let fall, what a Turk the corndealer was, I was not a little anxious to ascertain how he had come off, and to that end made my way as soon as possible (which, by-the-bye, wasn't till late in the afternoon) to the shop, as I sought, by hovering about, to attract his attention. My manoeuvres, however, were unsuccessful. Spurred by my alarm, I approached close enough to see that he was not in the shop—nay, nor in the shop-parlour—although, as I well knew, it was long past his time for returning from school, and as I could see by peeping in at a corner pane, and availing myself of some chinks that existed between some meal jars, the family were preparing to sit down to tea.

What had become of Bill? Was he banished from his home? Had his inexorable father killed him? The nakedness of the upper windows, and the circumstance of there being no shutters before the shop-window, tended to negative this latter terrible supposition; still, Bill being a disobedient and reprobate boy, his parents might not have thought it worth while to avow their respect for his memory by any such demonstration; and even while his brothers and sisters were contentedly devouring bread-and butter in the back parlour, the unhappy partner of my yesterday's atrocity might be lying stark—beaten to death—in the wash-house beyond. By-and-by, however, my horrified thoughts

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were turned into a fresh channel by observing the Jupp serving-maid emerge from the shop, bearing a jug that, by its smoking, evidently contained hot tea, and something wrapped in paper that certainly was a hunch of bread, while depending from her forefinger was a great key attached to a ram's-horn.

Bill was a prisoner! The bread and tea were his prison fare, and the great key was the key of his dungeon! My respect for so distinguished a boy increased prodigiously, and with eager, yet cautious, steps, I followed his gaoler. She traversed half the length of the street, and then turned down a narrow alley, which, from the cobble-stones with which it was paved, and its general horsey aspect, I knew to be a mews. Into this unfrequented place I dare not follow her for fear of detection; but I watched her from behind a cart—saw her halt at a certain door, unlock it with the great key, disappear for a few moments, appear again, lock the door, and retrace her steps.

As soon as the coast was clear, I, too, was at the door, trying my hardest to make out what was to be seen through the keyhole. There was nothing to be seen through the gloom that enveloped the place but the dim outline of a horse and a horse-stall; but there were to be heard sounds of human mastication, blended with sighing and sobbing, and ever and anon the clank of a chain.

I applied my lips to the keyhole.

"Are you in here, Bill?"

"Is that you, young Davidger?"

"Yes. What's the matter? What have they been doing to you, Bill?"

"I'll let you know, you beggar! the first time I meet you outside; it's all owing to you and your rummy lying old Curcio that I'm chained here!"

And the violence of his emotion caused the dry bread he was eating to descend in an improper way, his gasping and breath-catching causing his chain to rattle in a manner terrible to hear. His mode of greeting a companion in distress had been anything but courteous; still, I could not bear to leave him till I had further acquainted myself with the cause of his misery, and to that end climbed up the door-post, and, drawing myself up by the grating over the door, looked in. There was Master Jupp, hobbled by the leg with a chain horse-hobble, the block end of which was passed through a ring by the manger; an upturned stable-pail served him as a stool by the side of which was a brown stone pitcher, capable of holding about two gallons. Without doubt, he must have heard me hauling myself up, and, with unaccountable malice, made certain preparations on my behalf meanwhile, for no sooner did my face appear to him behind the grating, than a blacking-pot was hurled towards it. "Take that!" exclaimed he; and so I should have taken it, to my great hurt, but that the bars were too close together to admit of its passage. After this I felt no inclination to pursue my inquiries, and, sliding down the door-post, left him to his fate. That it was not extremely cruel I know from the fact of my meeting him at Sunday-school only two days after; on this occasion, as the last, he declined converse with me; this time, however, in mild, though firm, language, and with a demeanour that convinced me that he was a reformed boy. I never spoke to him afterwards.

Nor did I succeed in finding another agreeable companion to accompany me in my rambles, for, as I have already hinted, I took to rambling, and that in defiance of my aunt Jane's admonitions, stinted meals, the sleeveboard, and, worse than all, of my mother's tears. Ratcliff Highway was my chief field of allurements, for in

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that neighbourhood in those days, and, for all I know, at the present, there existed many dingy little shops rich in the products of the most remote regions of the earth—of the Indies, of the Guinea coast, and of the ocean isles of the distant South—furnished by long-voyaging mariners who navigated spice ships and ships that traded in dye-woods and ivory, and, as I then firmly believed, guineas from the coast of that name, the medium of barter being beads, and brass buttons, and hanks of copper wire. Never yet was boy so bewildered, so completely enchanted, as was I at the marvels these dingy shops exhibited. There were birds dead and stuffed, with legs longer than mine but slender as a tobacco-pipe, with yellow bodies and green necks, and beaks the colour of blood; others with staring goggle eyes, and with beaks long and sharp as skewers—some more gorgeous far than the peacock, but so small that at least six might have been stowed in one's jacket pocket; one—he stood by himself in the middle—so tall that a hole was cut in the window-board, lowering him to the knees, and yet his head so pressed the ceiling that you were convinced, were he only to tiptoe, he would either break his neck or force his goose-like cranium through to the next floor—that is, if he had been alive. He was ticketed "Ostrich from South Africa," and between his legs, to the number of thirty or more, was piled a heap of fiddled globes, each larger than a baby's head, and likewise ticketed "Ostrich Eggs." Then there were live birds, little as wrens and big as chickens, some savage and chained by the leg, others loose in giant cages, clinking and swinging and rocking and shrieking out in their foreign tongues such a Babel of sound that the mere reverberation of it lived in the ears an hour afterwards. All these birds had most outlandish beaks—some that turned up like scoops, some that turned down like hooks, and some with the upper part crossing the lower, like a pair of scissors; moreover, they were of such various colours as are never seen out of the sky—indeed, it seemed doubtful whether the rainbow itself could match them, or whether a cloud of them would not furnish for the sun a more splendid setting than he often finds.

This is but an imperfect inventory of the curiosities furnished by one only of my Kitchell shops; but it dwells in my mind more distinctly than the others, because I always made it a practice to pause and have a look in as I went along, and as invariably gave it my attention as I returned. chiefly, I believe, because the birds were merely a pleasantly wonderful collection; whereas the other marvellous shops—two of them in particular—were crammed with hideousness, including great man-apes, hairy-mouthed, with black lips and yellow fangs; and crocodiles labelled "Man-Eaters from the China Seas," or "From the Indian Archipelago," which seemed, indeed, a tremendously long way off; and live serpents, some no thicker than a sash-line, with "Poisonous" written on the jar in which they lived—one called "The Deadly Cobra," and another, who nestled in a tub and was partly hidden in the folds of a blanket, whose body was of the texture of floor-cloth, whose eyes were like precious stones, and who had a restless, quivering tongue like a miniature pitchfork, ticketed "Full-grown Boa-Constrictor, sixty guineas." Such trifles as "Carib Skull," "Ojibbeway Brain-Hatchet," "Tattooed Head of New Zealand Chief," "Cannibal Forks from the Sandwich Islands," &c., &c., made up the rest of the show, after feasting on which it was a real relief to hurry back to the bird-shop, and calmly contemplate the ostrich straining against the ceiling, and the sweet little birds of paradise, before I turned homeward.

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There was another feature of interest attaching to Ratcliff, and which frequently turned the beam in favour of a visit there in preference to one to Holborn, to the coral and shell shop, and where tortoises were on sale, or to Drury-lane, where there lived an eccentric barber, formerly a man-of-war's man, and who exhibited in his window an elaborate and highly-coloured model of an engagement between a single British frigate and two three-deckers of Spain; the preponderating influence in question being the sailors of many nations who were constantly perambulating the Ilighway. If there came along a squad of yellow-visaged men, long, lantern-jawed, and hungry-looking, ship-stained, shock-headed, but still with an easy swagger, and bright-eyed, it was easy to make of them a party long becalmed at sea, and all exposed to the great, hot sun, till the water-casks were drained dry, and there was not a drop to drink, let alone to wash with—till the ship was hot as an oven, and favourable to the breeding of rats and weevil, and other creatures prone to batten on ships' stores. Did I espy an African whose present pursuits were evidently maritime, despite the emphatic contradiction furnished by the unsailor-like wisp of red rag worn about his head in place of the honest tarpaulin, the rings in his broad ears, the sheathed knife slung round his neck instead of the clasped Sheffield blade dangling at his hip, the skimping pantaloons that revealed the scragginess of his shanks, when I furtively regarded his cat-like gait and his blubberous lips, I had no doubts as to his country or his proper occupation; he came from the land of cocoa-nuts and elephants, and his trade was hunting little birds with a blow-gun; it was pleasant to carry his image to the bird-shop, and then, by a bold imaginative effort, to convert Ratcliff Ilighway into a tropical forest, endow with life and let loose the golden humming-birds, the uncomfortable ostrich, and all the crew of dazzling, flaming, jabbering parrots, and set at them my African, with his excellently-adapted lips, to blow tiny arrows at them and bring them down. True, the ostrich might defy the blow-gun, but then the legs of my African are little inferior as regards slimness to the bird's; and, having overtaken it, with one hand grasping its inviting throat, and the other the hilt of his sheath-knife, the struggle would possibly be of short duration.

It must not be imagined, however, that, throughout the six years that stood between my Limehouse Fields exploit and the time when my real adventures began, my liberty was uncontrolled, leaving me impunity to vagabondise as I chose. It was not so. After my aunt Jane's signal act of meanness, it became impossible for me to continue my educational visits to her house either to her or to my satisfaction. With admirable courage she persisted for over a fortnight; but, at the end of that time, she happening to discover certain personal and uncomplimentary allusions written on the title-page of her hymn-book, we parted. Again there was a consultation of my relations, and it was decided that, after all, a charity-school was quite good enough for the sort of boy I was—at least, so my aunt Joyce expressed herself, and with a view, I believe, to wound my feelings; if so, she was unsuccessful. I had not the slightest objection to becoming a charity scholar, only that it restricted my leisure in an alarming manner; indeed, it was only on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday that I might, with impunity, indulge my habit of roaming. How often I did so, and without impunity, and what came of it, it is unnecessary here to enlarge on.

I was just turned thirteen years old, and had grown to be so tall a lad that the regulation small-clothes of the parish (made in sizes from 1 to 6, the latter being the

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largest size allowed), although eked out with twine at the braces, and gored by my father at the knees, became exceedingly uncomfortable, and the tail of my regulation jacket became a mockery—jutting as it did in the abruptest manner at the beginning of my back's smallness—when a sudden stop was put to my scholastic career, and I was called on, without a moment's warning, to commence the stern business of life. The call took place in front of the alligator-shop (the full-grown boa was still unsold, although its price was reduced more than a third), and the caller was my uncle, Sampson Joyce, the stevedore.

Previous to this I had seen this uncle of mine but very seldom; indeed, to speak with certainty, not more than twice: once at Cable-street, where he, by appointment, came while I was there to tea, and when there was stout brown paper laid over the carpet, and the damask curtains were taken down, and a spittoon borrowed from a neighbouring tavern—he being a heavily-shod man, and an inveterate smoker; and once again in an inebriate condition, and on a Boxing Day, when his sister Jane having been denied to him (a slight that, as he recounted it to my father, compelled his tears and the utterance of dreadful language), he came to our house bringing some tobacco, strong and in the leaf, and some ship rum in a stone bottle. He wasn't a tall man, but he was tremendously broad, and had a purple face and bushy black whiskers, and hands that looked as though his usual and constant occupation was the manufacture of cobbler's wax. He had plenty of money, and was very generous, giving my mother a guinea as a Christmas-box, and calling her "Polly," which seemed very strange to us children, and appeared to be regarded by my father, who held singular notions concerning such matters, as an unwarrantable liberty.

It seemed to me, moreover, that our uncle Sampson was a man of very uncertain temper; for when my father had taken a glass or so of the ship rum, and began to speak his mind about Aunt Jane—decidedly, it is true, but in not nearly such violent terms as the stevedore had used—the latter turned round on him in a jiffy, and, bringing his brown fist down on to the work-board with a bang that made the shears and thimbles leap again, swore that the biggest man in London should not speak ill of his sisters without first drubbing him past the power to stand up for them. I must confess that the opinion my father expressed of Uncle Sampson, as soon as he was gone, was also mine, "that he was very likely a well-meaning, good-natured man, but a great deal too bounceable."

It may have been about a year and a half from this last time of my seeing Uncle Sampson, when I, being, as before stated, on a Saturday afternoon, intent on admiring some recent addition to the marvels of the crocodile-shop, was clapped on the shoulder from behind, and, looking round, discovered the well-remembered purple face and bushy whiskers. •

"Aint your name Davidger, young shaver?"

"That is my name," replied I; "how do you do, Uncle Sampson?"

"Oh, you know me, do you? Well, that's lucky. How'am I?—well, I'm only middlin'—only middlin';" and he shook his head lugubriously, and sighed a sigh that at once conveyed to my senses an odour that had not greeted them since Boxing Day twelvemonth. "What do you do up this quarter? Have you found a job of work yet?"

This latter question—especially the look that accompanied it—somewhat surprised me. I replied—

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"I haven't begun to look for work yet, uncle; had you any reason for supposing I had?"

"Not at all—not at all," returned he, with a stern wag of the head; "on the contrary, I have precious good reason to suppose that you never do mean to look for it. Oh! it's not the least use you looking savage at me, I can tell you. I have heard all about it. Aint you ashamed of yourself? D'ye think it's becoming, now, for a great hulking chap like you to go dancing about dressed up like a farden doll" (here he lifted my coat-tail in the most contemptuous manner), "and living on your poor father and mother? Don't you think it would be more creditable to turn your hand to something towards earning your own living?"

I was so completely taken aback by his style of address, that for a moment it seemed to me that my proper course would be to bid him good-day, and have no more to say to him; but then came the reflection that he was my mother's brother, and that it might happen (the Boxing Day effluvia certainly warranted the supposition) that he was a little tipsy; moreover, I felt not a little curious to ascertain what it all meant. Uncle Sampson seemed to read my thoughts, for he presently continued—

"Don't think it is your mother who has been complaining—not she; she would let you stay at home idling about and eating her head off before she would complain. Oh, no! it aint from that quarter I got my information; it's from this one."

He fumbled in an inner pocket of his jacket, and presently produced a letter addressed in the unmistakable handwriting of Aunt Jane.

"Ses she," said he, opening the letter and pretending to read, "'Dear Sampson'—umph—'many thanks for your kindness'—umph. Ah! here's the part—that about you, young fellow—'he's a idle warnint as p'r'aps you might find a job for.'"

I could not help laughing at this base libel on my aunt's correct diction.

"You're a precious hardened rascal, I can see," continued he; "I aint had no time to answer your aunt's letter yet, but I mean to—to tell her that I can always find work for a lad as is early risin', and willin', and one as don't mind dirtying his hands, or care about being thought genteel."

It was not difficult to see that this latter observation was pointed at me, and might, indeed, be considered as an offer of employment. Meanwhile, we had walked away from the curiosity-shop and entered into a narrow lane that led to the river, I keeping by my uncle's side, and puzzling my head to discover what sort of employment it was he could place me at, and on what terms. Presently we came to the end of the narrow lane, and in full sight of a sort of docks, in which a large number of merchant ships, of all sorts and sizes, were discharging and taking in their cargoes amid such pulling, and hauling, and sweating, and swearing, and cuffing, as I had never witnessed before.

My uncle was evidently well known among the shipping people, some of whom called him "Joyce," and "Sampson," and to whom he touched his hat, while others called him "Mr. Joyce," and touched their caps to him; or, in cases where they wore no caps, hitched their slack trousers in a respectful manner. In a little while, one of the latter hurried towards him and begged that he would step on board the Shoreham Lass, as something had gone wrong with a crate of pottery. After cursing his informant in the heartiest terms, my uncle turped to me and observed—

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"Now look here, nevvv; you've heard what I've had to say, and you see before you the sort of work you will be required to help at if we cōme together. Don't go to think that it's light work, or that it's pleasant work, because that's just what it aint. I shall be gone about ten minutes, and if so be you think you should like to have something to say to me, I shall find you here when I come back; if so be you aint tired of skulking, and eating the bread of idleness, as soon as my back's turned you'll cut off, and I sha'n't see any more of you, which won't break my heart, I can tell you."

And, without more ado, he plunged his hands into the pockets of his monkey jacket, and, boarding a ship by means of a plank, made his way to the Shoreham Lase, and was lost to view.

What should I do? Next to going to sea downright (to do which I had long nurtured a hazy yearning), and sailing to far-distant lands, which were so wondrously fruitful, and where might be found in profusion the marvels of which my Ratcliff and Holborn treasures furnished such interesting specimens, the next best thing must be to move among, and daily handle, and without doubt obtain frequent peeps into, the various quaint bales and packages such as, from where I stood, I could see being hauled from the depths of this ship and that—clumsy bales of savage packing wrapped about with the hides of beasts unknown in civilised lands, and secured with leathern thongs, hairy and untanned, and shapeless baskets of strange rush, which, when green, may have waved by the margin of remote African rivers, affording secure lurking for crocodiles and such other water monsters, whose nature it is to lie in wait for their prey. Without doubt, I should like to have run home and consulted my mother before I engaged myself to Uncle Sampson, but it seemed only reasonable to assume that she and my aunt in Cable-street must have talked the matter over, and agreed to the writing of the letter, which I was very sure was of quite a different character as regarded myself from that my uncle's ignorance or malice made out, and, therefore, there was no need for me to be squeamish on that score.

Then, again, it occurred to me that, unless I embraced this or some such other opportunity, and that speedily, I should presently be called on by the parochial authorities to bind myself 'prentice to some trade for seven long years—perhaps it might be to a draper, or a shoemaker, or even, indeed, a tailor—a trade I disliked before all others; in fact, there were serious grounds for dreading an apprenticeship to tailoring; for my father, thinking it, perhaps, a pity that a stranger should get the benefit both of the parish premium and my services, had more than once hinted that he should not object himself to teach me his trade; and though my mother was ever slow to encourage the hint, fifteen pounds was a nice bit of ready money, and if it should happen to offer itself at a slack time of the year, there was no knowing what might be the consequence.

All these considerations favoured my acceptance of my uncle's offer, as did one other, and that was my strong suspicion that my bearish relation made quite sure that I was too much of a milksop to buckle to such tough work as cargo stowing, and that, as soon as he was out of sight, I should take to my heels and run away—a circumstance he, doubtless, would have hastened to communicate, after his own peculiar fashion, to Cable-street. I don't say that it was a desire to balk him of his expectations that decided me to take my chance with him, but when I had resolutely sat down on a handy barrel, it was very useful in keeping me there.

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In a few minutes my uncle made his appearance.

"You hav'n't gone, then?" said he, in what struck me as being a not particularly pleased voice.

"No; nor do I mean to go, uncle, if you please," replied I, as cheerfully as I could. "I want to go to work. Does it matter which of these ships of yours I step into to lend a hand?"

He seemed to think it a capital joke that I should have thought him such an extensive shipowner, and laughingly told me that, if I turned out as great a rogue as it was evident I was a fool, he was likely to have done a pretty thing through meddling with me; however, it was easy to perceive that his vanity had been pleasantly tickled, for, in quite an amiable tone, he presently continued—

"No, nevvv; I hav'n't arrived at having craft of my own just at present, though, maybe, I am as well off as many a one that has, and so may you be if you stay with me, and be a good lad. Let us see, this being Saturday, you begin work on Monday, so we may as well get you into a Christian rig at once, and then we will go to your mother's and settle the business with her."

So saying, he marched me straight to a slop clothier's, and in 'en minutes I emerged, leaving my parish suit in a bundle, and equipped in a pair of substantial duck trousers, a checked shirt, a blue guernsey, and a glazed round hat.

"That's the ticket," observed Uncle Sampson, as we trudged down the street; "now you look something like."

He did not say what it was I looked like; but, in truth, if I looked as I felt—baggy where I was wont to be tight, and tight where I was wont to be baggy—I must have cut anything but a cheerful figure, or one that warranted the prideful glances with which from time to time he regarded me.

My suspicions that my mother knew of the application to Uncle Sampson were confirmed by the comparatively small amount of surprise we created. Of course, mother was somewhat taken aback that my transformation should have taken place in so unexpected a manner, as was my father, who, I verily believe, up to this moment had been kept in utter ignorance of the scheme; however, he was pretty much ruled by mother; and though, as I could see, he was inwardly furious that he had not been consulted, his meek nature succumbed before the will of his wife and the presence of her big, hairy brother, and he confined the expression of his displeasure to the hideous cut and scandalous workmanship of my new clothes, and offered no opposition to my uncle's suggestion, that I should accompany him at once to his house at Wapping-wall, and that, in return for such services as it was in my power to render him, I should be lodged, boarded, and clothed, and receive, for the first year, an allowance of a shilling a week or pocket-money.

So that very night I left my father's house, and with a lighter heart than if I had known how very few times I should ever enter it again, or if I could have foreseen the hardship and misery in store for me almost from that very hour.

It was my misfortune to discover, and that within a very few days, that the man who was at once my relative and my master was no more nor less than a complete ruffian, and that, so far from his rough exterior covering a gentle nature, his outward semblance of manliness was his most tolerable part. His house at Wapping-wall was of good size, and well furnished. It seems he had been married, but that his wife had had the good fortune to die, leaving him a daughter, who had now grown to be a woman, and kept his house; but it would have been better for

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her—as she herself expressed it to me before I had known her very long—had she been dead and buried out of the way. At the best of times his foulest words were the fairest she got; and when he was drunk, which was every night, and sometimes in the day, he would cuff and shake her, sometimes aiming at her such blows as, had they been soberly directed, would have lain her senseless.

As for me, I had nothing worse to complain of than the laborious nature of my work in the ship's hold, which tore and blistered my hands, and by night brought on such a trembling of my knees that it was even worse labour to walk home. This, however, I would have borne had it been the hardest I was expected to bear; but it happened one night my uncle did not return home till past bed-time, and, Martha being but poorly, I offered to sit up and unlace his boots, that being a job he never could accomplish when in his cups. It was not the first time I had sat up instead of his daughter, and he had not grumbled; but whether he was more or less drunk than usual on this occasion, or only extra ill-tempered, no sooner did he discover how matters stood than he commenced to lay into me at a tremendous rate, till my cries brought Martha down, and I escaped to my bedroom.

I plainly foresaw that, the ice once broken, I might expect a repetition of his ill favours, and resolved to adopt one of two courses—to run home or go to sea. In a very little while, as I lay turning the two alternatives this way and that, I fixed on the latter, and almost simultaneously there came into my mind a way of accomplishing it.

It happened at this time that my uncle had a job in hand at Deptford to stow the cargo of the *Margaret*, an India-bound vessel, the said cargo consisting chiefly of Birmingham ware, with a little drysaltery, and some bales of printed cotton. I ought rather to have said that there were two of these Deptford jobs, for alongside the *Margaret* lay a Jamaica sugar ship, and as soon as the one vessel was out of hand our gang was to go to work on the other. I knew that, according to the terms of the contract, the *Margaret* would sail as it were, to-morrow by the afternoon's tide; and my resolution was that I would, to-morrow, watch my chance, hide in the hold, and sail away with her, trusting to my luck to pull me through when I was compelled to reveal myself to the ship's company.

I do not pretend to any originality for my scheme. The fact is, not only had I heard of "stow-aways" since I had mixed with seafaring people, but I had met and conversed with more than one lad who, being bent on sea-going, and having neither friends nor money, had run the risk I meditated, and, as far as the attainment of their end was concerned, with success. In each case, however, there had been a penalty to pay; the mildest that came under my notice was a rope's-ending and the performance throughout the voyage of the most disagreeable offices for the crew and passengers. These penalties, however, had no terrors for me. I felt assured (alas for my ignorance!) that the end of any rope, however vigorously applied, could afford no more exquisite or durable pain than the buckskin braces with which my uncle had so recently chastised me; while as to dufdery, if they made me shift every article in the hold and re-pack it, it would be no harder work than I had been used to; and as for their swearing at me and calling me names, I was well salted to that, and would as lief they swore as whistled.

Thanks to my stow-away acquaintance, I knew that, however well my plan might succeed, there would be no chance of my discovering myself to the captain, that is, with any reasonable prospect of being allowed to remain on board, until the

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ship was well into the Channel, which could not transpire for at least three days after she weighed anchor. Therefore to provide myself with a sufficiency of food to keep me from starving during that period was an important consideration. As regarded means it might be easily accomplished, for I had so economised my shilling a week as to have something more than half-a-crown in hand—enough to buy food for three days—ay, or for a week either, at a pinch.

The difficulty was to hit on the proper things to buy. Under my belly's guidance I would have laid in a large loaf, or a half-crown cake; but it was essential, if I wished the first stage of my scheme to succeed, to be neither hampered nor rendered conspicuous by a hidden load of any considerable bulk. What sort of food, then, should I buy? After revolving in my mind as many sorts as would have stocked an extensive chandlery store, I finally fixed on cheese as being at once moist and nutritious, and an article of diet of which I was always exceedingly fond; and, having so far settled the business, I fell asleep.

The morning found me as fully, nay, even more fully, resolved to carry out my plan. The Margaret would sail in the afternoon, therefore there was no time to lose. To make my offence against my uncle as light as possible, I put on my oldest clothes. When I reached Deptford, and before I entered the docks, I purchased two pounds of the richest Cheshire cheese, which I had cut into four, and stowing each quarter in a pocket of my trousers and jacket, presented no other than my ordinary appearance.

It was yet early, and as my uncle would not make his appearance much before noon, I had opportunity, while the finishing touches were being put to the stowage, to select a hiding-place; at last I discovered, towards aft of the hold, a considerable nook among some cases and barrels, and, marking the spot, returned to deck, and worked with a will till the dock bell rang the workmen's dinner-time; then, in the bustle that ensued, I dropped my round lat over the side (it had my name written inside), and, slipping unperceived to my snuggery, lay still as a mouse.

Hour after hour I lay, expecting each moment to hear my uncle's gruff voice calling my name, but nothing of the kind occurred, and presently I heard them putting on the hatches, and the hold, hitherto gloomy enough, became pitchy dark. Another anxious spell, and I could feel by the motion that the Margaret had begun her long journey.

And, having brought the reader to this point, I would so far crave his indulgence that he will spare me a revital of the horrors that immediately ensued. How that, within a very few hours, and all in the pitchy dark, I fell sick, so that I wished myself dead a hundred times, and willingly would, had I been able, have made myself heard, that I might have the company of a human being, though he were my executioner; how that, while still huddled helpless in my dismal corner, the rats found my trousers pockets, and devoured every scrap of my cheese, and my sickness only mended to expose me to a terrible prospect of lingering starvation; how that, in this wretched plight, I passed three days and nights and more, till my thirst made me mad, and I gave out such cries as woke the sailors sleeping in their hammocks—is all too melancholy for minute description. So we will skip it, and I will resume my narrative at the point where my life was renewed, when, suddenly, I was aware, as I lurked in my hole, of the flash of a lantern, and the sound of human voices, and when, within two minutes, I was hauled into the presence of one whose eyes flashed fiercer even than the sudden lantern.

JIM JOBSON'S JUMP.

A STORY OF THE SOMALI PIRATES OF CAPE GUARDAFUL.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SQUALL," "ON BOARD THE ESMERALDA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOMALIS COME ON THE SCENE.

"CAPTAIN BULGER wasn't to be beat even at this dire misfortune, when a poorer-hearted skipper, like some I've known, would have despaired. No sooner had the steamer struck than he was all action, trying what he could, with all a man's ingenuity and a seaman's energy, while trusting in God's help and protection, to remedy the disaster.

"'Hands lighten ship,' he cried, himself setting to work, and being the first to open the hatches, so as to chuck some of our jute cargo overboard; while knowing the strain there would be on the watertight bulkhead with the fore compartment full, he ordered me and the carpenter, old Adze, to see about shoring up and bracing it from the side of the main hold as well as we could.

"By this time it was well on in the first watch, being close on six bells and dark as pitch all round us; but by the time I came on deck again with Adze, our job of shoring up the bulkhead having taken some time, it was morning, and day was breaking, the sky being all yellow like the sand, and the sea, which had calmed down, all sea-green as far as the eye could reach, like a meadow.

"Mr. Waste, the engineer, was busy with the machinery, trying all he and his staff could do to make it work enough for us to get to Aden, some four hundred miles distant, at slow speed; and Captain Bulger looked quite joyous again, having hopes of getting the poor old craft off the rocks, when, all at once, the lookout-man in the foretop, who was spying out for a sail in the offing—we having our ensign hoisted at the peak upside down, to show that we wanted assistance—happening to turn his eyes shoreward for a moment, saw something waving across the desert like a long train of men or caravan.

"'Deck ahoy!' he called out, being used to those latitudes and the habits of the people, having been backwards and forwards several voyages to India and home, 'there is a caravan of Arabs in sight mounted on camels, and they're making for us as hard as they can, coming up at eight knots an hour, good.'

"'The devil they are!' shouts back Captain Bulger; 'how many do you think they muster, Harris?'

"'A hundred or more, cap'on,' came the reply from the foretopman, who had good eyesight, and had been placed on the lookout on purpose;

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'and, besides these landlubbers, I see a couple of big Arab dhows stealing up along shore from the southward, and they seem crammed full of men.'

"'By Jove, this begins to look serious!' exclaimed the skipper to Mr. Murphy, our second officer, who had just come up from below after inspecting our job with the bulkhead, and joined the old man on the bridge. 'These Arabs of the desert are just like vultures, and seem to come from any distance in a moment when there is anything to pillage, though one may not be in sight before, they seem to have the eyes of the lynx and the scent of the carrion crow! We'll have to be on our guard, Murphy, and look out for squalls, as I have been frequently warned about these Somali pirates of this coast, the land thieves hunting in couples with those of the water. You'd better go down to the cabin and see what you can collect in the way of weapons; for we may have a fight for our lives against these savages soon, and a stiff one, too, at that!'

"The first officer, therefore, jumped down from the bridge and made for the companion aft, calling to Jim Jobson, who stood near by, to follow him to bring up the guns and cutlasses."

"Ah," said Chips, interrupting the speaker here, "I thought you were never coming to Jim; I was looking out for him all the time!"

"You'll have plenty of Mister Jim soon, bo," replied the other, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the side of the scuttle-port, "he's really almost the hero of my yarn, as you'll hear presently."

"Well," he continued after a brief pause, Chips waiting expectantly for him to go on, "Mr. Murphy wasn't very long in the cabin, as there wasn't much in the way of arms for him to collect of any use for an emergency, beyond a couple of revolvers he found in the cap'en's snuggery, and his own, a large one of Colt's that could drive a bullet through a ten-inch plank; but he managed to rummage out also a double-barrelled shot gun, and an old Enfield rifle, with some half-dozen cutlasses, which the skipper distributed amongst the stoutest men of the crew, who weren't much to boast of, there being only ten able-bodied hands on board besides the firemen and apprentice lads.

"I collared the shot gun; and, putting in a good dose of powder in each of the barrels from a small flask Mr. Murphy had found with a packet of revolver cartridges in the skipper's book-case, I got a lot of small nails from the carpenter's tool-chest, with which I loaded both of them barrels bang up to the muzzle, explaining to Jim, who was watching me with some curiosity, that these nails would scatter like slugs and do more damage fired into a mass of the savages than bullets would have done, wounding more at any rate, if they weren't killed.

"By this time, the tide having fallen, and there being deep water astern, the after part of the hull of the *Maelstrom* had swung into the shore nearer than the bows of the old craft, which were still firmly

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imbedded on the rocks ; so, fancying the Arabs would attack us at this point first, being within their reach more than the fo'c's'le, I stationed myself just behind the binnacle waiting for 'em to attempt to board, the captain meanwhile remaining on the bridge so as to direct operations while Mr. Murphy and all the cutlass men were distributed along the lee side of the deck nearest the land. Mr. Waste and the rest of the engine-room staff being ordered to keep on working at the machinery up to the last moment, the skipper promising to call them up from below as soon as the Arabs got within hail, it being a vital necessity to get the ship off if we could possibly do it when the tide rose again, and there being not a moment to spare.

"Lord, it was an anxious time that, waiting for the cruel beggars to come on and attack us poor shipwrecked mariners.

"Every moment the skipper would be singing out to Tom Harris in the foretop, to know if the Arabs were getting any nearer ; for when they'd got about a mile off, the fellows ashore came to a halt, as if waiting for their partners in the dhows astern to get on the weather side of us and so make a double attack simultaneously, as the sojers say, the one by land and the other by sea.

"Fortunately for us, however, the wind had fallen to nothing, and the current setting to the eastwards the dhows had hard work to make headway against it, even with the long sweeps they used, manned, no doubt, by slaves ; and the middle watch was over and we were well on to four bells, with the sun beginning to get up in the heavens, making the horizon to glow with red, ere the pirate craft got up within striking distance ; though, even then, they held off a bit, as if they didn't quite like the look of us : an old nine-pounder that was used for signalling for a pilot, and which the skipper had caused to be run out through one of the forward ports, though it was as harmless as a Chinese 'quaker,' through our not having powder enough for a charge, making the cowards think we might be a British gun-boat, and that they would catch a Tartar if they came too close !

"The suspense was terrible."

"Aye, old chum, I can quite believe that," said Chips, entering readily into the situation and getting quite excited to hear how it ended ; "but, fire away, Sails, I'm dying to know how you got to windward of the beggars !"

CHAPTER V.

A WARM RECEPTION.

"I'LL soon tell you," resumed the boatswain, with a hard smile lighting up his weather-beaten face, as if he enjoyed the recollection of his narrative. "There we remained waiting on the deck of the old *Maelstrom*

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with the engineers hammering away for dear life at the machinery below, with the Arabs on shore grouped in a body behind some rocks on the sandy plain, about half-a-mile off the ship, and those in the dhows double that distance to leeward, working up dead against the current ; and we that anxious that we wished them to begin at once if they meant to attack us, for, if we had to fight, the sooner it was over the better !

"The suspense seemed long to us, but really, I suppose it only lasted a few minutes at most ; for, all at once, Tom Harris sang out from his perch aloft—

"Look out, cap'en !" he said, "and those were the last words he uttered, for the next instant there was a crack from one of those long matchlocks that the Bedouins use, which, although clumsy to look at, have an awful long range, and poor Tom came tumbling down on the fo'c's'le as dead as a herring ; the Arab who had fired, emerging from behind one of the rocks close to the ship, which he had crept up close to unperceived by any of us, and brandishing his weapon in the air with a loud cry of exultation.

"His triumph, however, was short-lived ; for Mr. Murphy, taking steady aim at his exposed breast, potted him at the same instant with a shot from his Colt revolver, the murderous brute leaping up higher in the air than he had done the moment before, and falling on his face on the sand as dead as poor Harris.

"With these two shots the fight began. The Arabs sending a regular hail of bullets from their matchlocks, which rattled against the iron bulwarks of the vessel like peas, hurting nobody on board for awhile, as the cap'en told us to duck down and not to show ourselves, except those who were able to return the fire ; which really was only Mr. Murphy, his weapon being the only one that could carry the distance.

"I waited till the beggars, getting bolder by the feebleness of our resistance, began to close up ; when, taking aim at a thick mass of them, I discharged the two barrels of the old smooth-bore shot gun, one after the other quick, and I had the satisfaction of seeing five or six of the savages writhing on the ground, while the rest of the group skurried away behind the rocks for shelter.

"After the sad fate of poor Harris in the foretop, Cap'en Bulger didn't like, he said, to order another to go aloft on the lookout, although it was urgent for us to know of the movements of the enemy, which young Jim Jobson hearing, he was up the shrouds in a jiffey, making his way into the maintop, which, as our steamer was brig-rigged, was, of course, the aftermost mast in the ship.

"No sooner had he got up there than he sang out that the dhows were closing nearer ; while a body of the Somalis on shore had crept down to the water, and were swimming off to the vessel from that side.

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"'All hands on deck!' shouted the skipper down the engine-room, seeing that the moment for action had come, and that it was time to call up Mr. Waste and the firemen.

"By jingo, all that followed happened in a moment! At the same instant that the engineer and his men crept up the engine-room hatchway, the Arabs boarded us on both sides of the ship at once, and there was a free fight going on all over the deck; Mr. Murphy and the cap'en using their revolvers freely, and the able seamen slashing with their cutlasses, while the firemen and engineers brought up heavy iron bars with them from below, which they used to some purpose, as I did a heavy handspike I swung about when I had used up all the powder and nails for the shot gun.

"We had almost cleared the deck of the scoundrels, who were a parcel of naked savages, with feathers in their woolly hair, and long spears and swords, which they were a jolly sight too nimble with—when their leader, or sheikh, who was the only one of them who wore a garment, a long rag of cotton like a nightshirt, bound in the middle round his waist with a sash, in which he carried a brace of pistols and a dagger, like a playactor on the stage—made an attempt to rally them, setting on furiously to Cap'en Bulger, who had his right arm disabled, and was powerless to help himself.

"Of course, I went to the skipper's rescue, and parrying a cut of the Arab chief's sword or tulwar, I got this ugly slice on the forehead.

"It blinded me for the moment, and the brute was just going to repeat the cut, when it would have been all up with your old chum Sails, you bet: but at that instant Jim Jobson, who, as I told you, had gone up gallantly to expose himself aloft, so that he could act as our lookout, and hadn't time to get down again quickly enough to the deck any other way, jumped deliberately down from the mainyard on to the Somali sheikh, driving his head into his body like a telescope, and stopping his mischief then and for ever!"

"That was a jump!" exclaimed Chips; "why, it must have been close on forty feet."

"Aye, all that," replied the other—"forty-five, I should think."

"And didn't he get injured in any way?" inquired Chips.

"Well," said Sails, "he put out his leg a bit, and was pretty nigh shaken to pieces by the jump; but it was a gallant thing to do, and I know it not only saved my life and the skipper's, but the rest of the ship's company as well; for if the Arabs hadn't been staggered and driven off for a time, we should probably all have been massacred!"

"It was a plucky thing to do, and I'm proud of having once been Jim Jobson's shipmate," said the ex-carpenter of the *Bellerophon*, seeing that his chum waited for him to say something.

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"Hullo! who's taking my name in vain?" inquired a laughing young fellow with a gold-laced cap, poking his head inside the deckhouse, where the two friends were yarning; "who've you got with you, Ben; I heard another voice?"

"Why, old Chips, the carpenter for the *Bellerophon* as used to was, whom I tumbled across to-day, Mister Jobson, in Ratcliff Highway. Don't you recollect the cut of his jib?"

"Of course I do," replied the hearty young fellow, shoving out his fist and giving his old shipmate a cordial handshake; "you haven't changed a bit, Chips. I should have known you anywhere!"

"More'n I can say of you, sir, begging your pardon," retorted the other with a grin; "for you've growed out of the first-class boy I remember and filled out like a man, as you are now—and acts like, too, as old Sails here has been a-tellin' me of what you did at the wreck of his former ship, the *Maelstrom*."

"Oh, he has, has he? I suppose, though, he didn't recollect to tell you of that dodge of his which he thought of after I had jumped on the Arab sheikh and flattened him like a pancake; and how, all through him, mind you, we were able to finally beat off those ugly beggars and get away in the boats?"

"No, I can't say as how he has," replied Chips, scratching his head reflectively: "he was too modest like to do that."

"Ah, that's it," said the young mate, with a light laugh and a quizzical look at the boatswain, who drawing back on to the very corner of his sea-chest so as to hide himself from view, was positively blushing at being thus publicly noticed; "and as I'm sure he won't tell it to you now, I had better finish his yarn for him."

"You must know," continued the speaker, resuming the thread of the narrative which he had interrupted, "that although those Arab thieves were somewhat staggered by the fall of their chief, the approach of their comrades in the two dhows, which had now got alongside, put fresh heart into them, and they attempted to carry us by the board."

"It was then that Ben came to the rescue."

"Say, cap'n," he called out, "as we ain't got no shot left to let drive at these savages, why shouldn't you screw on the fire hose to the engine boiler and dose 'em with hot water?"

"Bravo, boatswain, that's a good thought of yours," said the captain, while the men cheered like mad, laughing at the idea of scalding the beggars; "I wonder it never occurred to any of us before!" and he gave orders to Mr. Waste, the engineer, to have the hose screwed on and the hand pumps manned ready to use it as soon as the boggars approached close enough; for, fortunately enough, steam had been kept up ready to work the engines when they were repaired, and the boilers were full of

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boiling water both on the port and starboard side, enough to settle the hash of a thousand Arabs if they came.

"Crash! presently came one of the dhows alongside, just under the bows, the men in her mounting by the forechains and endeavouring to clamber on board; but the steam-cock was turned, and a jet of hot water mixed with steam was played full in their faces, making them drop back into the dhow as if they had been shot, while Ben and Adze, the carpenter who were standing at the fo'c's'le, managed to roll over the old nine-pounder so that it fell right amidships of the gingerly built craft, crashing right through its bottom."

"Bravo!" cried Chips.

"Aye, that's what we all said at the time," said the young fellow smiling pleasantly. "When the second dhow came up a short time afterwards it had as much as it could do to pick up the survivors from the first, who were swimming about in the water and ducking every now and then to avoid our hot douche, which we still kept playing on them when they came near the ship; and so, in the end, our attackers, both afloat and ashore, had to sheer off altogether and give us a wide berth."

"Then," continued Sails, the boatswain, now taking up the thread of the yarn again, "with your leave, Mr. Jim; the skipper finding it impossible to get the old barquy off the rocks, when Mr. Waste, the engineer, got the machinery to work again after the Arabs had left us to our own devices, ordered us to get out the boats—an order given none too soon, as it came on to blow again the next evening; and shortly after we said good-bye to our ship we saw her slide down into deep water, on a heavy sea taking her over the bows, and settle down sternforemost."

"The poor old *Muelstrom*!" said the young mate, sadly.

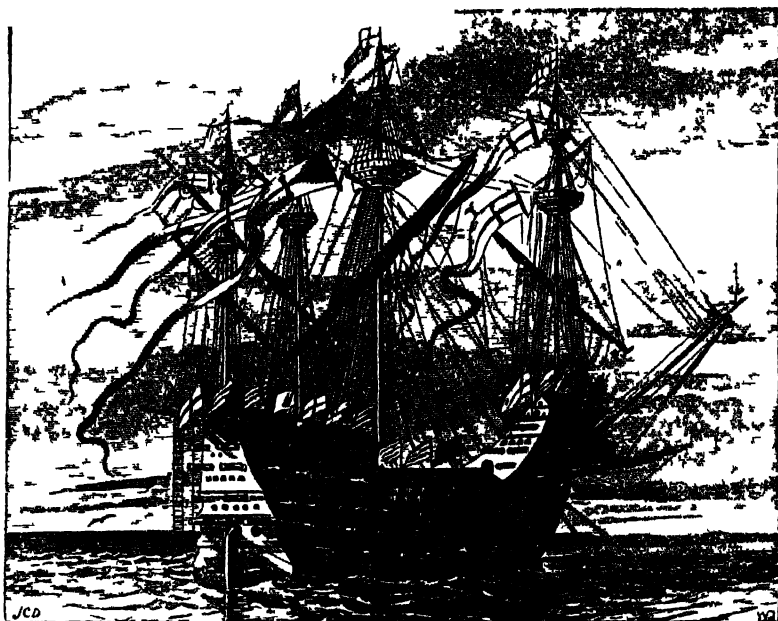
"Aye, she wasn't a bad old barquy, was she?" rejoined the boatswain. "No, that she wasn't, though her bones now lie, as I told you, Chips, at the bottom of the Gulf of Aden, or thereabouts. Howsoever, that was the end of her. As for us, we got picked up by one of the French Company's steamers, the *Messageries Maritimes* mail boat, and lauded at Suez a week or so afterwards, comfortable enough, only that we had lost everything save what we stood up in; though, mind you, the owners of the *Muelstrom* rigged us out afresh, and provided a new ship for the skipper, the one we're now in."

"But you don't forget the old ship you sailed in and fought for, all the same—eh, old chum?" said Chips, as he rose to go, with another handshake between them all round, and a promise to go on board the *Jenny Webster* and see them again when she returned from the voyage on which she was just going to start. "You don't forget the old barquy?"

"No, not a bit of it," replied the boatswain, with that cheery laugh of his which was so catching, and had such a healthy salt air about it—"nor shall I ever forget '*JIM JOBSON'S JUMP*.'"

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.



The Henry the First, the first ship built with port holes.

CHAPTER II

THE ARMAMENT OF SHIPS

THE efficient services of a ship of war naturally and necessarily depend upon her batteries, on her capability of projecting missiles, and on the arms and the ammunition she carries.

The Great Harry is the first complete and efficient ship put upon record. Captain Chawier says that she was the first ship the Royal Navy could boast of. She had three masts, and was burned by accident at Woolwich, in 1558, after having lasted some sixty-five years. Few English vessels of war in the present day can boast of so long an existence. Richard III., it seems, did possess several ships, 'but the Cinque Ports supplied the rest of the navy when wanted. Henry VIII. established the navy as a permanent power.' He instituted an admiralty and a naval board, with commissioners to overlook the works (having regular salaries paid each), and he caused the crews of the royal ships to be put under strict discipline, with

separately defined duties to be done, and fixed wages—in fact the 'service' was recognised as it stands at the present day.

That formidable instrument of modern warfare—the tube filled with latent fire and a deadly hail of round shot—the cannon—is said to have been used for naval warfare as remotely back as the thirteenth century, in an engagement that took place between some tanked galleys belonging to the corsairs of Tunis and the Monaco monarch of Saville. Cannons were used at Cressy in 1216 and they were in general use among the Venetians in 1380. Our own old prints and pictures represent them as in use in the reign of Richard III., and more especially in that of Henry VII. They did not fire them from behind bulwarks, and through port-holes, but they were mounted on elevations (*en barbette*), and fired from above the bulwarks of the ship. As these "ships" had but one deck, their miniature form, as already

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referred to, may be easily imagined by the reader.

The Henry Grâce-à-Dieu, built at Erith in 1515, by a French builder of Brest, is represented to have possessed the first port-holes; and as this improvement suggested the use of a second deck, so, in the picture left of her, the ship has two decks, with poops, or platforms, forward and aft, to give additional space, and facilitate her chances in whatever strife she might be engaged in.

The cannon which she mounted was of every degree of calibre known, and she possessed eighty pieces in all. Fifty-four of these were pointed through the broadside port-holes—twenty-seven each side. Among these we find the *cannon royal*, the *cannon serpentine* (that surely could not have originated the Irishman's gun, which shot round the corner), the *bastard cannon*, the *demie cannon*, and the *cannon petto*. Stone, lead, and iron hollow balls, filled with combustibles, constituted their chief ammunition; and already much diabolical ingenuity in the art of destroying human life was being shown.

The remaining guns which constituted the armament of the Henry Grâce à Dieu were mounted stem and stern as bow and stern chasers—"murdering pieces," as they were aptly termed. The ship herself is represented as four-masted, and possessed of three decks; consequently, she was a formidable affair enough. In a list of the ships of the English Navy in 1552, the Henry Grâce-à-Dieu appears as the Edward; and there, on Captain Chamier's authority, all mention of her ceases.*

The Sovereigne of the Seas, the next great ship of note, was built at the Woolwich Dockyard by one Thomas Pitt, in 1637. We can form little or no idea of the size of this, or of her predecessors, from the "tonnage" stated, since it appears that there is a vast difference in the interpretation of the word at that period, compared with what we understand it at the present day; and the register of 1,637 tons, as given to the Sovereigne, may, in reality, not represent more than the half of the figures given in their now recognised equivalent.

* These details are taken from a clever work which some of our readers must have met with—"James's Naval History."

The nature of her armament is given with some minuteness, and we copy *verbatim* the account of the same. "She has," says Mr. Heywood, her annalist, "three 'flush' (level) decks, a fore-castle, a half-deck, a quarter-deck (these were both aft), and a 'roundhouse.' Her lower tier hath thirty ports, furnished with demi-cannon and whole cannon throughout, being able to bear them. Her middle tier hath also thirty ports for demi-culverin and whole culverin (smaller forms of cannon). Her third top, or tier, hath twenty-six ports for other ordnance. Her fore-castle hath twelve ports, and her half-deck hath fourteen ports. She hath," continues her historian, "thirteen or fourteen ports more within board for *murdering* pieces, besides a great many loop-holes out of the cabins for musket-shot. She carries, moreover, ten pieces of chase-ordnance in her right forward, and ten right aft; that is, according to land-service, in the front and the rear." Really this seems, for the period, a very efficient and prettily appointed ship.

Captain Chamier, in commenting upon the account we have quoted, corrects the register here given, and reduces her armament to one hundred guns, which is still quite sufficient to make her a "rampaging" article enough to tackle, with all her guns shot, and her gunners standing with lighted match in hand. Changes in the armament of war-ships—in the calibre and arrangement of guns—were continually going on. Guns of a dissimilar calibre placed upon the same deck, obviously for different purposes, began to prevail, and, as clearly, with advantageous results. Little by little, too, the colossal constructions which encumbered the towering decks were got rid of, to the advantage of the ship's sailing qualities, and the security of the vessel herself. The "inboard" batteries—the useless "murdering" pieces—were discontinued, until finally the broadside fighting battery of the ship could be used in one huge, smashing, conjoined mass—a thing hitherto impracticable.

In a Navy List bearing the date of 1516, the vessels of King Henry VIII., fifty-eight in number, are classified as "shyppes," "galleyes" (something of a brigantine propelled by oars at times), "pynnaces," and "roo-

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boerges." Bomb-ketches were vessels that, besides carrying half-a-dozen smaller guns, had one or two heavy mortars, used in sieges for throwing shells into a fortification or a town. These were invented by a Frenchman, and first successfully used at Algiers, when Lord Exmouth made the Dey feel his locality rather too hot for him.

When guns were changed from their old position, *en barbette*, on the edge of the wooden walls they defended, and run out at the port-holes, there naturally followed many changes in the ship-builder's art, the principal of which was, that from *one* deck he arrived at *two*, or *three*, and even at *four*; while the ship became magnified and its crew more numerous as improvements went on.

"The deck," to quote Captain Chamior, "which sustained the lower and heavier tier," was named by the English the "lower, or 'gun' deck, while by foreigners in general it was termed the first deck. The deck next above we called the *upper*, and foreigners the *second*, deck. Hence, when a third deck was added, the latter had only to express it by that name, while the English had to change 'upper' into 'middle,' and apply the former term to the third deck."

To the Carron Foundry the British Navy is mainly indebted for the guns whose reverberations have been heard thundering and exultant over so many seas; which, indeed, originated the *smasher*—a carronade familiar in the navy. Early in the year 1779, a piece of ordnance was cast after the invention of General Robert Melville, at the works situated on the river Carron, in Scotland. It was peculiar in shape and calibre. It was shorter than the old 4-pounder, it was lighter than the 12-pounder, and, from its formidable effects against timber, acquired the epithet—*smasher*! This gun, for reasons not very clear, did not meet favour with the Admiralty, and the founders cast a number of smaller pieces, corresponding in calibre with the 24, 18, and 12-pounders in use. These new pieces found a ready sale in the privateering and merchant service, and some

of the smaller ships of the Royal Navy were supplied with them.

There are certain technicalities belonging to a ship's "gun" (we exclude here many modern improvements) which it may be as well to know at the outset. First, it is a hollow tube of iron crammed with powder and shot, and fired off at the breech, where the "touch-hole" lies. It is lashed by tackling—blocks and cordage, termed "breechings"—to the sides of the ship—projecting its muzzle, or mouth, forth through the port-hole.

There is a cascabel, or iron loop, at the breech for the breeching along its sides, and the gun likewise has its "tompion," its quoin, its carriage, and its trunnions.

The "tompion" is a wooden plug thrust into the mouth of the gun to prevent its fouling with sea-water. The "quoin" is a wedge placed beneath the gun, on the carriage, to lower or depress the aim when necessary. Besides these, the rammer, sponge, and loader may be mentioned as important to the completion of the outfit of a ship's gun.

A few more words are necessary before closing this chapter. They are suggested by the latter portion of Captain Chamior's "James's History," and are significant because ship meeting ship, and fighting at sea, have certain advantages according to bulk, tonnage, and power of armament—superiorities that neither the best seamanship, nor the most efficient nautical skill, is always competent to contend with.

"When it is considered," writes the accomplished German novelist and historian, "that proportionable to the size of the gun and its carriage must be the port to which it is fitted, the space between that and the next port, and, as a necessary consequence, the whole range and extent of the deck, an increase in the principal dimensions and tonnage of a ship follows of course. Hence, one class of ships mounts twenty-six 12-pounders upon a deck 120 feet in length, another class mounts twenty-six 18-pounders upon a deck 145 feet in length; a third mounts twenty-six 24-pounders upon a deck 160 feet in length; and the tonnage of the several classes, estimated at an average at 680, 1,000, and 1,870 tons, accords very nearly with the difference in the nature of the guns mounted by each."

* The heaviest battery on board a ship is always the *broadside*, as it acts as a steady point, and its quoin, like most, consequently, emanate from the point of greatest stability—the middle of the ship—otherwise it would damage the vessel.

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The advantage obtained by this increase in the largeness of the ship is very obvious. When two ships meet, which are equal in guns and in their decks, but one differing greatly in tonnage owing to the greater *calibre* of its guns, the larger ship must manifestly mount the heavier metal. And it follows, as a consequence, that the vessel mounting the heavier metal must be more numerously manned, since more hands are required, not only to manage her weightier armament, but to work her tackling and canvas. The enlargement of masts, yards, rigging, and sails is in a proportionate degree, and her crew can, out of necessity, show the most efficacious mass of boarders when coming to close quarters. Other advantages—one, especially, being the steadiness of the larger ship while firing—are to be reckoned; and the greater precision with which she can point her guns must be borne in mind.

Enough has now been said to initiate the reader into the Eleusinian mysteries of the navy and ships of war. As the Story proceeds, matters will be dealt with far more intricate in detail and consequence than any yet attempted.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS—PORTUGUESE DISCOVERERS—DON HENRY—DIAZ—PRESIER JOHN—DE GAMA—PINTO.

We have now got over the initiative portion of our "Story of the British Navy," and have, in fact, found it created to our hands; have seen, as it were, forests grow into ships, and gnarled oak boughs take harmonious forms, proportions, and combinations; huge trunks becoming tough planking, and the majestic tree forming an integral part of as majestic a ship. Which is the more beautiful of the two, ship or tree, each in its own proper element, it would be difficult to say.

We must not yet, however, make too much "heading;" so "hauling our wind" for a time, we "luff" before keeping her before the wind, in order to cast a look upon that mystic instrument kept in a small box, without which the most complete and perfect piece of naval architecture ever constructed would be no better than a mere log upon the surface of the waters.

In the multitudinous streets of great cities,

the stranger can, with little difficulty, find his way to the different places he may want to go to, for he has the names of the streets to guide him, and there are passers-by of whom, should he be bewildered, he might ask his way. On the surface of the ocean, however, this is not the case, although it is now rare for a ship sailing to the Antipodes to be very long before sighting a sail, far or near, from the myriad royal and mercantile fleets which, from every clime under heaven, throng that wondrous highway. In the earlier eras of navigation in far-off seas, especially after Columbus and Vespucci had shown the way to a new and marvellous world, these meetings must have been rare indeed; and although they could not ask their way, mariners had already learnt to cross the "trackless deeps," as somebody calls them, by the aid of the "mariner's compass."

The earlier Phœnician voyagers must have sailed the Mediterranean and to and fro by the stars at night, and by the position of the sun by day. The East was already the land of astronomy, and, under restricted conditions of latitude, this task was not difficult; for the skies were cloudless, and the stars in the Mediterranean are not the same stars as those which are always half obscured with us by the fogs which grow every hour upon the banks of Newfoundland.

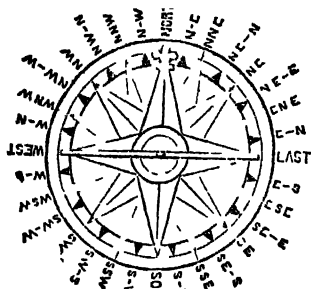
Yes! In that little box—the binnacle—open before the eye of the watchful helmsman, is the mystic *finger* that, for ever and for ever, points him out his way; and this, indeed, is called the "magnetic needle."

What is it? Nobody knows. It is a "power." We give names more or less hard, and long, and learned to things, and so far settle the whole business. But there it lies snug and compact, floating, as it were, like water, real as the air, but otherwise steady and stationary, though the ship may be dancing like a cork in the midst of a howling tempest. There it is—calm, immovable, fulfilling its functions, as if it were the very soul of the ship, whilst the ship itself is a body groaning in every throes of anguish it may suffer, in which the magnetic needle takes no part.

Like the occult power in the magician's staff, the sorcerer's ring, the wizard's spell and Aladdin's lamp, such is the spell concealed in the compass. By darkness or by

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daylight it is the seaman's friend and guiding angel. When in far-off Antarctic



seas or in the dread calm of the torpid tropics, whether in the fogs that belt our own sea girt home, or in the dread tornado of the Indian Ocean, everywhere the compass is the mariner's "guide, philosopher, and friend."

The discovery of the mariner's compass is lost in antiquity, which, by-the-by, gives a very wide latitude for losing anything in. Its origin is entirely unknown, and accident, the mother of so many inventions, must have first of all discovered it for us. A troubadour of the twelfth century sings of the load-stone as "useful to navigation. France has the credit of its earliest known uses at sea, and the mark of the north point on the compass card—a *fil-de-lis*—the French floral emblem—appears to corroborate this latter tradition. Marco Polo, a Venetian, and a great traveller, the first European who visited China, is said to have brought the compass from the East with him in 1260, and many things point out its knowledge to the Chinese from time immemorial. The art, however, of imparting the magnetic power to a steel needle is entirely a European invention. The compass consists of a finely-balanced needle moving over a circular card, on the circumference of which are marked the degrees of the circle, besides the thirty two points, or rhumbs, divided again into half and quarter points, for the purposes of *fine* steering—"keep her away a point," or "half a point," being words of common command in exigencies, such as when a ship is near a shore or a "reef" of rocks or coral, in danger of icebergs, or other perilous positions. A pivot rises from the centre of the

box, on the point of which the needle is balanced, and from which a tremendous shock or collision can alone dislodge it; no amount of pitching of the ship in a gale being sufficient for that purpose. The card and needle are covered with glass to protect them from the action of the air; a strong circular box contains the whole apparatus, in order to counteract the irregular motion of the ship—for, on looking into the binnacle, a fixture with an open front, in which the compass is placed, it will be seen that the instrument is itself perfectly quiescent—a simple, though clever, bit of mechanical ingenuity obviating every difficulty. The compass-box is suspended within another by means of two concentric brass circles, known as "gimbals." The outer circle is fixed by horizontal pivots to the outer box—the inner circle swinging within this on pivots also—the "axes" of both being at right angles the one to the other. Thus the inner circle, sustaining the compass card and needle, always retains its equilibrium under any circumstances, and the rolling or pitching of the



Marco Polo.

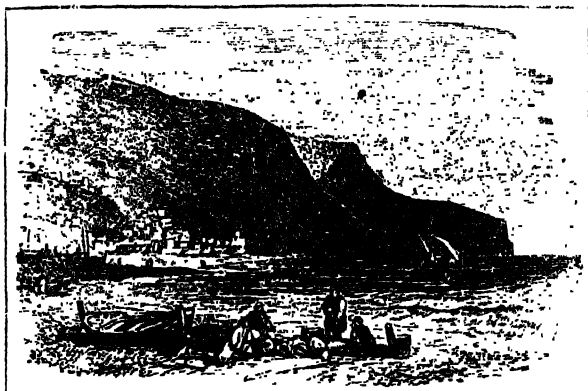
ship has no effect whatever upon it. Next in value to the mariner's compass was the construction of charts, drawn with increased and continued correctness as geographical knowledge extended, and, simultaneously with this, a map of the heavens, called an *astrolabe*, by the uses of which the height of the stars, their "ascension" or "declension,"

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could be taken, and the art of navigation reduced to an exact science. The quadrant and the sextant are the invaluable inventions of later days, and difficulties of navigation, in a general sense, have ceased to have any existence.

There is one matter more to speak of before we get into our old course, and crack on full sail with this "Story of the British Navy," and that is, the simple matter of *Discovery*. Much time or space will not be taken up with this subject; but, as discovery is to navigation a motive power and a final cause, some description of the same is requisite. While ships of war were built

to protect the king's dominions, or to carry aggressive forces to other lands, the discovery of new islands, continents, and sea-boards stimulated enterprise, created commerce, promoted the arts of peace, and finally called into existence the largest and finest mercantile navy the sun ever shone upon. The coasts of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea were familiar to the mariners of the antique and Scriptural world from the times of Noah downwards. To the Portuguese belongs the honour of the first discoveries along the coast of Africa; the foot of Mount Atlas being the extent of the first exploration, and Cape Bojador finding a place



Funchal, Madeira.

upon the early charts. Following in the track of the traditional voyages of Menelaus and Hanno—traces of which were said still to be left—Don Henry, Duke of Visco, pushed his discoveries farther. *Puerto Santo*, or "Holy Haven," one of the smaller Madeiras, gladdened the eyes of the adventurers, the larger Madeira speedily following, and receiving, the one division the name of *Funchal*, the other that of *Machico*. Cape Verde, with the Azores, came next in order of succession in the field of discovery; the Azores becoming a settlement in 1457, the same Don Henry granting it many valuable privileges, the advantages of which he afterwards richly reaped. From the Canary Islands to the Senegal was not a very difficult stretch for the caravels of Don Henry to make. They next visited the coast of Gambia; and John, the successor of Don Henry, soon made his carracks

and caravels familiar with the coast of Guinea. In 1481 he apprised our Edward IV., through an ambassador, that he held, by a grant from the Pope, the title of the lord of that country—which title the English monarch recognised, not a little to the surprise of those who know him in the pages of history. The "Cape of Tempests" being discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, was so called from the perpetual storms that seem to be bred and nurtured on the vast table-land of Africa, and which were hurled, in storms and tornadoes, into the bay below, and driven far out to sea to vex and harass the wearied mariner yearning for the port which lies within his sight. Don John, who saw India in the distance—with its boundless promises, and its dreams of grandeur—called this the "Cape of Good Hope;" and a title more happily expressive could not be given to it. The progress of discovery, it may be per-

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ceived, was becoming more rapid, and gradually took a larger stride at every new effort made. Place after place, and port after port, were becoming welcome resting-places and familiar harbours; and still farther and farther the daring discoverers sailed on; and now the name of the wondrous potentate—the mysterious “Prester John”—began to appear in those quaint books of travel which old Hakluyt, with such affectionate labour, gathered together. Travellers, of the so-called “Muncheausen” order, first brought this name, with marvellous traditions attached thereto, from Eastern Asia. It had been applied to a Christian bishop who held sovereign sway. It was transferred to a Christian King of Abyssinia. The Portuguese were at this period an eminently trading nation, and their enterprise being stimulated by the hope of gain, they were determined to make acquaintance with “Prester John,” and thus raise their nation to the highest altitude of commercial glory, besides being able to boast (if successful) of an acquaintance with a person so remarkable. A “nigger” King of Benin, Ogané by name, was pitched upon as the original. He was never to be seen—a silken curtain being always drawn between his sacred person and the public eye. A foot was put forth (*ex pede Hercule*) to receive the homage paid, and ambassadors went away satisfied. Ignorance is the mother of credulity, and Ogané might have been as ugly as “Aunt Sally;” but as they *would* call him “Prester John,” it made all the difference, and he was looked upon as through a golden mirage.

Vasco de Gama is an illustrious name, and significant to the full of the rich romance of adventure and discovery in that vast and hitherto unexplored Asian promontory which is already a peopled, and a teeming world in itself. Odours from Spice Islands breathe around his head. The majesty of almost primeval nature, in all the unbounded luxuriousness of growth and tropic beauty, surrounds him like a mantle. Emmanuel, King of Portugal, fitted him out with three sloops of war and a store-ship, the whole manned with but 160 men. In July, 1497, he left the Tagus, and sailed on the old track by the west coast of Africa. Driven through the sea surrounding St.

Helena, and after some vicissitudes, he steered in search of the extremity of Africa, much in the same way, apparently, that a man feels for his big toe by passing his hand down his leg!

Orosius, his historian, describes the heroism of De Gama at this period in language full of bold and striking imagery—“The waves swelled like mountains. The ships seemed heaved up to the clouds, and were next precipitated as by whirlpools into the depths of ocean. The winds were icy cold, and so sonorous was the blast that the pilot’s voice could not be heard. A darkness as dismal as continuous added its horrors to the tempests which at this season visit those seas. Sometimes they were driven unresistingly to the southward; at others obliged to stand to their tack, and yield to its fury, holding what they had gained with the greatest difficulty. In the interval of the storm the terrified seamen surrounded De Gama, and implored him not to suffer himself and those under his care to perish by the dreadful death menacing them.” And so on. De Gama held on, however, despite even a mutiny that was brewing, and, finally, was rewarded by beholding the Cape of Good Hope, and, for the first time, doubling it, as getting round it is termed. The discovery of *Terra de Natal* was his first reward; next followed islands on the Mozambique coast; and a city called Membrya, inhabited by Mahomedans and Moors, comes on the list; then islands, ports, and places too numerous to mention, till he passed between the Maldivé and the Laccadive Islands, and made Calicut, in the territory of Mysore; and here a variety of deeply-interesting personal adventures befell him, which we must reluctantly turn away from, since they have “no business in this galley,” as the French say; or, in other words, they do not belong to the “Story of the British Navy.” We shall lose ourselves in details to go farther. Cochin China, with Cananor, Quiloa, and many more places, were added to De Gama’s discoveries; and his successors multiplying there and increasing in power, the Portuguese established in course of time their head-quarters at Goa, whither they imported the priesthood and the Inquisition, and roasted the brown Pagans with great edification and success for several generations

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after Vasco de Gama had been gathered to his fathers. Goa is still in the possession of the Portuguese, the only settlement they hold in Hindostan. The name of the renowned Mendez Pinto next meets our notice. He sailed through the Red Sea, embarked for India, went up the Gulf of Siam, coasted Cambodia, Cochin China, and Ohlampe, and picked up money and much information. The veracity of Mendez Pinto has been severely questioned—not quite without sufficient grounds for the same. For instance, he records that his comrade Faria was "told" of an island called Calernplin, on the Chinese coast, where were to be found the tombs of sixteen Chinese kings laid in *golden* coffins, together with such wealth, and diamonds, and treasures as surpass the imagination of the most vivid temperament, and which Pinto himself avows he dare scarcely recount. But we must recollect that the rubicund Bardolph, who could lie himself sufficiently well, "blushed to hear the monstrous lies" Sir John Falstaff told concerning that moonlight adventure on Gad's Hill. These treasures, it is added, were to be had for the mere trouble of sailing to the place, but the place proved to be a kind of "Laputa," or Flying Island. As this part of his adventures forms a story to be "told to the marines," it had better be passed over—suffice it to say that he next went to Japan,

and landed at Burger. Next he reached Malacca, and afterwards voyaged several times to Martaban, Siam, and Japan, and spent the remainder of his life in Lisbon, pleasantly engaged in the compilation of his travels, which have considerably edified posterity.

As supplementary to this chapter, and for facility of reference, besides that the dates are, after a manner, starting points, the following *data* are added:—

A. D.

Plano charts and mariner's compass used	1420
Variation of the compass discovered by Columbus when approaching the Western Hemisphere	1492
That the oblique <i>rhumb</i> lines are "spiral," discovered by Norines	1537
Fero's Treatise on Navigation written	1515
The "log" first mentioned by Bourne	1577
Mercator's Chart published	1599
Davis's quadrant, or "back staff," for measuring angles, used about	1600
Logarithmic table applied to navigation by Gunter (<i>not</i> the confectioner)	1620
Middle latitude sailing introduced	1623
Mensuration of a degree (Norwood)	1631
Hadley's quadrant	1731
Harrison's time-keeper used	1761
Nautical Almanac first published	1757
Barlow's theory of the deviation of the compass	1820

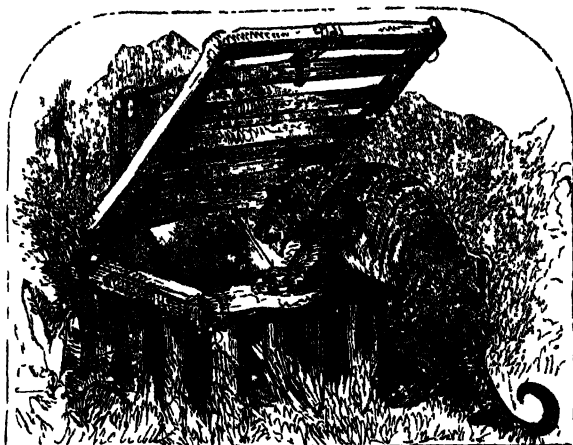


Lisbon

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES;

WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION.—MENAGERIES SUPPLIED.

BY REV. J. G. WOOD.



Looking glass Trap for Tiger

IN TWO PARTS.—II.

BUT how are the creatures to be caught? Here is an order for a tiger, we will say, in London, and there is a fine young tiger marked down in a jungle in India. The problem to be solved is, how to catch that tiger and deliver him in England? There are several modes of effecting this object. The first and simplest plan is by means of a pitfall, deep, wide, and narrower at the mouth than at the base, so as to prevent the animal from clambering up the sides. A kid or lamb that will make a great bleating is then fastened near the pitfall in such a way that the tiger can only reach it by means of a leap; and that, if he does make that leap, he must inevitably fall into the pit. As soon as he is fairly imprisoned, the hunters assemble round the mouth of the pitfall, drop a huge net over the tiger, wait until he has hopelessly entangled himself in its meshes, and then triumphantly draw him out.

Perhaps the neatest plan is the bamboo trap in use in some parts of Asia. A large cage of bamboo is constructed, in shape something like a packing-case, and with a lid opening above on a central hinge. The lid is made heavy, so as to fall unless supported, and when once fallen it loosens a catch which holds it firmly down. Having been conveyed to the locality where the tiger is known to reside, the trap is set down, and the lid is raised and supported by a prop connected with the bait. The last process is to fix a rude mirror inside the raised lid, and then the hunters go their way.

Night comes, and the tiger leaves his lair in search of food. The scent of fresh meat strikes his nostrils, and he traces it up to the place where the trap has been set. He comes to the trap. Does not know what to make of it. Never saw such a thing in his life. So, urged by all the curiosity of his cat nature, he sniffs round the trap, peeps

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between the bars, tries vainly to get at the meat, and then jumps on the top. Now he thinks he has solved the question; for there is the meat that he had smelt, quite fresh, and very tempting. He reaches out his paw to take the bait, when he comes opposite the mirror, and sees what he takes for another tiger on the same errand.

Even a tame cat will growl if balked in her advance upon a mouse; and it may be imagined that a wild tiger is not likely to permit himself to be interrupted in his intended meal. His eyes flash with angry fire, he utters deep and menacing growls, the hair of his back stands up, and he advances towards his foe with furious gestures. To his surprise the other tiger advances to meet him; his temper gives way at the insult; he springs madly at the enemy, meets with a shock, hears a crash, feels himself violently struck down, and finds himself a captive, and helpless. The crash of the descending door has already informed the hunters of their success. They flock to the spot, pass long bamboos through the trap, now converted into a cage, and the beautiful creature, lately so full of strength and rejoicing in its freedom, has passed the first stage in its journey to a distant land, never more to be free until death enfranchises it.

Generally, the captors insure the security of the cage by inclosing it in another and stronger edifice of the same materials, so that, even if the furious beast were to break its way through one set of bars, it would be met by a second set of larger and stronger barriers.

These methods are employed for the capture of adult animals, but a great number of the larger carnivora are taken when young. Less risk is run by this mode of proceeding, but, as the little creatures must be brought up by hand, they never attain to the fierce beauty of the wild and unshackled being. When the hunters desire to take the young, they track the parents to their lair, surround the spot with armed men, shoot the parents as they issue forth, and take possession of their offspring. At the age of six weeks or two months, the young tiger or lion cub is quite a pretty little creature, rather larger than a large cat, and as playful as a kitten. It is, however, wonderfully heavy in proportion to its size, as I can personally testify, having carried several such cubs in my arms. Their strength is in proportion to their weight, and they are apt to be rather dangerous play-fellows, having no idea of their own power or the sharpness of their claws.

Every one knows how elephants are caught; how these wise and clever animals are, in some things, the foolishlest of beings; how they will let themselves be led from bad to worse, out of one snare into another, until they find themselves lying bound and helpless before they had any idea of their danger. How strange is the limit of reason in these creatures! They will go through the most elaborate tasks, requiring memory, forethought, and great appreciation of form and time. They will make admirable mental calculations; they will display marvellous ingenuity in enticing their companions into the same captivity as themselves; and yet they have not the sense to find out that a stockade is more dangerous than a white stick, and that it is better to face a lighted squib than to run away into a prison.

Even when they are screaming with baffled fury and despairing terror, when they would seize a human being in their trunks, rend him limb from limb, stamp his body under their feet, and crush it into a shapeless mass of bleeding flesh, they are disarmed of their enmity if their human antagonist should happen to be mounted on one of their own species. It is a strange but a well-known fact, that, if a hunter be mounted on the back or neck of a tame elephant, he may approach the

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES;

wild animals without the least danger, may touch them without their taking notice of him, and may even fasten round them with impunity the dread snares in which they are taken.

They seem, also, to have a very limited idea of the sources whence danger comes. There are but very few foes of which they can have the least fear, and all these foes are of much less stature than themselves, and are to be seen only on the ground. The rhinoceros, for example, is sometimes, though rarely, the antagonist of the elephant, and this is by far the largest creature with which it enters into battle.

Elephants have a strange fear of small animals, such as dogs, which run about in front of them, and bark continually. This remarkable instinct is invaluable to elephant hunters, who are indebted to their dogs, not for making any impression on a foe which could fling them thirty feet in the air, or crush them to a jelly with a single stamp of the foot, but for bringing the huge creature to bay, worrying and annoying it whenever it moves, and distracting its attention so as to enable the hunter to creep up and take deliberate aim at one of the few fatal spots which exist upon the enormous surface of the elephant.

Again, elephants have not the least idea of searching for their foes anywhere but on the ground. They will track a retreating enemy by the scent with the certainty of a bloodhound, applying the extremities of their trunks to the ground, and sniffing the tainted atmosphere. They will thus track him to the very foot of the tree up which he may have climbed; and yet, though he may only be scated a few feet above the elephant's head, the animal will not see him.

Were it not for this and similar deficiencies of intellect, man could not exist in countries where the elephant lived, and must inevitably be driven from the land by so strong and so vengeful a foe. We have here one of the many instances where gigantic bulk and brute strength are rendered powerless before the human intellect, and where, in spite of the terrible powers of his antagonist, man still asserts the sway given to him by Divine authority. Indeed, except under peculiar circumstances, the elephant dreads man more than any living being; and a herd of elephants, on merely hearing the footsteps or perceiving the scent of a single man, will retreat from his presence, and hide themselves in the obscurest recesses of their native woods.

As for such stupid and unwieldy creatures as the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros, they have not the sense to be caught like the elephant, and must be entrapped into pitfalls dug rapidly in their path to the water. When captured, they certainly do resist with all their tremendous power; but a true wild beast keeper has a supreme contempt for mere brute strength, and can invent a thousand modes of neutralising the gigantic muscular exertions made by the animals while endeavouring to regain their liberty. He treats a lion or tiger as unceremoniously as if it were a rat, and really does not seem nearly as afraid of a full-grown tiger as many a lady of a half-grown mouse.

Every one knows how hard a task it is to get a tame cat into a bag or a basket if she does not choose to enter, and the difficulty of performing a similar feat with a lion or a leopard may be easily surmised. Yet a keeper thinks nothing of shifting his fierce and powerful charge from one cage to another; and, even if it should happen to escape, sets off at once in chase, and restores it to its captivity. Even a single man has been known to achieve this perilous task; and it may, perhaps, be remembered that on one occasion when a tiger had burst the walls

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of his prison, dashed into the street, and seized a boy in his terrible teeth, he was re-captured by his owner, who flung himself upon the ferocious animal, and fairly choked him off his prey. Any one who wishes to appreciate this feat may do so by trying to take a mouse away from a strange cat. I made a remark to the effect that it was rather a perilous undertaking, and was told by the keeper that he had no time to be afraid. Possibly the tiger was so astonished at the liberties taken with his throat, that he permitted himself to be caught before he had recovered from his surprise.

I have seen a muzzle put upon a furious leopard that was judged to be an unsafe companion for her own kind, and was greatly struck with the quiet simplicity of the means employed. The leopard never had a chance from the beginning to the end of the struggle. She might kick, and snap, and howl with fury, but wasted all her time and strength by such proceedings; and was as systematically subdued, step by step, as Cruiser yielded before his conqueror. The expression of her face, as she lost point after point, was terrible to see; anger, surprise, and fear being equally depicted on her excited countenance. And at last, when the muzzle was coolly fitted to her mouth, and her jaw closed in the middle of a furious cry, she seemed positively frantic, not so much with rage as with sheer terror. She did not understand it, for she was a new-comer, and had not learned the sad experience, which comes to beasts and men alike, that she could not have her own way in everything.

These keepers are prepared for every emergency. As has been remarked, they will attack a tiger single-handed; they have been known to follow a lioness, fierce with blood and liberty, into a narrow recess, whither it had retreated, and to bind the terrible beast and drag it out helpless; and they will quietly brave the onset of beasts as dangerous, though not so appalling. I have seen a zebra break open his den, and lash about with that peculiar swift energy which seems to be the property of zebras alone; and yet within a few minutes the furious animal was boxed up and rendered harmless, and in a few more minutes was conducted back into captivity. In fact, there is no living creature that they will not overcome, except, perhaps, the venomous serpents; and even with these dread reptiles a foolhardy keeper will dare to meddle, and may pay with his life the penalty of his folly, as has already occurred in this country, when a half-intoxicated attendant handled a cobra so roughly, that it struck at his face and inflicted a wound that was speedily fatal. •

Serpents, by the way, are rather troublesome to novices, more especially when they belong to the venomous species. Even our English viper is no easy prey to an unpractised hand, for the creature is so quick of its stroke, so lithe of body, and so very tetchy of temper, that there are but few who will venture to intercept one of these reptiles, even with the aid of the tools used by the professional viper-catchers; namely, two sticks, one forked at the end, and the other straight.

There are, it is true, certain bold and cool-tempered men who will pick up a venomous serpent without the least ceremony, and carry it about as composedly as if it were a walking-stick. Such men are, however, rare, and I think that Mr. Waterton is the only man in England who will walk up to a living rattle-snake and seize it in a bare hand.

That veteran naturalist told me that to catch venomous snakes is the easiest thing in the world, owing to their sluggish nature, which is not readily aroused,

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and which forbids them to bite unless they are angered. He kindly showed me the whole process, illustrating it by grasping my wrist, which, for the time, was supposed to represent the neck of a serpent.

All you have to do is to go very quietly up to the snake, push your hand very gently towards its head, avoiding all quick movements, clasp the fingers gently round the reptile's neck, and thus carry it away. That is the whole process. Nothing is easier, provided that you only dare to do it. For my part, though I know all about this method of snake-catching, theoretically, I should feel very



Elej hants at Home.

great qualms in testing my knowledge practically, even on a viper, much more on a rattlesnake or a cobra.

As, however, there are very few who possess the nerve to act in this manner, snake-catching must be achieved after some other method by those who wish to capture these venomous reptiles for sale or exhibition. I once asked a practical serpent-catcher how this feat was performed, and he gave me the following account:—

The serpents are watched to the holes in which they reside; a loose knot is made in the middle of a long rope, and the loop is laid over the mouth of the hole. A man takes his station at each end of the rope, and they watch for the appearance of the serpent. Sometimes the reptile is alarmed at the unwonted sounds, and declines to show itself. Smoke is then thrown into the hole, and the serpent comes rushing out in mingled fear and despair. As it puts out its head the knot is tightened, catching the snake by the neck or body.

The men immediately carry away their captive, drop it into a basket, shut down the lid, and loosen their pull on the rope. The snake soon wriggles itself free from the knot, falls into the basket, the lid is quickly fastened, and the capture is complete. As may be imagined, the narrator of this anecdote was a sailor; that class of men being always ready with some ingenious application of rope to suit almost every emergency of life.

The method by which the snake-charmers of India secure the cobra contains,

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in all probability, nothing more mysterious than the knowledge of the reptile's habits, and the easy unconcern at handling a snake which can only be obtained by experience. Whether, in their subsequent performances with the serpents, they anoint their bodies with any preparation which is disgusting to the serpentine senses, is not very clear, though it has been noticed that, on several occasions, when they have placed the head of the snake against their bare skin, the reptile would shrink back as if brought in contact with something which it greatly disliked.

For wolves a similar kind of trap is used in some countries; while in others a peculiarly ingenious stratagem is adopted. As the method is rather complicated, I here give a plan and a sketch of the innocent-looking edifice which is fraught with such danger to the persecutor of the flocks.

A post is driven into the ground, and around this post a circular wall of strong stakes and wattle-work is erected, too high for the wolf to leap, and without any opening whatever. A second barrier of similar materials is erected around this circular wall, but is furnished with an opening about two feet in width. This aperture can be closed by a door which opens inwards, and fastens with a spring catch. When all is completed, a kid or lamb is placed in the middle of the inclosure, tied to the post, and the door left open.

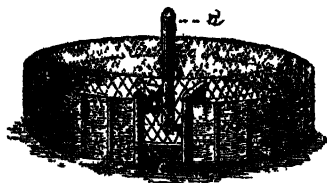
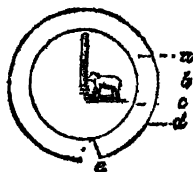
In the accompanying illustration, *a* represents the post; *b* the lamb tied to it, and acting as a bait; *c* the inner inclosure; *d* the outer inclosure; and *e* the door.

Attracted by the pitiful cries of the lamb, which is dreadfully frightened at being left alone, and continually bleats in hopes that its mother may come to its rescue, the wolf approaches the inclosure, and after walking round it, enters by the open door. The door itself being prevented, by a stake driven into the ground, from moving further backwards, bars his passage to the right, and the wolf, accordingly, proceeds to the left, seeing the lamb through the wattling, but not being able to get at it. He then makes the circuit of the wall, and when he comes round to the opened door he pushes his way past, closes the door, and so shuts himself into the space between the walls.

As soon as this event has happened, the watchful hunter proceeds to the spot, enters the inclosure, ties up the wolf's mouth, binds his legs, carries him off, and leaves the door open for another inmate.

Some of my readers may be disposed to admire the courage of the man who dares to attack a wolf and take him captive. Not the least courage is, however, required, on account of the singular character of the wolf. In the open air, and backed up by its companions, it scarcely knows fear; following and attacking almost any enemy in the most reckless manner; heedless of firearms; tearing to pieces and eating any of its companions that may be killed or even wounded, and being, indeed, as terrible a foe as the lion or tiger.

But no sooner does it find itself inclosed in any place from which it cannot escape than its whole nature changes. It becomes cowering, cowardly, and im-



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badly, with head and body erect, the legs and feet stretched out, and the arms raised, and a man has been known to enter a trap in which four or five wolves have been captured, and deliberately to kill one after the other, without experiencing the least resistance.

The locality in which the wolf resides is of influence on his trait of character, which appears to be inherent in the living nature, and is as strongly marked in the wolves of Europe as in those of America—so strongly, indeed, that a whole company of wolves, which had pushed their way into a walled yard, were all secured quite easily when the gate was shut and access prevented.

Many of the animals which are brought to England are taken in traps, of which the common brick-trap is a well-known type. Varying much in external form, in order to suit the animal which is to be captured, they mostly depend upon one principle, namely, a falling door upheld by a catch, which is struck by the creature that enters the trap. The birds are mostly caught in nets, although springs of various kinds are sometimes used. These, however, are apt to be injurious to the birds, which flutter about wildly when they feel the check of the noose, and not unfrequently strangle themselves, or break a limb.

The whole establishment of which I write is filled with animals, each of which has a separate history, its capture, voyage, diet, and general habits being full of interest. I think that the most beautiful of all the inhabitants was a cream-coloured phalangist, which I took to be an albino, inasmuch as it had the pink eyes and nose generally found in such varieties, but about which I could not be certain, not having a description at hand. It was very tame, allowed me to stroke its soft fur, and put its pink nose, sniffed at the cover of my note-book, nibbled the top of my pencil, and at length was quite companionable.

I take leave of this interesting establishment with some regret, but, having already overpassed the allotted space, I have no other alternative. I must, however, in justice to the proprietor of the establishment, return my thanks to Mr Jamrach, who kindly permitted me to roam at will through its complicated mazes, and afforded every facility for examining the inhabitants of his dens and cages.



Wolves in full cry.

"FIRST CHOICE FOR THE ELEVEN."

about the Heath and lying on the grass in an inconsequent manner for an hour or two, I started to walk over Primrose Hill and across Regent's Park to Baker Street Station, whence a trifling railway journey would land me close by my office.

As I sauntered lazily along I could not help mentally contrasting my walk, as it then was, with what it would have been, over the same ground, only a few short years ago. Then I should have wandered through sweet meadows all the way. To-day I had to tramp along a paved road, with suburban semi-detached monstrosities on either side of me, grateful for any suggestions of the country that could be got out of their little plots of garden ground.

At last I reached the summit of Primrose Hill, and stopped to look around me, and muse once more on past and present. When I first knew the Hill, more years ago than I care to confess, Chalk Farm was a farm, and duels were still occasionally fought upon its meadows. And who that remembers the Primrose Hill of those days can forget the luscious English landscape, studded all over with grand old forest trees, on which his eyes rested as he stood on the hill-top and looked towards Hampstead and Highgate? To-day, nearly the whole intervening space is covered with red brick and mortar erections, relieved here and there with patches of green, and, no doubt, of truly artistic and orthodox modern Queen Anne patterns, but, bricks and mortar all the same. A poor substitute, alas! for scenes some of our greatest painters have not thought unworthy of their brush!

"*Tempora mutantur nos et mu*— Hello, Mr. Stapleford, what on earth are you doing here? Why are you not at Lords?" I exclaimed all in one breath, as I caught sight of one of my wealthiest clients sitting on a bench close by me. He was the last man I expected to see, for he had a son playing in the Harrow Eleven, so I naturally concluded he would be at the match.

"Harrow is in," he replied, "I felt too nervous to stop and watch Harold's innings, so I have just come up here to wait until Jack brings me word how they are getting on, then, if things are going fairly well, I shall pluck up courage to go back and see it out. But I say, Sheldrake, why do you suppose I chose this particular spot to wait in?"

"I cannot form a notion," said I. "I should have thought if you were going so far in this direction, you had better have gone to the Zoo at once, where you would have found something to amuse you and distract your thoughts."

"I have very special associations with this spot," said he, evidently speaking with much suppressed emotion, "connected with the time when I was first choice for the Eleven. Would you like to hear the story?"

"Of all things," I replied, sitting down on the bench beside him.

"FIRST CHOICE FOR THE ELEVEN."

"I almost wonder," he continued, "that I have never before told you the tale of my short-lived school triumph and subsequent bitter disappointment, for we have now been intimate friends as well as lawyer and client for many years. You know I am an old Harrovian, and I think you also know that I did not go on to the University or even finish my school career."

I must take you back a great many years to a certain bright May day. The scene is the dear old Harrow Cricket Ground where you and I have been together more than once with Jack and Harold, only you must bear in mind that it is not quite the Harrow Cricket Ground of to-day, for that magnificent pavilion in the far corner is not yet dreamt of. It is an important day, for the first match of the season, "The School v. I Zingari" is on, and there are several vacancies to be filled up in the permanent School Eleven. I am playing on trial for the School, and my ultimate fate will probably depend upon how I acquit myself in to-day's match. If I play well I shall most likely earn the immortal glory of playing against Eton; if I make a mess of it, my chances will be but slender. It is an anxious moment! Those two mighty arbiters of the fate of aspirants to the honours of the School Eleven, Bob Grimston and Pousonby,* are watching me with critical eyes, and all my people have come down to see me play. Besides, I am the only fellow out of my house who is thought to have a chance of playing at Lords this year, and nearly all the rest of the house have mustered on the ground in force, and are standing with our tutor in their midst watching me with eager looks. But I am first favourite, thoroughly on my metal, and well backed by youth and strength and hope.

Well, "I Zingari" went in first, and we got them all out for a hundred. I made two catches that were loudly cheered. So far so good; but it was as a bat I was expected to make my mark, and I can tell you my backers held their breath when my turn came. I can't deny I was nervous. I don't think a fellow would be worth much who wasn't, under the circumstances; but I put a bold face on the matter and walked up to the wicket with a firm step. It was the commencement of the over, and I got the ball at once. The first ball was a wide, the second and third I blocked, the next I caught, and cut with all my might to leg for four runs. In an instant the air resounded with cries of "Well hit, Stapleford"; "Bravo! Stapleford." My first success made me firm. I stayed in and carried my bat out for seventy-five.

* The late Hon Robert Grimston and the present Lord Besborough. The latter will, I am sure, forgive an old Harrovian for alluding to him by the old familiar name! Would to Heaven I could still ask the same boon of the former.
R.I.P.

"FIRST CHOICE FOR THE ELEVEN"

As I walked from the wicket I was followed by the triumphant shout of the rest of my house, "*Stapleford, first choice for the Eleven; three cheers for Stapleford!*" Then my tutor came up, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, and in that kindly voice no Harrovian of my time will ever forget, "Truly, dear fellow, I think you will be *first choice for the Eleven*, but anyhow, thank you for what you have done for the honour of the house to day." Next all the great pillars of the Harrow cricket commonwealth shook hands with and congratulated me, but best of all was the smile of pleasure that lit up my father's and mother's eyes as I came up to them. My dear mother was as happy as possible, for she heard on all hands I was the hero of the hour whilst the governor who was a sportsman to the backbone was even better pleased than if I had won the Bishol scholarship.

Two or three weeks passed away, the match against "I Zingari" had become quite an old story, and I had played in two or three more with credit. I was getting almost an old member of the Eleven, and now was about quite easily in my blue and white cap and white flannels, the steel gub no Harrovian was due to diminish. He has been chosen one of the mighty band that shall fight the great battle of the year at Lords.

One morning as I was coming out of school, I met my tutor, who just said, "Stapleford, come to my study as soon as you have done breakfast and walked quickly away. His voice sounded so strange, and his manner was so quiet and unlike him self, that I stood for a moment as if stunned. What could it mean? Something was wrong that was clear but what was it? I steel myself in his good looks I had been behaving particularly well of late, it was impossible he could be angry with me. Alas! the half an hour I had spent to me this time before I was fairly sharp for my years and a moment's reflection convinced me there was something amiss at home.

He told me afterwards that when he got my father's letter that morning, he could hardly get through his work in time. His first impulse was to end for me at once, and rest it over but he bethought him that I should want all my strength that morning, and determined I should eat my breakfast before I heard his news.

However, his benevolent intentions miscarried. It was little enough I ate or drank that morning and long before I could reasonably hope that he had finished his own morning meal I was standing at his study door, pale and trembling, looking as unlike a fellow who was first choice for the Eleven as could well be imagined. I could scarcely pluck up courage to knock, and when I did I never expected in answer, for I felt sure he could not yet have left the dining room. To my surprise, the familiar voice at once called out, "Come in." Bless his kind heart! it had been

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so full of care for me, that he had no more been able to do justice to his breakfast than I had myself.

"Sit down, dear fellow," he began, "I have bad news for you. Your father——"

"Not dead?" I cried—"not dead?"

"No, thank God," he said, "nor even ill. Calm yourself, dear fellow; it is not as bad as that, but it is very serious, all the same. Your father has met with a severe money loss!"

"As long as he is all right, sir," I exclaimed with eagerness, "it is little enough I care for the money."

"I knew it, Stapleford, I felt sure of it," he replied. And then, drawing his chair close to mine, he took both my hands in his, and in tones of intense sympathy, little by little, he gradually made it clear to me that my father had lost well nigh all he possessed and had to begin life again at fifty-five, and that as a first result of his misfortunes I must then and there leave the school.

And so my dream was over, the edifice of my popularity had crumbled into the dust, the day of the great battle of Lords would come, and I should not be in it after all! Heaven forgive me! Forgetting father, mother, home, and everything else—even my budding manhood—for the moment, I only remembered that I was no longer in the Eleven, and fairly backing down I buried my face in my hands and sobbed. Shall I ever forget all my tutor's kindness, or the words of sympathy and encouragement with which he soothed and strengthened me on this and another occasion of which I am going to tell you directly, and which I verily believe was the turning point of my whole life?

Two hours later I was gone without saying good bye to anyone. My tutor tried hard to persuade me to shake hands all round before I went, but I had not the heart to do it. So he allowed me to go off in a close fly while the fellows were all in school, stipulating, however, that I should come down again at least once before the term was over. "For," said he, "you have done nothing to be ashamed of, dear fellow, and why on earth should I allow you to sneak off like a thief in the night!"

Well, the weeks passed slowly and sadly by until the day of the Harrow and Eton Match was close at hand. My father's affairs were still in confusion, and all we knew for certain was that we were very poor.

Much as it grieved me to disappoint my kind old tutor, I had not been able to make up my mind to go down to Harrow and face the school, and a day or so before the match he wrote me saying he would never forgive me unless I turned up at Lords, and that he should send Judson—my particular chum at school—to drag me to the ground by force, if necessary.

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The morning came at last, and with it Judson, who, *volens volens*, took possession of me and carried me off with him. We started walking across the Regent's Park, but as we neared St. John's Wood I fairly turned tail.

"It is no use, Judson," I exclaimed, "I cannot face it."

He tried all he knew to move me, and argued the point with great earnestness, and, considering how anxious he was to get to Lords—with a patience that was positively marvellous. But I was not to be persuaded. At last a compromise was arrived at!

We agreed that Judson should go on to Lords and leave me alone, on my giving him my *solemn word of honour*—a pledge the average public school-boy of *my* time would have rather died than break—to remain about on Primrose Hill till he came back. Then I promised to reconsider the whole question, and, if possible, screw up my courage to the sticking point and return to Lords with him.

So we parted. He to go on to Lords, and I to toil slowly up the Hill. When I got to about the point where we now are I sat down on a bench, and from the age and appearance of this one, I should not be surprised if it was the very same.

And so the day had come at last! The day I had looked forward to with so much hope and pride. And the contest was at that moment going on, and here was I, out in the cold, debarred by fate's stern decree from any part in the fight. I turned my eyes towards Hampstead, and gazed earnestly at the lovely landscape before me. From quite a small child, I had been singularly susceptible to the beauties of nature, and I hoped the scene would have a soothing effect on me. But it was no good. The past would come dancing before my eyes, to the exclusion of the landscape and everything else. I saw the cricket ground at Harrow the day of the match against "I Zingari." I saw Bob Grimston's familiar broad-brimmed hat, and heard his voice, as he shook hands with me and said, "*That was a capital innings of yours. You are all right for the Eleven.*" Once more I heard the shouts of the fellows, "*Stapleford, first choice for the Eleven.*" And so on to the bitter hour, when I was suddenly called away. And then once more I broke down, and, wandering a few yards away where there was nobody about, threw myself on the grass and sobbed, much as I did that morning in my tutor's study.

Suddenly I was aroused by a kindly voice saying, "Why, Stapleford, dear fellow, how is this?"

It was my tutor himself, who had heard of my whereabouts from Judson, and had come to seek me out.

"Come," said he, sitting down on the grass beside me; "let us talk things over."

I am afraid I should bore you, if I told you all the kind, earnest words

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of hope and encouragement he poured into my ears, as we sat there on the grass that day. At any rate, I have never doubted that that hour I spent with him made a man of me; for he convinced me that a fellow with youth, health, strength, average abilities, and good principles to guide him ought to be able to ensure success, and that no man is more truly great than he who is the architect of his own fortune.

But there was one argument he used that had, perhaps, more effect on my future conduct than all the others put together; though possibly, it might not commend itself to some of our modern schoolmasters, who think their first duty is to be mere grinding machines, and that the only object worthy of a schoolboy's ambition is to pass successfully a competitive examination.

"Remember always," said he, "that your school career has never been sullied by any dirty or di-honourable action, and that you were first choice for the Eleven. What prouder memory could you have than that? Old Harrovians are to be found all over the world, and whenever your name turns up all the fellows anywhere near your standing will say, '*Stapleford*? Why, that is the fellow who was first choice for the Eleven.' Remember that fact all through your life, keep it prominently before you and live up to it. For a fellow, who was first choice for the Eleven in a school like ours, ought to be able to overcome any difficulty. *Sed et alibi*, so whenever you feel downhearted and inclined to give in, say to yourself, 'I was first choice for the Eleven.' And now, dear fellow, come back with me and see the match."

And he carried me back to Lords in a hansom. The match was played in the holidays at that time, and was by no means the fashionable gathering it is nowadays. You could not then hide your light under a bushel and lose your identity in the crowd, for the company was confined to the boys, their families and friends, the members of the M.C.C., and just such a sprinkling of outsiders as took an interest in the match for cricket's sake, and were to be seen at every cricket match. So we had hardly got well inside the ground before a fourth-form boy, caught sight of me, and piped out in his shrill treble, "*Hurrah! here's old Stapleford, first choice for the Eleven!*" and one by one the fellows took up the cry, so that my walk on my tutor's arm to the pavilion was a triumphal progress; and what with shaking hands all round, and receiving friendly greetings and good wishes for the future from all quarters, I forgot my troubles, and never spent a happier afternoon in my life. And I am glad to be able to add that Harrow won that year.

But my tutor's kindness did not end here. Busy as he was, he managed to keep an eye on me; and when it was decided I should try my fortune in Australia, he made interest with a leading shipowner who had had a son in his house, and succeeded in getting me what he called a

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first-class free passage, though I have sometimes had a suspicion that he paid for it out of his own pocket. And when I sailed away he obtained permission to go in the vessel as far as the pilot went, and his last words, as he went off in the pilot boat at Dungeness, were, "Remember : first choice for the Eleven."

I never thought I could shed bitterer tears than I did that day on Primrose Hill ; but I think I did the day, where, in my far-off station in Australia, I read in the English papers of my tutor's death.

Dear, kind, good old tutor ! Is there one among the thousands of boys that have passed through your hands that has retained other than an affectionate remembrance of you ? I believe not !

At any rate I once met a most unfavourable specimen of humanity, who showed he had a soft spot left in his heart at the mention of your name !

I was travelling on horseback in the bush when I was joined by a stranger, whose appearance was so little prepossessing, that I felt instinctively to see if my revolver was all right. He was going my way, so we rode on together and fell into conversation. After talking to him for a bit, it struck me he was a broken-down gentleman, broken down through his own fault very likely, but with the instincts of a gentleman still, and something about him made me fancy he was an honest man. By noon we had become quite friendly, so we dismounted and sat down side by side under the trees to rest. After a while he began to talk about himself. He had tried his hand at all sorts of things and knocked about in every part of Australia, but, wherever he went, recklessness and ruin had ruined him. He had done most things he ought not, he said, and the only thing he could say for himself was that he did not think he had ever as yet done anything dishonourable, and that he thought was only because he had been brought up at an English public school. And it came out that he was an old Hartovian, who had been in the same house as myself a year or two earlier. • I asked him if he had heard of our tutor's death ? • And then the weather-beaten soldier of fortune, who only a few minutes before had told me he had grown so callous to everything, that he was past all capability of feeling, burst into tears and cried like a child.

"Boss," said he, "you will hardly believe me after all I have told you, but many is the time I have prayed Heaven that I might get back to the old country in time to shake that man by the hand, and ask him to forgive me for all the trouble I caused him as a boy !"

I am glad to say our acquaintance did not end here. For the sake of the old school I gave him a chance and he is now doing well.

And now I am back again, a wealthy man, settled once more in the old country. My eldest boy Jack has gone through the school and done well, though he never was much of a cricketer, and to-day Harold is

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playing in the eleven against Eton, though he wasn't *first choice*, by the way. And here am I, his soft hearted old donkey of a father, sitting on the top of Primrose Hill, too nervous to watch his innings—waiting for news and mooning about old times.

* * * * *

As Mr Stapleford uttered the last words his son Jack came tearing up the Hill.

"It's all right governor," he shouted, "Husbolds made 65, and is well in."

"Come on, Sheldrake," cried Mr Stapleford. "Bother business. Let us hurry up and get to Lords before the boy is out."

So he and I, with Jack riding between us, drove to Lords in a hansom. And I am happy to be able to add that we got there in time to see the end of Husbold's innings, and that Husrow won that year also.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

HOW TO SIT WITHOUT CHAIR

This can be contrived by a number of persons arranging themselves as you see them in the illustration, the first in the ring sitting on the knees

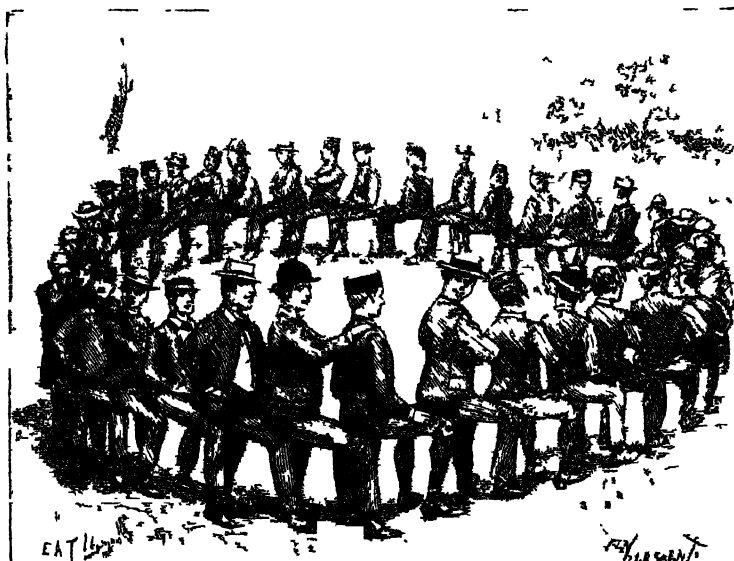


FIG. 1—SITTING WITHOUT CHAIRS

of the first. While the circle is being formed it would be advisable for the first to be seated on a chair, which can be shipped away when the ring

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is completed. This plan was adopted by French soldiers in Algeria, when they found themselves in any place where the soil was marshy, and it would have been unwise for them to sit down on the ground.

TO MAKE A NEEDLE FLOAT.

Take an ordinary needle and put it upon a fork, and slowly lower the fork into a tumbler of water ; the needle will then float just like a piece of straw. The reason of this is that a *meniscus*, or bed, convex on one



Fig. 9 —The Floating Needle

side and concave on the other, is formed up in the surface of the water, and the surface of this *meniscus* being large in comparison with that of the needle, the latter is supported by it, so that scarcely any part of the needle is touching the water, of course, if the water penetrated the needle's eye the weight of the fluid would cause the thing to sink immediately. Another method is to put a leaf of cigarette or tissue paper on the surface of a tumbler of water, lay a needle very gently upon the paper, which will soon become soaked and sink to the bottom of the glass, leaving the needle floating on the top of the water.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE BEHIND A BOTTLE.

Put a lighted candle on the table, and in front of it, about 10 inches removed, a bottle like the one in the engraving. Then blow on the bottle at a distance of 8 or 9 inches, and the light will be extinguished just as though there was nothing between it and your breath. The breath divides into two currents on the smooth surface of the bottle, one going right, the other left, which join each other just at the flame of the candle.

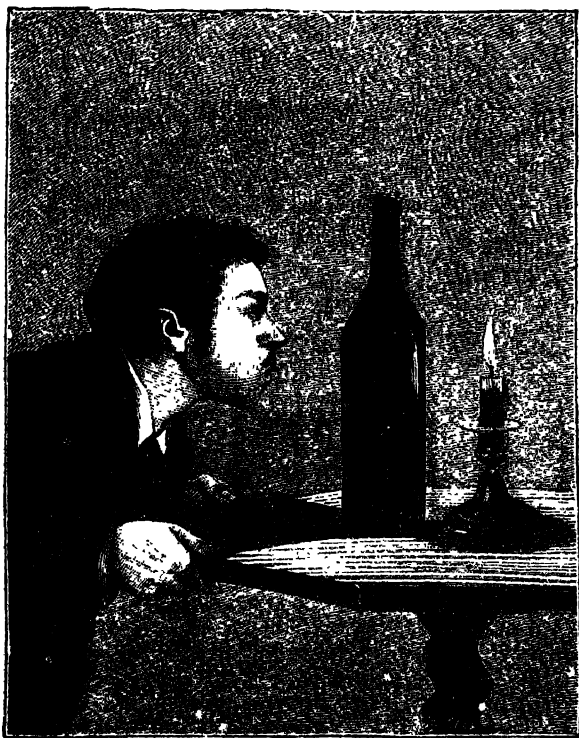


FIG. 3.—Extinguishing a Candle Placed Behind a Bottle.

HOW TO MAKE A SIPHON WITH A COMMON BOILED LOBSTER.

Take a glass filled with water, and attach a lobster to it, plunge the tail as far as possible into the liquid, letting the body and head hang over the side of the glass ; it is necessary also to cut the antennæ, so that they shall not touch the vessel on which the glass of water stands. The moment that the lobster is hooked on to the edge of the glass, small globules of water will be seen to form at the end of the antennæ, which eventually form themselves into a small stream, which lasts as long as the tail of the lobster remains immersed in the water.

PUZZLE PAGES.

HISTORICAL ENIGMAS.

12.

A VERY celebrated naval commander, whose abilities were great, and whose name still lives in the grateful recollections of his countrymen. He it was who, on the eve of an engagement with the enemy, uttered these expressive words: "England expects every man to do his duty."

The name of this most noted man

Six letters does contain.

Six names I give you: find them all:

The finals prove the name.

1. A Roman emperor, remarkable for his accomplishments of mind and body. One day meeting a person who had formerly been his bitter enemy, he thus addressed him: "My good friend, you have escaped, for I am made emperor."

2. A king of England, the first of his line and the first of his name. His abilities, though not shining, were solid; and he was heard to say, soon after his accession, "My maxims are, never to abandon my friends, to do justice to all the world, and to fear no man."

3. An extraordinary man, who, when very young, was obliged by his father to take an oath that he would be at eternal enmity with a great and powerful people, and never cease from

opposing their power until he or they should be no more.

4. A Roman emperor, who, one night, recollecting that he had done nothing beneficial to mankind during the day, cried out, "I have lost a day!"

5. A celebrated man who was the inveterate enemy of Carthage; for, on whatever subject he debated in the senate-house, he never failed to conclude with these words: "I am also of opinion that Carthage should be destroyed."

6. A very celebrated architect. In his greatest architectural work he is buried, and on his tomb, in Latin, is this inscription: "If thou seekest for a monument look around thee."

13.

My first and second are the name of an English monarch, the third of his name, whose character was nothing but a complication of vices. He waded through the blood of his nearest relations to the throne; was cruel, mean, detested, and detestable. His usurped throne was, however, soon snatched from him by a formidable competitor; and this sovereign being killed on the field of battle, his rival was proclaimed king.

My third is the last syllable of an English poet and moralist who lived in Queen Anne's reign.

My whole is the name of a novelist who, in his day, was considered one of the first rank. His talents were not known until late in life, for he was above fifty when he published his first novel. This celebrated man died in the year 1761.

11.

The queen of an English monarch noted as being the handsomest man of his time, but who was bloody and cruel, greatly addicted to pleasure, and whose reign was short and tyrannical. Her mother married, first, a duke, and, after his death, a private gentleman. This queen was daughter of the latter. She was a widow at the time she was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the king, her first husband having been mortally wounded in battle. The first interview between the lovely young widow and the monarch took place in a forest, where, waiting for him as he returned from hunting, she threw herself at his feet, and intreated him to restore her children's inheritance, of which they had unjustly been deprived. She gained her suit, and, with it, the heart of her sovereign, who first married her privately, and afterwards publicly acknowledged her as his wife. This queen survived her royal husband, and lived until the reign of a sovereign who married her eldest daughter; by him she was confined in a convent, where she died. The maiden name of this queen contains 16 letters.

The 2, 15, 17, 16, 7, make a French town.

The 9, 5, 16, 17, 7, a German town.

The 5, 6, 11, a Russian town.

The 13, 1, 17, 9, 3, an Indian town.

The 14, 5, 16, 2, 5, 12, 11, 17, 3, 13, a Spanish town.

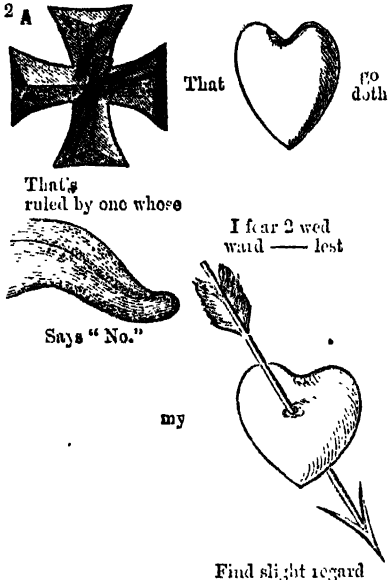
PUZZLE PAGES.

15.—ANAGRAMMATIC SQUARE.

My first is a characteristic of Satan; take off my head, and place it last, and I am wicked; take off my head again, and place it last, and I name a tributary of the river Don, in Russia; again take off my head and place it last, and I am a man's Christian name. Place each of these separately under each other, and I form a square containing 16 letters, which may be read downwards or across with the same result.

16.—READING PUZZLE.

A PRETTY CONCERT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



17.—CHARADE.

I'm not in heaven, but earth me owns;
I love not our queen, yet am found in their
thrones;
I thirst not for gold, yet the ruby shall shine
Resplendent for ever with poor aid like mine.
Eternity through me no end shall behold,
But ages, though countless, remain as untold.

18.—JENIGMA.

Come, Sophocles, be seated on your throne,
And you will then my nearer influence own.
From times primeval, e'en in Adam's days,
My force attracted Sol's most potent rays:
Were 't not for me, the dew, the snow, the hail,
Could not descend within the mundane pale
Of things terrestrial. This power of mine
Permits the lead to sink a sounding line;
By me the sea's repeto with dead men's bones,
And many jewels lost the ocean owns.

God hung the stars in the firmament on high,
But I now hold them glittering in the sky.
The sun, the moon, celestial powers combined,
Shine by my power. The wandering comets
kind

By my near influence in their orbits keep;
And suns descending bid the worlds to sleep.
Aérolites and shooting stars, too, own
My power to bring them to this orb alone.
I wield the instrument of death in France,
I help the graceful maiden polkas dance.
The body sinks by me within the tomb,
But noble souls in Paradise shall bloom;
These souls alone resist my powerful sway,
And soar aloft to realms of endless day.

19.—MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

1. How many marbles worth a shilling for 150 should be given in exchange for 7 cricket-balls which are worth 4*l.* 6*s.* per dozen?
2. A gentleman wishes to inclose a circular playing-field of just one acre for his boys. What should be the length of the cord, one end of which is fixed, with which to describe the circle?
3. During the holidays a donkey is tethered to a stake in the centre of the field by a rope 19½ yards long; how much of the playground will he be able to graze over?
4. The ages of two brothers are, together, 17 years; and their difference, multiplied by the greater, is one more than their sum multiplied by three times the less. What are their ages?
5. The diagonal of a rectangular playground is 50 yards, and one of the sides is 10 yards longer than the adjoining one. Find the size of the playground.
6. At a juvenile party there were twice as many ladies as gentlemen; but after five of the latter had left, together with their sisters (one apiece), there were three times as many ladies as gentlemen. How many were there of each at first?
7. A bullet is discharged from a small cannon with an initial velocity of 100 feet per second, at an elevation of 45 deg. Find the distance to which, on the parabolic theory, it will proceed, the time of flight, and greatest height attained.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c. (Pages 91 and 92.)

1. A drowning man will catch at a straw.
To be read—A drowning M—AN will catch A—T a straw.
2. Co-nun-drum—Conundrum.
3. Cord-doe-van—Cordovan.
4. Drum-head—Drumhead.
5. Grave-yard—Graveyard.

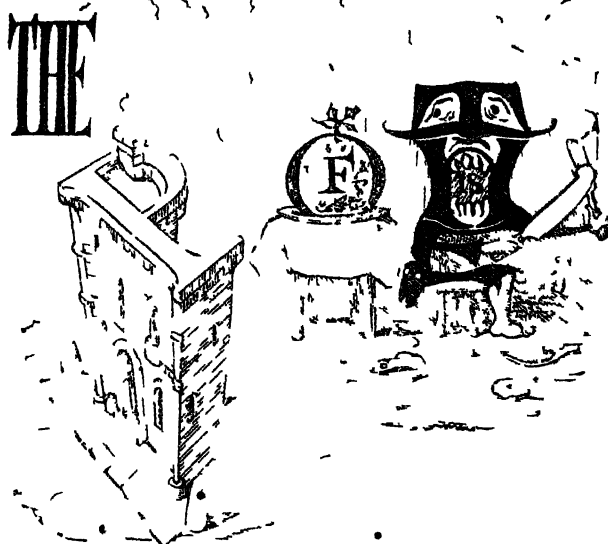
20—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



My first all Timothy loves to tip
And puts it in the little drain the sap
The next and the sum ends the game
And the mark in hits with steady aim
My first and second all children love
With the staff below and the above

I figure in many a dainty dub,
From gaiter or bullet, with meat or fish
My third is devoted to "sober sides,"
And drank with delight in my flowing tide
My whole on the meadows or shaven lawn,
Like golden showers, their face adorn

21—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB



22—PICTORIAL CHARADE



My first is what the stone is
I hear the great stone is
Do you know it, I am to get it,
I used with care to end a pair
My second find with apples by
When the luscious pie is made,

When the sun is shining
I stand a star in the field
My third it wing like arms appearing,
Casting a shadow upon the ground
Until all my throats are wing,
Name an English country town

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER,
SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE
AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "A NIGHT IN A WORKHOUSE," ETC.



Our second night on the raft.

CHAPTER III.

I pass as a ghost—Am cruelly maltreated by Captain Jubal—Ill of brain fever, I am nursed by the crew of the Margaret—The Margaret overcome by a tempest—Our crazy captain—His wanton cruelty and miserable end—Three days and two nights on a raft—Our sufferings and ultimate rescue.

AS I have before observed, the aspect of the captain of the Margaret, when, in custody of the men who had discovered me, I encountered him on the deck, was terrible in the extreme. I had thought, to be sure, that my uncle Sampson was the most ill-looking man alive; but I was in that, as, alas! in many another of my childish conclusions, much mistaken. I have alluded to uncle Sampson as uncouth and bearish, and I will not retract the assertion, even though I apply no stronger term than bearish to the appearance of Captain Jubal. But there was this difference between the animals: one was the shaggy Indian bear, sly, cowardly, and more inclined to assault the honey-stores of little bees than to face and fight men; and the other was the great grisly bear of the Rocky Mountains, prodigiously strong, and loud-mouthed, and tyrannical. I had thought of the captain of a ship as a polite gentleman, neatly dressed, mild of speech, and never blustering, except when the wind blew hard. This, certainly, was the sort of captain one met in books—nay, I am quite sure that the specimen or two I chanced to see about the docks, or in conversation with intending passengers, were amiable and gentlemanly persons. Very different was Captain Jubal; he was a coarse grampus of

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a fellow, heavily rigged in the roughest of pilot cloth, and with his legs cased in tremendous sea-boots; he was far hairier than my uncle Sampson, and his face had grown red, and his voice deep and hoarse, through long contention with unruly winds; doubtless it was from the same cause, too, that his eyes had become so gogged, with their whites all webbed with red veins.

"What the Beelzebub does this mean?" asked Captain Jubal of the mate. "How long has that scarecrow been aboard, Mr. Jones?"

"No longer nor less than since we sailed from Deptford, captain," replied the mate. "We found him stowed away in the hold, squealing like a starved cat."

"Why, you don't mean to say that *this* is the ghost that has been haunting the ship these two nights?" asked Captain Jubal, glaring at me maliciously, and at the same time advancing and grasping the hair on the left side of my head, including my ear, with his iron fingers. "You don't mean to tell me that this rascal is the cause of the precious funk you fellows have been sweating under?"

"Seems so, captain."

"So you are Joe Manks's spirit, are you?" continued Captain Jubal, giving my ear a wrench fit to screw it off. "It's you I've got to thank for setting the old women who call themselves sailors, and who man my ship, quaking, and grumbling, and whispering about what they thought proper to call the ghost of almost as ugly a lubber as yourself who died last voyage? What the Beelzebub do you mean by it, sir?"

My long fasting, and dark loneliness and fright, had, as the reader will doubtless believe, mazed me to the extreme of my wits, and it needed not half the captain's brutality to put me clean past them. His ear-pulling I could have borne; indeed, if I valued my life at all at that moment, I had cause to be grateful to him, as the exquisite pain he inflicted on me certainly saved me from fainting and falling down; but when he began to address me as the spirit of a person whose name even I had never before heard, and to accuse me of haunting his ship, I began to doubt if there was truth in my discovery, and if this was not another added to the thousand myths that had visited me during my horrid bondage among the barrels and jagged crates below.

It was all, however, just as I have related, real enough; and, not to mystify the reader, I will here give him a bit of information that did not reach me for some days after, and which will fully explain what the captain meant by calling me Joe Manks's ghost, and why he showed such extraordinary ferocity towards such an ordinary being as a stow-away. Joe Manks had been a prentice aboard the *Margaret*, and because that Captain Jubal often kicked him, and knocked him about the head, there was little love between them, and less still as the boy grew to be tall and strong, and to feel that it was a cowardly thing, to allow any man, even his own captain, to kick him. It was during the *Margaret's* last homeward voyage (sugar-laden from Barbadoes) that the most serious disagreement had occurred between them. The captain, it seems, had fallen asleep one evening over the brandy-bottle, leaving it, as he imagined, about a quarter full, and when he awoke the bottle was empty, no one, meantime, having had access to his cabin but Joe Manks. Captain, with little ado, called Joe a thief and sent him a full, swinging kick of his heavy boot, on which Joe, smarting with rage and pain, caught up the empty bottle, and, shying it at Captain Jubal, missed his head by a very close shave. Joe came in for a furious thrashing on the spot, after which the

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captain ordered him to be tied up, and then he took a rope and laid into him again, and sentenced him to bread and water, and to sleep on deck for a fortnight. Now, whether it was the kicks, or the exposure to the rain and cold, or one as well as the other, none of the crew could positively say, but poor Joe Manks very shortly died, was stitched in his hammock, and hove overboard; his death being entered in the log as having been caused by "cold and fever." It is a great chance if poor Joe Manks would ever have been thought of afterwards (for you must know that, forty years ago, the British sailor, if he had the bull-dog's pluck, had also very many of that animal's worst qualities), but for the strange noises I was continually making while in the hold reaching their ears, and leading them to imagine that they proceeded from the unquiet ghost of the apprentice. I was likewise given to understand that, for all his bluster and insinuations that it was the crew who had been frightened, and not he, Captain Jubal's nerves had undergone such a twisting as he could not disguise, and, doubtless, on this account it was that he was so full of spite against me, the innocent cause of it.

"D'ye hear?" repeated he, seconding his question by a cruel blow on the ear he was not holding; "what do you mean by feloniously boarding my ship?"

But I was too bewildered to answer him a word.

"Seems to me, captain, the k't's more than half-dead," suggested the mate compassionately.

"Give him a souse overboard, then," said Captain Jubal; "p'raps it will revive him."

It needed but half a glance to perceive that the captain was in earnest, and there was no help but to carry out his orders. A stout line with a running noose was cast over my head and under my arms, and I was led aft and dropped over the side, sinking to the full length of the line, and then hauled up again—once, twice, thrice—Captain Jubal standing by to see it done. The little life previously in me seemed now quite drowned out, and at the final hauling I lay on the deck as limp, and as cold, and as dumb as any fish. Seeing it was so, the captain walked away, leaving me to the sailors.

When I came to life again, I was lying on an old sail in an out-of-the-way nook in the forecabin, with an old blanket wrapped round me. I felt no sort of pain of body, nor anxiety as to my condition; indeed, for so long as seemed a full half-hour, my reflections did not wander a foot from my bed. I only knew that I was lying down, and that it was nite, to lie down. Somehow, I seemed to be awake, while my brain was still asleep. Gradually, however, my brain woke too, with, at first, a feeble pulse, that directed me to look about me; and as I obeyed, and looked to the right and to the left, and saw the strange place I was in, with the hammocks, and a group of strange men sitting and lolling at the farther end of the dimly-lighted chamber, my temples began to throb harder and harder, and all that I had undergone, from the time of my hiding aboard the *Margaret*, till I was first soused in the sea, passed before me with swift and terrible vividness. It was plain where I was, but what was to become of me? I thought I would get up, and go and ask the men at the other end; and I accomplished the job well enough as far as getting on my knees, but, immediately after, my head became a humming-top, and I turned over on to the floor.

The noise of my fall roused the sailors. One of them, who had a bald head and thin, grey whiskers, came over to where I was lying, and, without a word, placed

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me back on the sail-cloth bed and covered me with the blanket, and was for walking off again, when I called after him—

“Will you let me get up, if you please?”

“Eh? why, you don’t mean to say you’ve come back to your senses?” said he, turning square round and bending with his hands on his knees to get a closer view of me. “Why, dash my eyes! he means to weather it after all, I do believe! D’ye hear, my hearties? here’s Joe’s Ghost alive and kicking, and talking as sensible as a ship’s parson.”

So the men gathered round—to the number of six or eight—and then I learnt that I had lain just where I now was for five days and nights, with no other than mad life in me, and that they had taken it spell and spell in my worst times to sit by me, feeding me with ship-biscuit sopped in weak grog, and bleeding me on one occasion with a jack-knife. Captain Jubal, as I understood, had not inquired after me for two days after he had ordered my dipping, and when he did inquire it was to know “if that young devil’s imp had not kicked the bucket yet;” but when he was gravely informed by the mate that my bucket of life, although not quite overturned, was fairly atilt, and might be expected to capsize within the hour, he suddenly altered his tone, and turned grumbling to his cabin, whence he presently emerged with a bottle of wine, which he handed to Mr. Jones.

“Let ’em give the rascal that,” said he, “and tell ’em, if I come to know of his dying, they won’t hear the last of it in a hurry.”

The men dutifully received the wine with the message; but, sagaciously detecting the captain’s design to poison me by “mixing my physick,” broached the sherry and drank it to the frustration of wickedness, and continued to doctor me with weak grog. By this it was clear that the crew regarded his expressed solicitude for my restoration as a mere subterfuge to hide his real intent; but when I came to hear Joe Manks’s story, and to set it against my own, it seemed pretty clear that the captain would rather I had live than die, for the sake of the pleasant government of his ship, if not for his conscience’s sake. I explained these my views to Bill Rickett, the bald-headed sailor before mentioned, and who, although our acquaintance was of brief duration, and ended with terrible abruptness, always treated me with great kindness, and, I have no doubt, was the means of saving my life when I lay in the fore-castle, though he could never be brought to own to it. When, I say, I expressed my views to Bill as to Captain Jubal’s intentions towards me, he shook his head, and said he—

• “Well, my lad, wait til you get round a bit, and are took to the cap’n for further orders, and then we shall see how pleased he’ll be to see you chip and hearty.”

To which I replied —

“I don’t believe he will be glad to see me, Mr.—beg your pardon—Bill Ricketts. I only mean to say he took it as a favour of me not to die; he’d as lief I had died, no doubt—liefer, perhaps, if it wasn’t for my *being* dead. You understand me, Bil?”

“Can’t say as I do,” replied he.

But, although just danger of death from fever, I was a very long way from being well. I was woefully thin, and so slaky that it was full a week after my senses returned to me that I was enabled to creep as far as the mess-table and there sit down. Then, again, I could not at first take kindly to the ship’s food, in spite

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of the frequent sips of rum, which my kind, blundering nurses insisted was appetising and good for my complaint. I think it was at this time that I thought more of my mother than at any other. I was qualmish, and dainty, and—well, I know of no word that will more aptly express my condition—"mother-sick." I wouldn't have let it out in the fore-castle for the world; the fellows would have laughed at me; and, no doubt, to see a great, long-legged chap like me (I had grown at a tremendous rate lately) piping his eye for his mother would have been a thing to have laughed at. But it was quite true, nevertheless. My pain and long-suffering seemed to have stripped my heart of the husk that, springing from waywardness and obstinacy, and what I took for pluck and found foolhardiness, had been thickening round it for years, leaving it all tender and bare to ache at every remorseful reflection, and grievously flutter at every unkind breath. "Ah!" used I to think, "if I were but once more at home at that happy little house, and might lay my head on my soft white bed, with her to nurse me and make me well, that would indeed be happiness." Without doubt I was thoroughly mother-sick. I used, when I lay down at night, to bid my father and mother, and my sisters and brothers, good night, repeating, "Good night, mother; good night, father; good night, sister Polly; good night, Lizzie," over and over again, till I carried one or the other of them sheer into the land of dreams, such being my intent at starting, with all the prayers I had ever been taught to say, that my most earnest desire might be gratified. Strangely enough, however, although in my dreams I frequently got home, it was never as the altered lad I had become, but as the lad of old—the obstinate and wrong-headed one; and I joined the family circle again but to put it out of joint—to quarrel with my sisters, to be cuffed by my father, and to provoke my mother to the utterance of that wish, the constant repetition of which had made it so familiar, "Drat the boy! I wish he was a thousand miles away;" so that, after all, my dreams of home brought me but little consolation.

It will be recollected that I have spoken of the crew of the *Margaret* as kind-hearted fellows who treated me with great good-nature, and never seemed to grudge the trouble I put them to. This is quite true, with one exception, and concerning this same exception there is something to be told that will, no doubt, appear to the reader just as wonderful as it did to me. When I had come out of my brain fever, and began to get about a bit and mix with the men, I was not long in discovering among them one who, had his example been followed by the rest, would have insured me treatment too scurvy to be borne. His ill looks I always had, and his ill word whenever a chance appeared, which was just as often as mess-time came round; for, as the reader may guess, no special ration was allowed me, and what I ate and drank came from the allowance of the crew. There was plenty and to spare, but that was a view of the question my enemy shut his eyes to. He protested and swore that he would have the meat he worked for to the utmost gram, and that he was not going to be mulcted to fatten such as me; moreover, he would not even sit to eat at the same board, declaring that the motion of my lean jaws, as I chewed my food, turned him sick; though, to judge from his outward appearance, he would never have been taken for a gentleman of delicate stomach, but rather as one whose knowledge of meat began and ended at the galley copper.

But what puzzled me most was, that from the very first I had been impressed with the idea that this was not our first acquaintance. Still it was in vain that I tried to recollect where, and under what circumstances, our previous meeting

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had taken place; nor, unless the said circumstances were very peculiar, was it likely that I should, for his was a commonplace, vulgar face enough, though, perhaps, somewhat distinguished from the herd by the extra ugliness conferred by its massy jaws and deep-set eyes. He was a young man, not more than eighteen, I should say; the youngest of the crew, in fact, which, to my thinking, made it all the more strange that he should be so set against me. At last the mystery was solved, and in this way.

For the men's amusement, I would recount to them the horrors of my imprisonment in the hold, and on one occasion Tom Cox, my persecutor, was present, though, unsociable as usual, he lay sprawling on his back on a bunk, smoking his pipe, and pretending not to be listening at all.

"The worst of it," said I, in the course of my narration, "was the thirst. Ah! that, indeed, was dreadful. I never, in my life, knew what thirst was till then."

"That's another lie," growled Tom Cox.

"And how should you know, 'Tom?' remarked my friend Bill Ricketts. "Granted you should be a good judge of a lie, if long practice may qualify a man; but how d'ye know that what he states is a lie, 'Tom Cox?'"

"I knows all about it," replied Master Cox sullenly. "I've met him afore to-day."

This direct confirmation of my suspicions amazed me not a little, and I looked over to where the young man was reclining, in rather an anxious way.

"Is that true, Joe's Ghost?" (for that was the name they pleased to call me) asked Mr. Ricketts.

"It may be true that he has seen me before," replied I; "but I don't recollect it."

"You don't recollect nothing wot aint comement," sneered Tom Cox. "P'raps you don't recollect ever priggging your father's money to pay for a drink of water? That makes you a thief as well as a liar, young mealy-mouth."

The mean rascal! I knew him now beyond a doubt, and only wondered that I should have been at fault so long. He was the water-boy that Bill Jupp and I had met out Stepney way, on the day made memorable by our interview with the Malay woman. But that he should attempt to vilify me about a business in which the most scandalous actor was himself was more than I could bear, so I up and told the men the true particulars of the whole business, including that portion of it of which he thought me ignorant, and which on the instant changed his aspect of wolfishness to one of sheepishness—the sequel to the story of the penny, where the old black woman met him on the road, and frightened him so that he was glad to disgorge it. This tickled them prodigiously, and brought on Tom Cox such a volley of jeering and forecastic sarcasm as drove him almost mad, and, without doubt, he would have taken summary vengeance on me, only that the chances of more than one better man than himself taking up my cause seemed tolerably certain. As for his abuse and threatening, I was too used to that to mind it a jot.

How it came about that Tom Cox so readily reconciled me after so long a lapse of time I never could comprehend until we became friends (for, unlikely as it seemed at the period of which I have just been speaking, we did become as fast friends as ever adversity brought together), when he told me that it was I who had disclosed the fact, or at least sufficient to give him a clue to it, while I was

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wandering in my mind, and it was his turn to take a spell of watching by my bed.

So passed full a month on board the *Margaret*, during which time I had never once seen Captain Jubal, as it was unlikely I should so long as I was confined to the fore-castle. By this time, however, I was quite recovered, had regained my strength, and could eat my allowance of beef and biscuit as well as the rest of them. From time to time I saw the mate, Mr. Jones, who, I was informed, had kindly exaggerated my illness to the captain, and still reported me weakly when I was well enough to work, in order that I might be well set up by rest and feeding. and as well as possible prepared for any sort of labour or punishment it might please Captain Jubal to sentence me to. At last, on a Sunday evening, my friend the mate came to me, and, after some kind and Christian discourse (for he was a God-serving man, and loved his Bible), informed me that the captain was growing impatient at my long idleness, and advised me to appear before him in the morning and endeavour to make my peace with him by humbly begging his pardon, and promising to work hard and cheerfully at whatever he might set me about.

"Possibly," said Mr. Jones, "he may order you a dozen with a rope's end, just for form's sake, but that, you must admit, is as little as you deserve, and had better take staunchly and without making a fuss, whereby he may take you to be a lad of mettle, and have the less hesitation in placing your name on the ship's books."

This advice I resolved to follow, and turned into my hammock steadily bent on showing the friendly mate that his confidence was not misplaced. But Providence had otherwise decreed. Hitherto we had pursued a steady course, with a fair wind and an easy sea, and no misadventure but mine own; but at sea one may never dare speak of to-morrow—nay, nor of this afternoon—though the sun rise in all its splendour, and the winds are as obedient as though rated on the ship's books and under penalties for rule behaviour. Surely no poor ship had more reason to bewail with astonishment the sea's uncertainty than now had ours. Fair as seemed the night when I retired to rest, I had scarcely got soundly to sleep when I was awakened by the banging of my hammock against the ship's side, and was, at the same moment, aware of a most furious row overhead: scuffling, stamping, bawling, and, over all, a strange shrill shrieking, and a creaking, and flapping, and crashing, blending to make such a hideous uproar that made me afraid to stir. Having had no experience of storms, my foremost thought was that the crew had engaged in a deadly quarrel, and that one half of them were bent on slaughtering the other. My difficulty was as to how they were divided. The captain would, without doubt, be at the head of one lot; but whom had he got on his side? To my knowledge, with the exception of the few who served before the mast, there was not a soul on board who did not hate Captain Jubal just as hard as they knew how. Perhaps the captain was fighting the entire crew single-handed; in which case he would possibly be presently overpowered, and the disturbance would cease.

But the disturbance did not cease, but each moment increased, as did the staggering of the ship; and presently she gave such a lurch as quite upset my determination not to stir, and bundled me neck and crop out on to the floor; and, as I crouched, shivering and holding on by a bunk (for to stand on so slanting floor was impossible), there came down one of the crew in a mighty hurry, and with cheeks as white as a shroud, and, giving me nothing more civil than an oath

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in reply to my question what was the matter, possessed himself of a couple of axes, and scampered off again. Scarcely had he vanished when a great body of water came drenching down into the fore-castle, completely saturating the shirt on my back, as well as my trousers, into one leg of which I had just thrust a limb. This breaking in of the sea at once opened my eyes to the dreadful truth—the Margaret was sinking, and we should all be drowned!

Hastily forcing my legs into my wet trousers, and thrusting my arms into a stockinett or guernsey that happened to be lying handy, I stumbled my way to the deck, where was to be seen such a sight as enchained me with horror. The night was pitchy dark—that is, the heavens were—but the great sea was white as snow, and built up into prodigious heaps, with yawning gulches between—the hills becoming caverns, and the cavern hills, quicker almost than the eye could follow, and with a roar and turmoil as though compelled by the fierce wind, and most unwilling. As to our poor ship, had she been a reasoning thing and now gone crazy, she could not have behaved more strangely. At one time she would shriek, as it were, to the gale to help her, and the gale would, taking her on its wings and bearing her with its own speed through the heaps and holes of the frothy sea, that boiled with angry hunger that she would not sit still and be devoured; then, of a sudden, she would seem to mistrust the gale, and, shrinking from its urging, stand still shudderingly, and this despite the wind's mighty persuasion, its impatient shaking of her cordage as the reins of a horse are shaken, and its lashing of her naked spars with the sails, rent into a thousand whips. When she so stood still, it was the sea's turn to triumph, which it did, and with the maddest noises, rearing high above her deck, as though to take item of the luckless wretches with whom it hoped presently to make such close acquaintance, ever and anon reaching its untiring arms over the poor ship's bulwarks to drag her down.

Meanwhile the crew of the Margaret was exerting itself might and main that such a dire calamity should not befall her. Where, even in calm weather, a cat could scarcely be expected to maintain a footing, were to be seen, looming through the darkness, sailors, barefooted and with their hair all to windward, furling sails or cutting away such as could not be fuled, the wind following the knife and helping it till not more than a foot or so of the heavy canvas remained attached, and then, with an exulting whistle, tearing it away and bearing it high and aloft, as though it were no more burdensome than a scrap of paper. It was so dark as to make it impossible to make out one form from another at half the length of the ship, and so noisy that to my unaccustomed ear it was hard to distinguish any man's voice save one, and that, belonging to Captain Jubal, was constantly engaged, and always to be heard, at every lull of the tempest, issuing orders so thickly studded with oaths that it was a wonder how the men could get at his meaning; and cursing and swearing at the crew, and the ship, and the storm, as though the whole business had been planned for his special annoyance. Once, as he went to consult the compass, I caught sight of his face by the light of the binnacle lamp; and so vividly did it recall my first interview with him (I had not seen him since) that I involuntarily slunk from where I was standing, and, crawling on my hands and knees to a water-cask, crouched behind it, holding on to its lashings as tight as I could. Presently some one, in hurrying past, stumbled over my legs, and came with a smartish whack to the floor of the deck. It was Bill Ricketts.

"What the devil are you doing here?" asked he.

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"No harm, Bill," replied I.

"Maybe," said he; "but why can't you try to be doing a little good? Every penn'orth of help is a Godsend to the ship just now. I reckon you wouldn't be content to lie skulking there if you knew the pretty strait we are in."

"What can I do, Bill?" I asked, impressed more than ever by his manner that something very terrible was impending. "I'll do anything in the world so long as I may keep out of sight of the captain."

"Never fear the captain," replied the old sailor bitterly; "he's too full of brandy to know you from me, or either of us from the stern-post. If it wasn't that we've got a decent sort of mate we should have all been at the bottom an hour ago, though, for that matter, last hour was as good for drowning in as next, for all I can see. Come on."

Not at all cheered by Mr. Ricketts' last ominous observation, I steadied myself by his arm, and in a moment or so we came on a gang of men stripped to their drawers, and labouring like very demons at the pump-handles.

"Bear a hand here," said Bill Ricketts, "and with a will, my lad, for I can tell you, if the pumps fail us, we shall all sup with Davy Jones as sure as we are here alive."

I had not been aboard a ship so short a time but that I knew who was meant by Davy Jones, and with a will I did till my arms ached in their sockets, and till a voice, sudden and terribly near, made my heart leap to my throat—it was that of Captain Jubal.

"How now?" asked he in his coarse, blustering way.

Thinking he had addressed me, I was about to fall on my knees and reply to him after the manner advised by the mate, but was checked by the voice of the last-mentioned worthy himself, who answered the captain—

"Very sadly, sir; the water in the hold gains every moment. At this rate she can't live another hour. Shall we make ready for launching the boats, Captain Jubal?"

"What the —— do you mean, sir?" returned Captain Jubal. "D'ye think I'll allow a set of cowardly whelps to desert my ship—*my* ship, sir, every plank and spar of her—because she happens to have shipped a bucketful of water? D'ye call that pumping, you lazy swabs? I'll show you how to pump."

So saying, he pushed away one of the tired crew, and for the space of about a minute laboured as only could a man of prodigious strength and mad with liquor as well.

"That's how to pump," said he. "Talk of taking to the boats, indeed! Hanged if I wouldn't clear her as dry as a chip, and all by myself, in half-an-hour!"

And, after a few other senseless remarks, interlarded with more foul language than I may repeat, the drunken brute staggered to his cabin. At that very moment, however, and while the mate was evidently deliberating whether he should or should not disregard the captain's orders, the tempest seemed to reach its highest, and a tremendous sea broke over the starboard bow, sweeping from the deck the galley and the water-casks, and everything else it could lift, and, moreover, smashing the greater part of the larboard bulwarks. There was now no longer any hesitation on the part of the crew. Discipline was at an end; every man was his neighbour's equal, and neither richer nor poorer; each had one thing to preserve equally precious to Pompey the cook as to the captain—his life.

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To this end the pumpers left the pumps, and the helmsman the helm, and gathered one and all about the longboat, which lay on the deck. There was another boat besides this, but, as she needed some repairs, the carpenter had taken advantage of the prospect of a long spell of fair weather to begin his job, and was now about half way through with it; so that she could not have swum in smooth water, let alone the troubled sea that surrounded us.

The longboat, then, was our only stay, and while some got together a few provisions, others busied themselves in rigging a rope and pulley to the mainyard, to lift her over the side. There was help in plenty, and in a short time the boat was being hauled up with a will, when Captain Jubal suddenly appeared amongst us.

Evidently he had spent the whole time since his last appearance in sucking at his brandy-bottle, for his gait was very uncertain, and his eyes were nearly as red as his face. He had, it seemed, rushed out of his cabin in a hurry, for his heavy jacket was all loose, showing his bare hairy breast, and he was without the sou'-wester it was his custom to wear on deck.

"What the Beelzebub d'y'e mean by this?" roared he, stamping his foot like a madman; "you infernal mutinous dog, you, this is your work, is it?"

And so saying, he seized the mate, who was a spare man, and not very tall, and, after shaking him by the collar for a few moments as a terrier shakes a rat, flung him away so that he fell of a heap.

"Back to the pumps. I tell you—back to your duty, every man of you!" continued he, glaring about him like a wild beast. "I'll teach you who is your master, you villains!"

The mate had by this time risen from the ground, but was so bewildered by the shaking he had received that we, who looked to him for the cue as to what we should do, looked in vain. It was plain the captain was mad with drink and excitement, and that it would go hard with the first man who opposed him. One man only of the crew was a match for Captain Jubal in bulk and strength, and that was the black cook, Pompey. Like all Africans, Pompey had very little courage, and this it was, although it, at first sight, seems paradoxical, that made him more daring than the rest; for, being so much more chicken-hearted than the Englishmen on board, he was the more alarmed at the prospect of drowning with the crippled ship, and was exceedingly loth to abandon the launch of the boat.

"What!" roared Captain Jubal; "am I to speak twice, you lubberly rascals?"

"Speak um bellyful, and be jiggered, you d'e debil!" said the despair-valiant Pompey; "we wants no cap'n now, nor no drunken man. You go 'way; we gwine to launch de boat."

"Ay, ay," responded the men, "that's our intent, Cap'n Jubal." And, following Pompey's example, they took the hauling ropes in hand, and commenced pulling with a will. As, for fear of the captain, I had stood aside, I was well able to observe one party and the other, and I hope never again to see anything so dreadful as the expression of the captain's face when, finding himself so deliberately defied, he ground his teeth like a maniac, and, casting his bloodshot eyes about, spied an axe, which he caught up in a twinkling.

"That's your intent, is it?" said he, with a string of foul oaths; "then I'll show you mine. See! see! see!"

The boat, by this time, was suspended in the air at a convenient height, and with its bottom towards us. As Captain Jubal began to speak, he swung the axe

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round his head, and, as he hissed "See! see! see!" from behind his set teeth, at every word he dealt a smashing blow at the boat, making a ragged hole through which one might have put his head.

"Now," said he, flinging down the axe, "now launch her, and be —— to you all!"

For an instant every man was held dumb with rueful amazement. The tempest was still raging, and from time to time great waves swept the deck, so that, had the mate not had the foresight to secure the hatches, she certainly must have filled and sunk. Even as it was, we all knew that the sea continued to climb in the hold, and would, within a few minutes, weigh us down for a surety. Therefore did this act of Captain Jubal's seem the more diabolical, since by it we seemed committed to death as certainly as though the axe had knocked holes in our heads instead of the boat. Little, however, did the poor drunken wretch dream of the swift and awful penalty he was to pay for his cruel act; nor, indeed, did I, or I should have taken care to have hidden my eyes.

Pompey was our avenger. With the shattering of the boat fled his last hope of escape from death, and there was roused within him his proper savage spirit. The deadliest passion bared his double row of white teeth, and, before five seconds had passed, he had caught up the axe the captain had flung down, and, springing forward, cried—

"Well, now me launch you—launch you to 'ternal fire! See! see!"

And at each "See!" the axe clove Captain Jubal's head, and down he fell, without a word or a groan even.

This was a critical moment with all of us, for the gigantic African, though struck with instant fright at the awful thing he had done, was none the less a desperate, furious savage, and still grasped the red axe in his great fist. I, for one, fully believe, if any one of the crew had resented the captain's murder either by word or deed, the axe would have been redder yet, and a few of us put past drowning. But, luckily, and in the very nick of time, Tom Cox spoke up—

"Well done, Pomp: serve him right: he deserved it."

"So he did, so he did," echoed the crew. "What say you, Mr. Jones?"

"Pompey had better finish his awful work," replied the mate, who had knelt down and examined the captain. "The Lord forgive him and us; he's dead enough. We can do nothing with him lying here."

Pompey instantly took the hint, and, brought to his sober senses by the forbearance of his shipmates, flung the axe over the side, and, taking up the captain's body in his strong arms, tumbled it over too; and a charitable wave at the same moment breaking over the deck, we were rid of Captain Jubal to the last streak of his blood; his death and burial both occurring within the space of two minutes.

We now turned again to the boat, but found her even more shattered than was suspected, so that, without considerable repair, she could no more swim than a sieve. Of course there was no time to mend her; and now the mate and one or two others, after hastily inspecting the ship, pronounced that, at the very outside, half-an-hour was the extent of time she could live.

"There is one thing we might attempt," suggested the mate, "and that is, to make a raft."

The suggestion was at once admired and eagerly adopted. Planks were wrenched up with such other of the ship's timbers as could be detached by saw or crow,

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together with her heaviest spars, and lashed with cable and bolted as strongly as our scanty material and time would permit. The African did us good service by his extreme willingness and his great muscular strength, and when the raft was lunched was the first to leap down on to it and assist in the lowering of some biscuits in a barrel, and about three gallons of water, which was tilted from a barrel into an empty brandy-anker found in the captain's cabin, as well as another anker with about a quart of brandy remaining in it. It was not our intention to put off with so little water, for there was plenty on board; but as, besides the empty anker, there were two empty kegs, the mate thought it would be prudent to take these three small vessels rather than one large one, the better to secure against accident; and, had his notion been fully carried out, no doubt it would have worked well enough; but, as ill-luck would have it, although all three of the tubs were duly filled, only one was put on our raft, the other two in the hurry and scramble being overlooked. Besides the water and biscuit, the mate secured the compass, and somebody made a bundle of a tattered sail and pitched it over, and somebody else took a fancy to filling an iron pot with biscuit and lowering it down with a line through its handle. In hopes of being able by-and-by to enlarge our raft, some loose wood and a chest were likewise added, and that, I think, was about all. And just as the grey glimmer of morning broke through the leaden sky, the last man leaped from the miserable ship on to the crazy little platform that was secured at her stern, and then we cast off and left her alone to her fate, though not without many yearning glances: for, though so glad to get away from her, yet when seen at a distance, and compared with the gimcrack thing to which we had preferred to trust our lives, she, despite her great ailing, still looked so staunch and homely that it seemed we had perpetrated a foolish act in abandoning her. I know that from the first this was my impression, and my first few minutes' experience of raft life tended very much to confirm it. But presently I had weighty reason to alter my mind. We were about a mile apart from her, and, riding on a wave, we looked, and there she was, seeming as sound a ship as ever floated; down we went in the trough, and then once more up again, and there she was not, for the sea had swallowed her.

As the morning advanced the sea grew calmer, though still our weight bore so heavily on our frail raft that she was as often beneath as on the surface of the water, drenching us as we sat or crouched, and so benumbing our limbs that they could scarcely be felt. Worse than all, we presently discovered that the barrel that contained most of our bread was not water-tight, and that if we allowed it to remain it would speedily be utterly spoilt. As it was, before the discovery was made a good three dozen of the biscuits were completely saturated, which was no trifling matter when, including those in the iron pot, they numbered only two hundred and sixty, and there were fifteen of us to partake of them; so it was resolved at once to make a division of the dry biscuits in the barrel, each man taking his share and wrapping it in a shred of sail-cloth, its economy being left to his own discretion. As to the spoilt biscuits it was agreed that they were unfit for food, and might be thrown away; but the mate, with commendable prudence, forbade this, sensibly observing that we might live to repent so rash an act; so the wet biscuits were spread on the head of the barrel, and covered over, to give them some chance of drying.

So passed the long and dreary day, our raft taking its own course through the wilderness of water, and no sign of succour appearing. Then the night fell, and,

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though our little raft held well together, and the sea was now quite calm, it was impossible to keep more than the upper portion of our garments dry, so that we were all shivering with cold. The quart of brandy the mate took possession of, and, having no more convenient measure, broke off the outer case of his silver watch (which was stopped, and of no use to note the time), which held about a table-spoonful, and, when it came midnight—as near as we could judge—he served round a second lot of it, the first having been served at noon on the previous day. There remained about half-a-pint, and that the mate resolved for the present to put by.

The little drop of brandy warmed us for a short time, but presently we one and all grew so famished with cold, that our limbs shook as though with ague, and our teeth made a chattering distinctly to be heard.

“If we only had a fire!” spoke Bill Ricketts.

“Why not wish for a snug house ashore, with full pay and no work?” replied another derisively. “A fire out here, indeed!”

“A light’s the thing,” said the mate. “If we had the means of making a light, we’d have a fire in a jiffy.”

Nobody thought it worth while to make any further observation on so hopeless a subject, but the mate, at least, was thinking it over, for presently he said—

“I wonder if we can muster a few scraps of dry rag among us? Feel about, lads; the breast part of our shirts, at least, should be dry.”

In a minute a good handful of linen shreds was torn away from our shirts, and handed to the mate, all of us wondering what he was about to attempt.

“Now,” said he, “turn the biscuits out of that pot, and wrap ’em carefully in a bit of sail-cloth; give the pot to me, and somebody lend me his knife.”

Somebody lent him a jack-knife; and then, having put the shreds of rag in the pot, he commenced to strike his own blade and the other blade together, in hopes of raising a spark that would fire the rag; but, for a long time, his endeavours were fruitless. Knife after knife was handed to him, and at last he got hold of one that did, at distant intervals, strike a spark of fire; but the rags, though dry enough to our cold touch, rejected the sparks as though they had been sopping wet; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that they were very far from being dry as tinder. Even the tiny sparks, however, had warmed, at least, the hopes of the men, and set their ingenuity at work. Pompey kindly volunteering as much as might be required of his wool, which he assured us had been well greased only yesterday, and could not fail to take fire.

Suddenly I bethought me that my trouser-braces were of string, which had been substituted for my own proper ones, stolen by Tom Cox, who declared that braces were not allowed aboard ship. Without saying a word I slipped them off, and, to my great joy, found them quite dry, and in a minute or so I had unwove them, and, stepping to the mate, who was still industriously peppering away at the damp rag, handed him the bunch of dry, loose hemp.

“The very thing, my lad,” said he, snatching at it delightedly. “A good warming is your due, and you shall have it as soon as we are able to knock up a fire.”

Happily, indeed, it proved the “very thing.” With little further tinkering, the joyful words, “See, it has caught! Hurrah! it’s all ablaze!” were uttered by all of us poor shivering wretches, while the mate, who, as I before said, was a pious man, covered his face with his hands for an instant, and gave thanks to God. Some of

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the loose wool had meantime been broken into handy bits, and with these and some bits of sail-cloth the iron pot was filled, and in a little time the flames were rising and crackling cheerfully. We were thankful for the fire for a double reason; not only did it warm us, it also served as a beacon should a ship chance to be passing within a few miles of us.

But, alas! no ship passed, or, if so, failed to spy us, although the hope that one might do so tempted us to be extravagant with our fuel; and even after the iron pot was nearly red hot, and diffused plenty of warmth, we continued to pile on the wood to make a high blaze. All in vain, however; and so broke the second morning.

Dismal, indeed, now was our prospect. Our store of biscuit was rapidly dwindling, and of fresh water we had remaining barely a mouthful apiece, so that we were fain to take it, as we had taken the brandy, in the hollow of the mate's watch-case, for fairness' sake. Still no sail appeared in sight, and the day wore on.

And now happened a circumstance by which I was much impressed, as showing the awful and wonderful ways of Providence; so, at least, it seemed to me, and I am much mistaken if the reader will not so regard it. As before observed, the biscuits that lay at the bottom of the barrel and which were soaked with sea-water, were still covered over, and, as we thought, untouched. But in this we were mistaken. As well as the rest, Tom Cox had received his share of dry biscuit, but, being of a greedy disposition, he, instead of husbanding them as thriftily as did the rest, ate them all during the first day and night, and then, growing hungry again, had been tempted to nibble the driest of the spoilt bread and to eat it. But the sin carried its own punishment. Previously a-dry, and lapping off his tiny dram of water with a discontented growl, within an hour or so of consuming the salt-soldenred biscuit his thirst became so raging that he could no longer contain himself, and begged and implored the mate to give him just a little drink, as his mouth and throat were parching. This seemed strange, as, though all were thirsty enough, no one else was so keenly distressed, and it set the mate, who was an acute man, considering what the cause might be. At last he hit on it.

"Tom Cox," said he, "I fear you have been doing a mean thing: you have been at the soaked bread."

"Yes, yes, I have, I confess it; but pray don't refuse me a drink, or I shall go mad," cried Tom Cox. And to see how he withered and how abjectly he implored, there really seemed reason to fear that his life, if not his reason, was in danger.

But the mate was a sternly just, no less than a God-fearing, man, and he replied to Tom's appeal—

"No more water can be dealt out till night; we have not a drop to spare, for an honest man even, before that time. If you think you can't hold out as long—and, in truth, I much doubt if you can—you had better pray to God to forgive you while your sense remains."

At this Tom Cox fell despairingly at the mate's feet, and begged and implored harder than before for ever so small a drop, and, finding himself still refused, turned and appealed to the rest; but this he had better have left alone, for they one and all, bitterly incensed at his selfishness, were for pitching him into the sea off-hand, and I think would have done so, had not the mate persuaded them not to lay hands on him. In a little time, however, his thirst made him so reckless that he made a dash at the anker in which the water was, and would have swigged it all off had they not thrown him down, and, for their security, bound him hand and foot.

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Once more the night fell, and, with heavy hearts, the fire in the pot, which had been barely kept alive all day, was replenished, and the bright flames revealed even more vividly than the daylight our forlorn condition. The last of the water was served out, and, there being just half a watch-caseful after all were served, it was charitably poured into the mouth of the suffering Tom Cox, and that over and above his fair share; and then, weary and heart-sick, we lay about the fire to ponder on the awful fate that now seemed certain.

But He who rules the waters and the winds, and is as mindful of the sparrows' nestlings as of the sons of kings, at last pitied our woeful state and extended His merciful hand. Being in the midst of darkness, save for our pot of fire, the relief for which we had so long prayed came on us so suddenly that it seemed more likely that, like Tom Cox, our wits had left us than that it could be true. First came a plashing of oars. We all heard it, and looked at each other, across the fire with eager faces, though without uttering a word. Then faintly, but unmistakably, came the sound of a human voice—a sailor's voice—"Boat a—h—ho!"

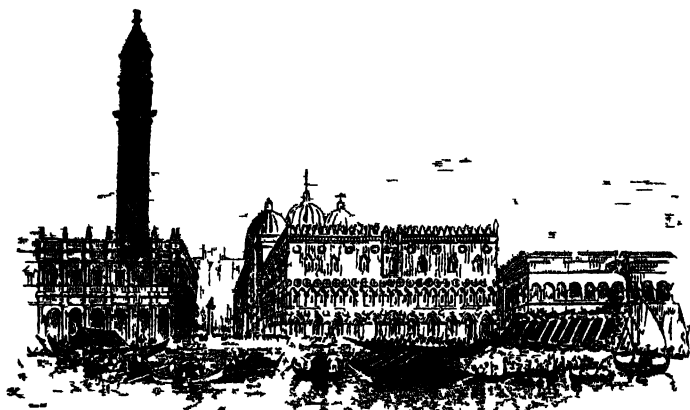
Much more startling must have been our response as it reached their ears, for we all cried it, nay, screamed, shrieked it, at once—"Aho! aho! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" was borne back to us by the wind, and we hallooed, and cried, and laughed, and clapped our hands, and waved burning sticks plucked from our fire, till a boat, pulled by a dozen lusty arms, hove in sight through the gloom, and we were helped into it—Tom Cox being lifted in and laid along the bottom—and gleefully shoved we from our trusty little raft, which pursued its solitary way with its pot of fire still leaping and glowing. That night we slept warm and snug on board the good ship *Sultan*, bound from Liverpool to Shanghai with merchandise.

And now, indeed, we had a glorious time of it. Only that I have so much to tell, and that the biggest book that ever binder bound has its limits, it would delight me to recount the many acts of humanity we received at the hands of the amiable captain of the *Sultan*, as well as the crew and the few passengers she carried. Much as we overcrowded her, it was not we who experienced inconvenience, although we were all sick, and for a time turned the ship into an hospital. In a little time, however, we were restored to health, and then, with just enough work to keep us amused, and such living as amazed even Pompey (whose murderous act was confided to the captain alone, who resolved to take no step in the matter as far as punishment went, but to lay the whole matter before the British consul), and highly gratified the ever-hungry Master Cox (whose nature had become much softened by his recent adversity, and who now was seen in frequent converse with Mr. Jones), we were as mirthful as though there was no trouble in the whole world, nor ever had been. Since I may say so little of Captain Prescott and his crew, I would at least that that little were of a pleasant character; but, alas! stern truth denies me even this gratification. Adventurous as had been the past few months of my life, but a brief space was allotted between this and the time when new adventures beset me. Indeed, I fear the reader will begin to suspect me of romance; but of that I must take my chance, and not allow its consideration to balk the true course of my narrative. Still, in order that he who takes an interest in my narration may not accuse me of overwhelming him with shocking events, I warn him to take breath and compose his mind, as it now immediately becomes my duty to acquaint him with the dire particulars of how a still worse fate than that of the *Margaret* befell the *Sultan*, inasmuch as the latter became the prey of savage pirates in the China seas.

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN L. HOLMES



Venice and its Canal streets

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW WORLD—COLUMBUS—FIRE SHIPS—MAGITAN—VESPUCCI

THE name of Christopher Columbus is familiar to every schoolboy even before he is out of primary school or the nursery. When a boy learns to read, there is a doubt which book he reads first, 'Robinson Crusoe' or the 'Life of Columbus'.

Young Christopher's father was a "big game" man in the Bay of Genoa and the lad himself was a "cabin boy" at the age of fourteen. He voyaged to most of the Mediterranean ports, and then went to cool his Southern blood in the frosty seas of Iceland. Having grown up, he married the daughter of a shipmaster, and sailed to the Canaries, the Azores, the Madagascars, and to other settlements on the African coast. Studying the map of the world, Columbus did not come to the conclusion that there must be a continent in the Western Hemisphere to counterbalance that formed by Asia and Africa in the Eastern. A comic Italian poet of the name of Pulci had, in one of his queer 'fantasies', hazarded the same theory before-hand, and, indeed, the idea itself was not by any means a strange or novel one to the thinking men of the age and generation. Having settled the matter and drawn up his plans, he offered his services and their

results to the Republic of Genoa and to John II of Portugal but received a negative reply to his offers from both. Finally, after much difficulty, Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile concluded a treaty with him, fitted him out with a high admiral in all that he should do, and then, after a victory over every island and continent he should find, to the map of the world as it then existed.

Well, Columbus, with his small fleet—three "caravels" and "carracks"—sailed "on and on," as the story books say, until his crew, tired and half-mutinuous, but the calm manner "stood on," and at last, to the infinite joy of the crew, they made the Bahamas, at which he took possession with all proper ceremonies and solemnities, in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, which names the splendid Genoese sailor has helped to make immortal on the roll of fame. From the Bahamas, Columbus sailed in quest of a "fresh field and pastures new," in the language of Milton's "Comus," but he "brought up" for all that at the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola, and at the latter place he erected a fort, left there a governor and a few of his men, having first

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come to an excellent understanding with the natives. After an absence of less than a year he returned to Lisbon, the whole electrified world receiving him with unbounded rejoicings. His second expedition was on a much larger scale. He had seventeen ships, and 1,500 men, many of them of noble descent, intending to settle in these newly-discovered Edens, and began his voyage in September, 1493. This time he discovered the Canibben Island, tenanted by a fierce and fearless race of savages, and next fell in with Jamaica, one of the most beautiful and fertile of the West Indian islands. He arrived back in Spain in 1496, to find that there had been plots, cabals, and treachery hatched out of bitter envy against him, which did not, however, prevent his high-

minded patrons from fitting him out for a third voyage in 1498. Standing across the Atlantic more to the southward than before, he discovered Trinidad at the mouth of the majestic Orinoco, and he next touched on the coasts of what are now the Guianas and Cumana, thence sailing for Hispaniola (St Domingo), whence, weakened by fatigue and sickness, by the machinations of his enemies, he was taken to Spain prisoner, to triumph over them in turn, and to project with his indefatigable energy and indomitable spirit a fourth and final voyage. The purport of all these discoveries was the establishing of a new and nearer track to the East Indies, thus obviating the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, and lessening the great length and time taken by such a

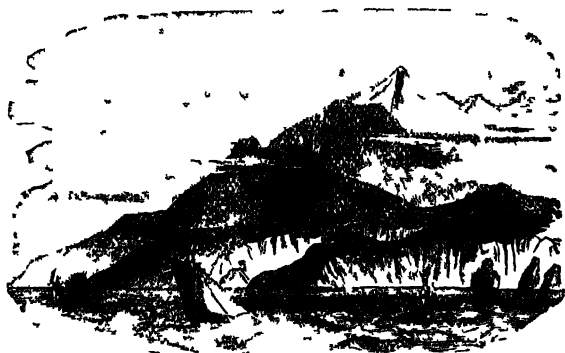


Fig. 1. The first voyage of Christopher Columbus.

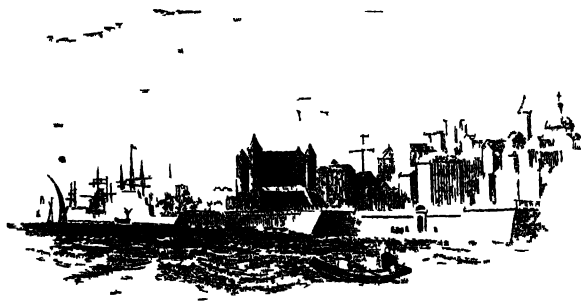
voyage Columbus sailed from Cadiz with five small barks in May 1502, and arriving at St Domingo found there a fleet of ships preparing to sail for him. A hurricane came on, and long refused entrance into the harbour, while the fleet was driven out to sea. At last, Columbus managed to save his ships, and, proceeding on his voyage, coasted round the Isthmus of Darien in search of his imaginary strait. After a long time fruitlessly spent in the pursuit of his object he decided to return to Spain once more, arriving at St Lucar in 1504. Isabella, his great patroness, was dead, and Ferdinand, whose prejudices had been excited against a man who had *given him a New World*, taking his last disastrous voyage as a pretext, received him but coldly, and proposed the renouncing of his titles, dignities, and emoluments for—

nothing. The university at Salamanca took the great seaman's part, and he died at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506, splendid funeral honours fruitlessly repaying him for the riches with which he was treated though his claims were confirmed in all the heraldry which they claimed. And thus the first man of his age passed away in melancholy.

Sebastian Cabot—almost the contemporary of Columbus, and who still belongs to us in the "Story of the British Navy," for he was a "Bartolman" born and bred, and a better seaman ever trod quarter-deck. He was the son of John Cabot, a Venetian pilot, who was noted for his skill in navigation, and who resided much in England, and mostly in Bristol. Just after Columbus had returned from his first expedition, and filled the world

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with wonder, with the light of a New World, as with an Apocalypse of glory, John obtained letters patent from Henry VII, which gave power to him and his three sons to discover unknown lands, and to possess them in the name of the English monarch. The discovery of Newfoundland was the result, and for twenty years after nothing more is heard of them. In the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas Pert, then Vice-Admiral of England, obtained Sebastian a command, who thereupon sailed for the Brazils, thence



Cadiz whence Columbus sailed.

directing his course to Hispaniola and Porto Rico but returned without having effected any especial part of his object. His next expedition, and a company of merchant adventurers was to pass through the Straits of Magellan then but newly discovered making for the Spanish lands the Mallice, I cadric, and other neighbouring islands. Arrived at the Bay of All Saints he proceeded to the River Plate and here his purpose was partly frustrated by a mutiny but wonderful accounts were sent home of the metallic wealth and treasures to be found in that curious region. His adventures are full of the wild and marvellous and his accounts of the Plate River and of the Spice Islands, as recorded in Hall's Voyages are filled with an interesting and accurate amplitude of information—more correct—sufficient for an encyclopedia. Speaking of the Straits of Magellan, in strict order perhaps the name of Ferdinand Magellan should have come before that of the Cape but as it is not too late, we give him here a niche.

"Magellan," as he is usually called was a Portuguese, and in early life distinguished himself under Albuquerque, a celebrated Spanish general, with whom he served for five years in the East Indies, being at the conquest of Malacca, in 1510. He had formed the design of discovering a

passage westward by way of the Molucca Islands, and set forth from San Lúcar in 1519 with five ships manned by 200 men. In the latter fall while lying in a



Isabella of Castile

South American port, a mutiny which had been hatching among his rascally crew broke out, which he speedily quelled, and continuing his voyage passed through the remarkable strait which bears his name,

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thus saving some hundreds of miles of navigation round Cape Horn, where for ever and for ever the wildest winds of heaven seem let loose to riot at their will and vex the ocean into madness. Thus, too, he made the discovery of the great South Sea, which, from its placidity, as compared with the Atlantic, he denominated the "Pacific," a name it is likely to bear to the end of time. This was in 1520. Soon after he made the Ladrone Islands, and thence stretched to the Philippino Archipelago, where he had an interview with their king, and, by assisting him against some enemies, rendered him a vassal to the Spanish crown. Magellan was killed in a quarrel among the savages, in which he had no business to join. His ship was brought home by Cano, one of his officers, and it had thus circumnavigated the globe.

It would not be fair to conclude this chapter without some slight mention of a man who is not less celebrated than those whose portraits have been already drawn; namely, Amerigo Vespucci, whose name has been given, rightly or wrongly, to the whole continent of America.

Vespucci, who was originally a naval astronomer, was a Florentine, born in 1451. He was educated by his uncle—a monk of very superior intelligence. In 1486 he was engaged in the pursuits of commerce, and in the year 1496 was at the head of a great Florentine trading house established in Seville, by which time Columbus was making preparations for his second voyage. Vespucci having been seized with the general mania for "discovery," quitted Cadiz, in 1499, with an expedition headed by Admiral Hojeda. In about five weeks he reached Cumana, and coasted the Gulf of Paria, which is between Trinidad and the mainland. He returned the same year, but set forth on a second voyage under Admiral Pinzon, during which they found a cluster of small islands south of the Gulf of Mexico. Amerigo next entered into the service of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, and being charged with an expedition, sailed westward, in the hope of discovering a passage to the Malaccas; but being favoured with fine weather, he found refuge in the Bay of All Saints, on the coast of Brazil. Returning to Spain, he obtained the office of piloto-major, and died in Seville in 1512.

The remains of his ship, the *Victory*, were suspended, by order of the king, in the cathedral of Lisbon; but all the "fine words" spoken to him, in the form of "promises" by the king, availed him nothing. The grand monarch kept no faith with the sailor—another illustration of the Biblical teaching, "Put no faith in princes."

Some selections of the navigator's narrative found their way into Germany, and were there translated by one Martin Waldseemüller, of Freiberg, for a bookseller of St. Diez, in Lorraine, and the volume was eagerly read on its first appearance. Edition after edition was printed, and Humboldt avers that it was the translator who proposed that the New World should be called after Vespucci's name. Columbus, it will be remembered, is memorialised in the name of Columbia.

CHAPTER V.

HENRY VIII. AND HIS ADMIRALS.

THE era of Henry VIII. and his admirals becomes of some importance in the history of the British Navy when it is borne in mind that adventure was then in its full sway, and discovery had opened new worlds for conquest and for commerce. Now seas were ready for exploration, new oceans were waiting to be navigated, and the seamen of the day, hardy enough, but scarcely yet out of their novitiate, were becoming skilled in the laws of winds and waves, and were able to adapt themselves to circumstances. A ship became in their hands already a piece of matchless mechanism, and they were able to control its motions and govern it as if it were a living thing under their despotic wills.

Henry, with all those faults germane to his sanguine complexion and his fierce hot blood, paid much attention to naval affairs; and, considering that this was matter consistent with his self-preservation, we need not wonder so very much at the matter. His pride, his insolence, and his rapacity involved him in numerous wars; but it is true that he had the courage of the bull-dog with about as much discrimination and equivalent ferocity with regard to those whom he attacked.

During his reign, laws were made more especially with reference to inland navigation

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and the using of our rivers as means of transit, thus leading, in the course of time, to their being united by noble canals threatening the country in its length and breadth, and so developing the inexhaustible resources of the matchless "land we live in." The waters of the Thames, of the Ouse, the Exe—the bounteous streams of the Severn and the Humber—including the splendid tidal waters of Southampton—were freed from the numerous obstructions which impeded a continuous way. Relics of the old feudal system and of baronial rights were once more brought into view; weirs were removed—dams turned into active service—and all removable *impedimenta* cleared away "with a will." The river Stour, at Canterbury, for instance, was deepened and widened for the purposes of navigation. Illegal tolls and oppressive exactions were repealed, or done utterly away with—those on the Severn, as a specimen, being of a grossly extortionate nature, and counted as the privileges of the lords of either shore. Henry's imperious temper, in this respect, did good service to his trading subjects, since it broke up arbitrary monopolies which the nobles, before his time, enjoyed at the cost of the less well-to-do portion of the people, and to the serious retarding of the elements of progress and of civilisation. The improvements of the textile materials used in the rigging of ships were considerably advanced in this reign. Cables, cordage of every kind, sail-making, and other material required, were a valuable staple of manipulation. These had been the especial trade of the town of Bridport, on the coast of Dorsetshire—which to this day keeps up its old reputation for this species of manufacture—and they were secured to it by special charter, granted by Henry VIII. himself. Laws were now also passed to clear harbour; to prevent refuse being poured into them; to build sea-wall; and, for the coasts of Cornwall and Devon, severe enactments were made to prevent their ports being fouled or choked up by the turbid streams from the tin-works and mines. Scarborough was, at this time, declared a port; while Dover received marks of the monarch's special favour; for, while the haven was in a manner ruined by neglect, he expended, out of his own coffers, some sixty or seventy thousand pounds—a vast outlay of money

in those days—in the erection of a new pier, and in the furthering of many necessary works. Most important and noteworthy, too, is it to record that the two great royal dockyards of Deptford and Woolwich were called into existence under Henry's vigorous rule.

And now a few words as to the admirals, and the introduction of these "generals at sea" into the service of that great establishment, the British Navy, and under whom, from time to time, it rose to such a height of supremacy and power.

The first English admiral, so called, was one Richard de Lacy, appointed by Henry III. in 1223. The Anglo-Saxon monarchs, we are told, for the most part commanded their own fleets; having, so far as the tactics of the ship were concerned, no higher officer than a sailing master or pilot. The "Admiral of the English seas" was a title of the very highest distinction; the rank being bestowed, in the first instance, upon William de Leybourne, in 1297, by Edward I.

The office of Lord High Admiral of England, representing pretty much the same rank and dignity as that just quoted, was first created by Richard II.; and it is stated, in histories of the time, that there had been, before this, admirals of districts or regions, which were regulated by the north, south, and west points of the compass. It is not a little singular, however, that nothing is said about the *east*. However, it is clear enough that our eastern seaboard could not have been without a vigorous watch kept over it long ere this, or the disastrous calamities which befell the French at Harfleur would have been pretty evenly balanced by reciprocal raids on our coasts. This office of lord high admiral has not, it seems, been often intrusted to single and individual hands, but—at least from 1709 up to the year 1827—has been delegated to a Court of Admiralty Commissioners. In the latter year, the Duke of Clarence (subsequently William IV.) was appointed lord high admiral on the occasion of the accession of Lord Melville from the Admiralty. In 1828 the duke resigned the office—indeed, "sailor king" as he was, he had shown no capacity for his duties—and once more recourse was had to a commission.

The Court of Admiralty, an institution

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inseparable from this subject, was established by Edward III. in 1337. It is a court of civil law intended for the trial of causes specially and particularly relating to maritime affairs. In matters of a criminal complexion, such as piracy, mutiny, or insubordination, the proceedings were carried on by the agencies of "accusation," "information," and the like. This, for some reasons not clearly understood, was considered inconvenient, and it was enacted by statutes, in the reign of the monarch already mentioned in this chapter, that such causes should be tried

before a jury, witnesses being called upon for depositions, and some of the judges at Westminster—or as now at the Old Bailey—assisting thereat. The Admiralty judgeship was established in 1610, and was fulfilled by two or more functionaries until the era of the Great Revolution (*temp.* Charles I and Cromwell), when—as Beatson informs us—it was restricted to one. Appeals from the decision of this court to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are allowed by statutes of George IV. and William IV., dated 1830 and 1831 respectively.



Seville, where died Vespucci.

In the time of Henry VIII. the British Navy consisted of one ship of 1,200 tons, two of 800 tons, and some half dozen smaller vessels. Elizabeth's fleet at the time of the "Armada" consisted of but 28 vessels, none larger than frigates. To this James I. added 10 ships of 1,400 tons each, and carrying 64 guns—the largest craft then built. The writer recollects it being stated, more than twenty years ago, that a great Liverpool shipping firm—that of the Messrs. Brocklebank—could count *one hundred sail* of merchantmen, each one of which was of tonnage *equal to or larger* than the brave navy the tawny English tigress could boast of, and which did such brilliant and important service during her almost Homeric era.

In 1814, the navy of Great Britain had increased to 901 ships, of which 177 were ships of the line; and in 1830 she had 621 ships, some of 140 guns each, down to mere surveying craft of 2 guns only. Of these 148 were employed on home and foreign

service. On the 1st of January, 1841, the total number of ships, of all sizes, in "commission," was 183. The statistics of the interim and present period will be given as the story is carried farther on.

And now, at last, we come to the human part of our subject. Humbug for the admirals! we are grappling with them at last, and do not mean to let them go in a hurry either. Mention has already been made of the earliest English admirals on record, and we now come to a gallant English gentleman—to whom we touch our hat, quarter-deck fashion—who distinguished himself as brilliantly afloat, and even more so, than did his royal master on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

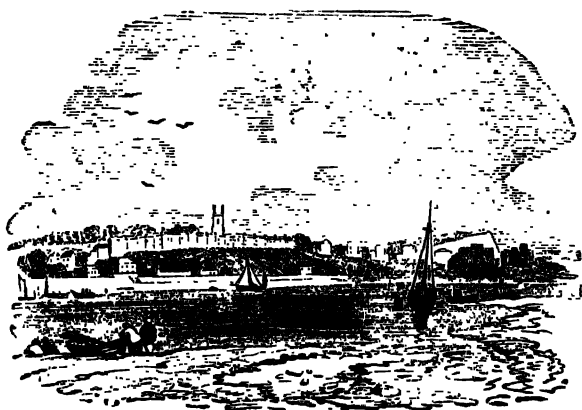
The House of Norfolk has ever been a proud and a princely one, till the descent and the distance from him who led the vanguard of Henry the Eighth's fleet against the French in the waters of La Manche, down to the senile gentleman who, once upon

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a time, so gravely recommended a "pinch of curry-powder" as a panacea against all the evils of hunger and famine, is about on a par with that step which is said to ally the sublime with the ridiculous—'tis a descent from pathos and lofty imagining to bathos and utter stupidity. The Norfolks of bluff King Harry were different from those of the nineteenth century. Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, was the second son of his father, and derived from him the example of "untainted

fidelity and invincible courage—qualities which adorn the highest titles."

At an early age the young "sea-serpent" showed an inclination for blue water; and in the expedition to Flanders, in 1492—(is Flanders a "maritime country," by-the-bye, like that wonderful "Bohemia" of Shakspere?)—in which matter he was employed by Henry VII. to assist the Duke of Burgundy against his "rebellious subjects," as the insurgents were termed—the gallant young Ned Howard fulfilled his duties so



Exmouth, at the mouth of the Exe, one of the rivers cleared under Henry VIII.

efficiently, and fought so valiantly, that he was knighted for the same, and, on the strength of the reputation he had won on deck, gangway, and battery, the son of the seventh Henry appointed him his standard-bearer—an office held then to be a "toss-up" between death and glory; and glory, death or no death—with a wooden leg in the bargain—had the best of it!

Howard was elected admiral in the fourth year of the crapulous monarch's reign; and away my young lord high admiral was sent to harass and lay waste the coast of Brittany, and there he landed many of his men about the ports of Conquet and Brest. Those courageous tars in a most gallant manner ravaged the country around, and burnt into ashes several of their little towns; it was an undefended country, and the little towns were helpless enough; to speak the truth, it was just as if a hideous mastiff were to

attack a number of half-blind puppies, and bolt them one after the other; but Howard "obeyed orders," and so far he "did his duty," which England expects every man to do, and very often, too, finds herself greatly disappointed.

Still, and to be serious about a matter which became very serious, he soon found out that he had no more peasants and old women to fight against, nor that the mere upsetting of a Breton's *pot-au-feu* was to be competent to a success. The French, we find it written, were "roused up," which was something to the purpose. They began to do what they had neglected hitherto—namely, to fit out a fleet to chastise the insolent English, and drive them, in shame and confusion, from their coasts, which was, however, a matter more easily said than done. Upon hearing of this, King Harry, who divorced his wives so effectually, sent

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a squadron to the assistance of his admiral. This auxiliary aid most likely consisted of ships pressed into the navy from the merchant service, and this supposition is corroborated by the strength of the fleet being only what is given in the statistics stated before. Two ships which composed the new squadron must have belonged to the Royal Navy, one of which, the *Regent*, was commanded by Sir Thomas Knyvett, master of the horse—not the “horse-marines,” recollect, but master of the horse to the king, which is quite a different office. The other was the *Sovereign*, or *Great Harry*, commanded by Sir Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The admiral's fleet consisted in all of forty-five sail, and he was now “stripping” to begin the fight with the gallant enemy already pouring out of the harbour of Brest; and Brest was, even then, from the accident of its situation, a great naval dépôt, as it is now reckoned among the finest of the great maritime arsenals of France.

The ship of the French admiral—his name was *Primagnet*—he is otherwise called *Pierce Morgan*, or the *Sieur Porsmoguer* (literal construction, first-watcher, or “wide-awake”)—bore gallantly down on his foe. The *Cordelier*, the name of his vessel, christened after a renowned monkish order—carried twelve hundred fighting men, exclusive of the seamen which formed her crew. He was at this time, however, three hundred short of his complement, and Sir Thomas Knyvett, one of Howard's officers commanding the *Regent*, closed upon the French admiral and boarded him. The fighting was furious, and, altogether, a fierce hand-to-hand *mêlée*. The great guns blazed away till the ships rocked again, and, finally, both ships took fire, and, burning hopelessly and helplessly together, while their crews were doing their deadly work, went off in flame and *fumo*, with a loss in all of sixteen hundred men, in the midst of the fuel they supplied so liberally for themselves.

Not to jest, however, upon a matter so serious, the men were fighting and the ships were blazing, and which was hottest, blood or fire, none could tell. The ruddy sea around the drowning men and the sinking ships was soon occupied by the other combatants; but what we have narrated, ami-

ably called an “accident,” filled both fleets with such stark terror and awe, that they drew off without fighting, each claiming a victory which neither had gained. Had Benbow, or Blake, or Nelson been there, the fighting would have been all the closer, and Bellona would have been hugged to her heart's content.

Admiral Howard was a bold and a brave man, but his daring partook of *hardiesse*—a good word, although it is French, and our word “hardihood” scarcely means as much. His daring was greater than his success, and to deserve the title of a great admiral, like any other thoroughly great man, success must be the measure of his enterprise.

In the early part of the year 1513, a fleet of forty-two great ships, accompanied by “tenders,” was placed under the command of Howard, whose orders were to destroy the French fleet in the harbour of Brest. The English found the French ready for sea, and just as ready for action. The former, on entering the harbour with their accustomed daring, found that several batteries, earthworks mostly, had been built and mounted with guns, and, as this interfered with the English admiral's plans, he decided to have recourse to a *ruse de guerre*. He directed the armed boats of his ships to make for an unprepared side of the harbour, as if to land there, intending thus to draw off a portion of the enemy's forces, and, in effect, large bodies of men hastened thither, while he bore up his ships farther into the harbour, and landed opposite to the town.

Meanwhile, some half-dozen well-armed and manned French galleys hovering on the coast, hearing that the English were at Brest, made all sail for the bay of Conquet, and M. Pregent, the commander of the galleys, stationed them between two rocks, admirably fortified. On clearing the harbour, the English admiral—who had ravaged the country in the neighbourhood of Brest, and burnt most of the houses adjoining the walls—found himself compelled to engage the galleys; but his big ships not being able to close upon them, he took command of the only two galleys he had, and, accompanied by some boats and pinnaces, pulled gallantly away to the attack. The admiral got alongside the French commander's craft, had them lashed together, and as pretty a

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boarding party went to work, hand-to-hand, as ever you saw at a pic-nic. Sir Edward was followed by a Spanish vessel, containing seventeen men, and their impetuous attack at first bore down all resistance. The galleys separated; the French again rallied, and manfully attacked the island mastiffs, who fought growlingly and with tough teeth enough. Borne down, however, by sheer dint of numbers, Howard was driven out to sea, and with him but *one* seaman of the numbers who had boarded the foe—the admiral himself having received his death-wound—and the French, in this instance, had the honours of the day—M. Pregent, of the French galleys, flushed with this success, turning it to service by landing on the coast of Sussex, and doing a good deal of mischief, until Sir Edward Howard's successor checked him, not a little roughly.

Sir Edward Howard's death itself, and the whole circumstances under which it occurred, would have retrieved a multitude of faults and a million of failures, neither of

which are at any time attributable to him. He was in the act of boarding the enemy's ships under those appalling conditions which make the bravest shrink—but who never *shirk* them—a "forlorn hope"—a phrase that sounds like a bold man's last words, uttered in the very face of Death!

Knowing that his death had, however, become an inevitable result, he took from his neck the chain of gold nobles which he was wont to wear, also the golden whistle—insignia of his office—and, like the grand old King of Thule with his priceless goblet, cast them into the sea, so that at least the spoils of an English admiral should not gladden the eyes of his enemy. His death so dejected his seamen that, though not beaten, they drew out of the fight, and the fleet returned home; while a brave man, a good sailor, an eminent statesman, was mourned for with as honest sorrow and regret as Englishmen can feel when their great and their dead are carried to that last resting-place where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."



Scarborough.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

II.

PROPERTIES OF BODIES—STRENGTH.

EVERY one who practises experimental science knows how useful it is to unite with his theories the manual dexterity which practice in experiments gives. Chemists and physicists should in every way be stimulated to construct their own apparatus. In numerous cases it will be found possible to put together even delicate apparatus at a very small cost; and these will be found quite as useful as the most expensive ones.

Is it not then even more useful to lay down the elements of a course of experimental physics *without apparatus*? This is just what we are about to do in a recreative guise. Our first experiment will be on *falling bodies*.

THE HALFPENNY AND THE PIECE OF PAPER.

Take a sou—a halfpenny—and a piece of paper cut into the same shape as the coin. Let these two bodies fall at the same moment side by side, as shown in the illustration (4). You will find that the coin

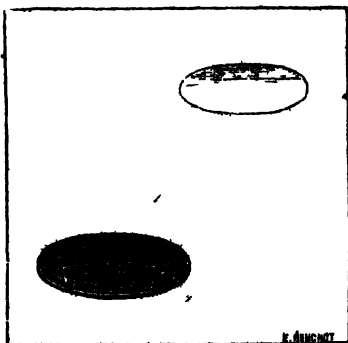


Fig. 4.—Fall of a Halfpenny and a Piece of Paper cut to same Shape.

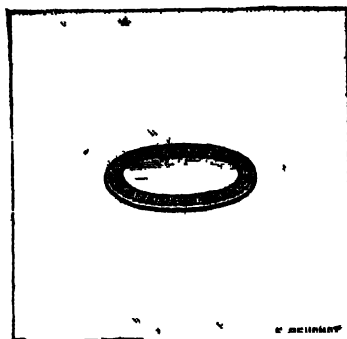


Fig. 5.—Fall of the same Bodies. The Paper placed upon the Coin

will reach the ground a long while before the disc of paper. But now place the piece of paper upon the upper surface of the halfpenny and permit them to fall together in a horizontal position, as in illustration 5. You will find that the two bodies will reach the ground at the same time! Why? Because the piece of paper is protected from the action of the air by the halfpenny!

The weight of the bodies counts for nothing in their fall. It is

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the air only which prevents them from falling with the same velocity. Under the receiver of an air-pump both bodies would fall with the same speed.

THE TWO PIECES OF PAPER.

Take a sheet of paper, fold it in half, and cut it so that you obtain two pieces of exactly the same size and weight. Rub one into the shape of a ball, and leave the other in its former condition. Then let both fall together. The rolled-up paper will reach the ground before the other piece!



Fig. 6 — Experiment with Falling Bodies.

TO BREAK A NUT WITH A FALLING KNIFE.

Attach, lightly a penknife to the upper framework of a wooden door by inserting its point in the wood, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 6) herewith. The knife must be suspended so that it can be detached by a blow of the fist on the frame of the door. If a nut be placed beneath, at the exact spot on which the handle of the penknife will strike the floor, the nut will be cracked immediately.

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"Yes; but how are we to determine the exact spot?" you will say. I will tell you.

Moisten the end of the knife-handle with water in a glass in the manner shown in the illustration (6). A drop of water will adhere to the handle and fall to the floor. On the spot thus indicated the nut must be placed. The illustration indicates the manner in which this experiment should be made. On the left is seen the knife suspended above the nut. On the right is the glass by which the positions of the two bodies can be ascertained.

ELASTICITY.

THE UNALTERABLE PELLET OF BREAD.

Knead between your fingers a piece of the crumb of a *fresh* loaf in such a manner as to impart to it the spiny appearance of the figure in illustration 7. Place this moulded pellet on a wooden table and strike the pellet on top with your hand. You will find that you cannot alter



Fig. 7.—Pellet of Crumb of Bread Modelled for the Demonstration of the Elasticity of Bodies.

its shape! No matter how violent your blows, the elastic material, for an instant flattened, will always return to its formation again.

Again, take the pellet and throw it violently on the ground. The shock will not deform it any more than your blows did, and it will resume its shape again, because its elasticity has preserved it from injury! The experiment will not succeed unless the bread be perfectly fresh.

A band of india-rubber gives a very striking illustration of the elasticity of bodies. If all bodies are not elastic to the same extent, they are, nevertheless, all capable of some degree of expansion. If force be applied, they can be more or less extended; they will return again, when released, to their almost normal shape.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

• POROSITY. PERMEABILITY.

A BLOTTING-PAPER FILTER.

Place a piece of blotting-paper on the mouth of a tumbler ; pour upon it some water darkened with charcoal or other such substance. The water will filter into the tumbler in a perfectly clean condition ; the blotting-paper will retain all the solid impurities of the charcoal or coal. This experiment is illustrated in Fig 8.



• Fig. 8.—The Blotting paper Filter.

TO PASS STEAM THROUGH CARDBOARD.

Take two tumblers or goblets of equal capacity ; place one of them on the table, and pour into it a small quantity of hot, almost boiling, water. Then cover the tumbler with a piece of cardboard, and place over the cardboard the other tumbler, as in the illustration, Fig 9. Care must be taken that the upper glass is perfectly clean and free from moisture.

Now wait a while, and you will perceive that the steam from the boiling water in the lower vessel will penetrate the cardboard, the

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

porosity and permeability of which will thus be clearly demonstrated, and the vapour will in time fill the upper glass. Wood, cloth, or woollen substances may be experimented upon in succession, and will give the same result. But there are other textures which are *impermeable*, and will not permit the transmission of the vapour; such, for instance, as vulcanized india-rubber, of which waterproofs are made.

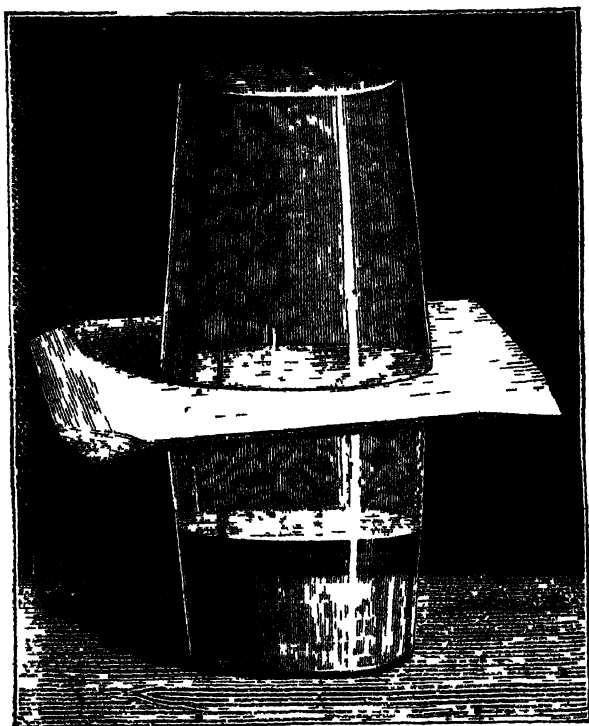


Fig. 9.—Steam Passing through Cardboard.

This experiment tends to explain why fog is, as it is well said, “so *penetrating*.” It passes through the tissue of our cloth coats and our flannels, and thus comes into contact with our bodies. A waterproof will protect us from its action.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

RESISTANCE OF SUBSTANCES.

AT WHICH SIDE WILL THE MATCH TAKE FIRE?

Take four "safety" matches from a box, and insert two of them in the spaces which are apparent when the box is partly opened; the third match should be placed between the two former, when the whole will appear as in the annexed figure. Care must be taken that the third match is firmly gripped between the other two, which will be bent outwards, but must not be broken, by the contact.

The fourth match should then be struck, and the third (the hori-

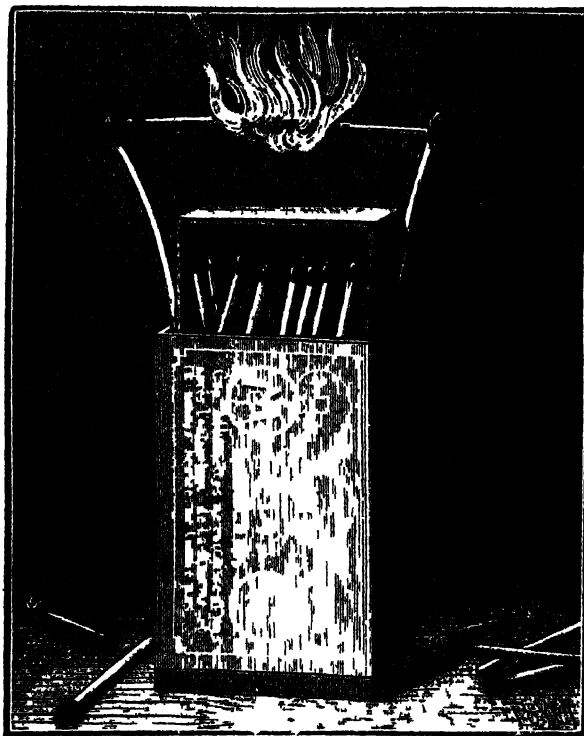


Fig. 10.—The Match Problem.

zontal) match lighted by it *in the centre*. The question for the spectators to solve now is:—Which of the two supporting side matches will be fired first? That on the right or that on the left? Will it be that side at which we have two ends tipped with phosphorus, or the side at which there is only one phosphoric end? The reply must be—At none of these. The side matches will not ignite at all, because immediately the centre of the horizontal match is burned, the two side matches will spring back and throw off the third match, which will fall to the ground and be extinguished.

PUZZLE PAGES.

6.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

AN eminent Frenchman, whose magnificent tomb and statue Peter the Great visited when in France. When there, he embraced the figure, crying, "Great man! if thou wert still alive, I would give thee, without regret, one-half of my kingdom in order to learn of thee how to govern the other half."

The first syllables of the names here below
That of our hero truly will show.

1.
A brave English king,
In Palestine fam'd,
For his courage and valour
A surname he gain'd.

2.
A very long river
In the north-east of Spain,
And yet it has only
A very short name.

3.
A town of Peru
Is the name which comes next;
And as 'tis the chief,
You can't be perplex'd.

4.
In Asia now search
For a large river's name;
Nine letters in all
It does contain.

7.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A famous dancer, born in Florence, and a pupil of Duprè. He obtained great fame at the Opéra in Paris. His vanity was even greater than his talent, for he often used to say, "There are only three great men in Europe—I, Voltaire, and the King of Prussia!" (Frederick II.)

1. An Emperor of Rome, a wicked, gluttonous, and cruel man. One day, visiting the field of battle, after his lieutenants had gained for him a victory, he uttered these shocking words: "The body of a dead enemy smells sweet!"

2. The English king who instituted an order of knighthood, and at the same time spoke these words—" *Hon! soit qui mal y pense.*"

3. A Grecian sage, who, having paid Cræsus, the rich King of Lydia, a visit, that monarch, with pride, displayed his riches before him. The philosopher, instead of being struck with amazement (as Cræsus expected) at the sight of so much magnificence, merely remarked, "Let us account no man happy before his death."

4. The translator of the Scriptures into Eng-

lish, who was condemned to be burnt for heresy. When fastened to the stake, he cried with a loud voice, "Lord, open the eyes of the King of England!"

5. A river which formed the domestic boundary of a great empire. It was crossed by a celebrated man, who was leading his army thither, with this exclamation—"The die is cast!"

6. A country to which James II. was going on an unsuccessful endeavour to regain his crown, when the parting words of Louis XIV. of France to him were—"The best thing I can wish you is, that I may never see you again."

7. A famous philosopher who was unjustly accused, and condemned to drink poison. His wife was lamenting that he had been unjustly condemned. "Wouldst thou rather," said he, "that my condemnation had been just?"

If each of these names
You write down as you find,
The answer is plain
By th' initials combined.

8.—ENIGMA.

From rosy gates we issue forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,
Abroad we take our airy way.
We foster love and kindly strife,
The bitter and the sweet of life;
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel,
Now, smooth as oil, those wounds we heal.

Not strings of pearls are valued more,
Nor gems encased in golden ore;
Yet thousands of us every day,
Worthless and vile, are cast away.
Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double gates through which we pass
For, once escaped, back to our cell
Nor art, nor man, can us compel.

PUZZLE PAGES.

9.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



10.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



My first, the harbinger of spring,
I louts the air with rapid wing,
Crawls the gath in savage mood,
To seek its banquet fierce of blood.
My second o'er the earth and sea
Raves in savage revelry,
Spreading ruin wide o'er all

Which beneath its rage in my full
My whole the fiery charges come,
Holding him in firmest chains,
He may champ and he may rear,
He in my plunge with wildest fear,
Still restrained, his master guides,
Safely sits, and fearless rides

11.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA

The initials of the following form the name of a French emperor, the first of his name, who was crowned King of Italy at Milan. He placed the iron crown of the kings of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming, "God has given it to me; beware who touches it!"

The initials of the four first form one of the most tyrannical of Roman emperors, who, when young, appeared humane and compassionate; for when a warrant for the execution of a criminal was brought to him to be signed, he would cry out, "Would to Heaven that I had never learned to write!"

1. The former capital of a large Asiatic empire. Its name means "southern court."

2. A Portuguese division, which derives its name from the Arabic, "El Gharb"—the West.

3. A European monarch who founded the capital of his empire, which takes its name from its founder.

4. The second town in Portugal.

5. The name given to the eastern part of Sahara, or the Great Desert.

6. The ancient capital of Media.

7. A large Prussian river.

8. An English town, noted for a battle fought in 1645.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER,

SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

CHAPTER IV.

I enjoy a short spell of happiness—Our ship becalmed—I overhear a mysterious conversation about pirates—Appearance of a pirate scout—Five piratical prahus bear down on us—The particulars of our bloody fight with them—I am wounded and taken prisoner.

THE Sultan was not a fast sailer; nevertheless, so propitious had been the winds—at least, since we had found refuge in her—that, at the expiration of seven weeks and a-half, we had approached the China seas, and were, according to the captain's calculations, not more than ten days from our destination.

Looking back from this distance of time, and remembering the sad mishaps and frequent troubles the sea has wrought me, does any one ask, "Were you permitted to begin your life anew, would you so readily yield to your inclination for ships, and foreign seas and shores?" I reply, without a moment's hesitation, "Could so unliely a thing happen as the renewal of my lease of life, I should be most heartily glad to discover that a clause of the said lease provided against my sailing beyond Gravesend, or, at the very farthest, the Nore." But when I limit my retrospection of ocean experience to that through which I was carried by the good ship Sultan during that same seven weeks and a-half, then I say, if this is the sort of life a sailor leads, why, place on the one side the most exalted post the land can boast of—even the lord mayor's chair itself—and on the other the Sultan, with Mr. Prescott for my captain, and leave me to take my choice—especially if you make the time of choosing evening, and I can hear Bill Ricketts playing on the fiddle, or Jack Wilkins singing "Homeward Bound" or "Gosport Hard"—my mind is made up before you can reckon two and two, and I turn my back on the lord mayor's chair to applaud Bill Ricketts, or join Jack Wilkins's chorus.

There was never a more comfortable ship than the Sultan, nor a stronger contrast between any two captains than between Captain Prescott and the unfortunate wretch who had commanded the Margaret. What the latter was like the reader already knows, whereas the former was a sleek and fat little man, with mild grey eyes and a shining bald head, with a kind word or a pleasant nod for everybody about him. He was a sober man: not a drop of grog or wine did he ever touch till after dinner, and then only enough to promote harmony between himself and the passengers who were his guests. It must not, however, be imagined that he was a slatternly captain. No officer in the king's fleet had a severer eye for ship-board proprieties, or was prompter at setting right things awry; but, withal, he had such a happy knack of ship management that the heaviest yolk seemed light, and a grumbler would have been regarded by his shipmates as an ungrateful fellow who did not know when he was well off.

As for me, I was as happy as ever I have been or hope to be. My recent adversities had quite weaned me of my boyishness, and I began to consider, with proper seriousness, my present condition and future prospects. I found them to be not at all satisfactory; for, though I had shared with the crew of the Margaret their dangers and privations, I was not entered on any ship's books, and

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had no title to call myself a sailor, or to expect from the British consul, whom we should find when we reached Shanghai, and to whom the case of the Margaret's crew would be submitted, any of that relief and assistance he was bound to render to the others; indeed, unless he kindly stretched his authority, or helped me from his private purse, I could not be provided with a passage back to England, but should be left behind in a strange land to get along in the best way I was able.

All this was melancholy enough, and, doubtless, would have weighed very heavily on my mind but for the great kindness I experienced on all sides. Clearly enough my mainstay was the compassion my condition might excite in those about me; therefore, I thought it no harm to make my story—dating from my service with my uncle Sampson—fully known to every one who cared to inquire into it, and, by great good luck, this curiosity presently extended to the passengers, who were glad to beguile a tedious hour by calling me in to hear all about it. There were five passengers—four gentlemen and a lady—one of the former being a tea-merchant, one of the heads of a European agency in Shanghai, whither he was returning.

"And what are you going to do, boy, when we get to Shanghai?" asked he when he had heard my story.

"That is more than I can say, sir," replied I; "it doesn't matter to me; by sea or by land I mean to do the very best I can by any master who will be kind enough to take me;" which reply was double-shotted, and aimed as well at Captain Prescott, who was present, as at the tea-merchant. To my disappointment, however, the captain did not take my hint, but turned to talk with the lady; but the merchant, first asking me if I could write, and then, testing my arithmetic, dismissed me with the intimation that, if I behaved myself, something might be done for me. This, of course, was a great relief to me, and I was only fearful that, having so few opportunities of seeing the merchant, I should presently slip from his memory, and his half-promise come to nothing after all. In this, again, however, fortune favoured me, for the captain's boy having the misfortune to run a rusty nail into his heel, laming him so that he could not walk, I was installed in his place till his health mended; and now, indeed, such a jolly time did I have of it—good words, the best of food, and many a sixpence from the passengers, for whom I found ample leisure to perform little services—that, if the captain's boy had had a mind to regard my interest, he certainly would have remained lame during the remainder of the voyage.

Such, then, was my condition at that time—that is to say, when I had been aboard the Sultan seven weeks and a-half. Little, however, did I dream that the end of our voyaging was so near at hand, or that in a little time it would not matter a single straw who the Sultan's captain was, or who her cabin-boy; least of all could I imagine what would be the manner of our voyage's ending, as well as that of the good ship herself; how, this being Thursday, she was doomed to-day to die, but not, as is the case with other ships whose ending is out at sea, at once to disappear, and so an end to the tragedy, but to linger inanimate on the face of the ocean for full two days and nights, and then to go down to her fathomless grave, with her poor carcass all maimed and crippled, with flame and smoke for her shroud.

I speak of the Sultan's dying on the Thursday; and so she did die, if a dead thing is one from whom the breath of life is withdrawn; for, in the morning part

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of the day in question, the breeze, which for some hours past had blown so faintly as scarce to help the ship at all, suddenly expired, and what were before the vessel's great and little sails (but now had no more claim to be so called than has a corpse to be called a man), hung from their separate poles, mere dead and idle rags, and our ship stood silent and still.

And so we lay throughout that day, moving, if at all, but at a snail's pace, veering sometimes a little to the right, and then again to the left (as we could judge from the position of the sun), like a ship at single anchor. To my ignorant and selfish mind, however, there was nothing very alarming in all this; on the contrary, the present condition of things had the charm of novelty, and possessed at least this advantage, that it enabled me to set out the captain's table in a proper manner, and without that stopping and clatter which, thanks to the vessel's motion and my inexperience, invariably distinguished my performances as a waiter. Nevertheless, to have seen our captain's anxious face, you would have thought that he was in momentary expectation of some great calamity, while the elder men of his crew—men who had served with him a dozen years and more—went about the ship with gloomy faces, and, instead of joining in the ordinary fun of the fore-castle, kept together and wagged their heads and whispered ominously. As to the passengers, four out of the five moved about with but small abatement of their ordinary content; but the fifth—the tea-merchant—was much flurried in his manner, and at least half-a-dozen times in the course of that first day came knocking at the door of the captain's cabin, and, on being admitted, engaged the captain in very earnest conversation. The last time the two conferred together the captain called to me—

“Boy, ask Mr. Patching to step here for a minute.”

Now, Mr. Patching was the first mate; and the circumstance of his being sent for in such a hurried and unusual way filled me with such curiosity that I was tempted to the meanness of listening, that I might learn something of the purport of the mysterious conference. It was easy enough to find a job that kept me very close to the cabin-door, but the door was so thick that, unless I laid my ear close to it, I could not hear a single word. The passengers were about; so that, for fear of detection, I could only give a sharp look round, then listen for a few seconds, and look out again. This was the result of my listening:—

Captain: “—be left to you, Mr. Patching, to inform the crew of the danger of our position. Do so without exciting unnecessary alarm, taking care to provide each man with weapons——”

Here a footstep alarmed me, and I went on with my pretended job for awhile, and then placed my ear to the door again. The mate was talking.

“——cutlasses being things easy enough to handle, though a man had never seen one before—especially against the naked bodies of these villains.”

The merchant: “True, my dear sir, but cutlasses are of no account, unless it came to boarding. You may depend that our best security are the two six-pounders. I should advise that they be seen to at once. Is the other man as good a gunner as yourself, Mr. Patching?”

The mate: “He should be a better, sir. He's one of the picked-up crew, and served four years in the war-sloop *Turtle*—or so I understand—before he took to the merchant service. How many small arms can we muster, sir?”

Captain Prescott: “Eleven muskets and seven pistols. Besides these there are two fowling-pieces belonging to this gentleman, and——”

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Again I was obliged to take my ear from the door, and this time for full a minute, that being the time occupied by two of the gentlemen passengers, who at that moment came in view, in exchanging pinches of snuff. Even when they had turned their backs, and I was free to listen again, they commenced such a trumpeting with their pocket-handkerchiefs that all I could make out of the conversation going on within, and which now had become so painfully interesting, was something about "a good look-out," "as well to tell them, if such a thing should happen, that they may expect no quarter," and "it may please God, after all, to send us a wind, and so put us out of danger of these blood-thirsty robbers." This last observation being made by the merchant, and to it the captain replied, as the three came out of the cabin together—

"Well, if the worst should come, we are lucky in having with us the crew of the Margaret as well as our own; they owe us a good turn, and will pay us, without doubt."

As the reader may imagine, these disjointed scraps of conversation not a little bewildered me. It was impossible to arrive at but one conclusion—that "a good look-out" was to be kept for certain "blood-thirsty robbers" who gave no quarter; that "if a wind sprang up" it might keep them off, but that if they approached they were to be met with the contents of our "two six-pounders," and, "if it came to boarding," with cutlasses, and the guns, and pistols, and fowling-pieces. That was the best I could make of the puzzle, though who the "robbers" were, and from what quarter they were expected, was as great a mystery to me as ever. Under these circumstances, the look-out man at the mast-head, spying this way and that through his glass, became to me an object of extraordinary interest.

Having half-an-hour to spare in the evening, I went aft, and there found the men—my own shipmates, as well as the crew of the Sultan—busy as bees at polishing and sharpening cutlasses, and cleaning and oiling muskets and pistols. They smoked their pipes over the job, and seemed to enjoy it as a good bit of fun. There was Jack Wilkins singing like a nightingale while he rubbed away at a musket, while Pompey was grinding a boarding-pike, his eyes glistening with delight to find how sharp he was making it; while my old friends Billy Ricketts and Mr. Jones were solemnly repairing the edge of two cutlasses. I went up to Pompey.

"What's the row, Pomp?" said I, affecting much more surprise than I felt; "what's all this for?"

"Dunno, Mas'r Rue," returned he with a grin; "jes to keep fellahs' j'int's from rustin', I s'pose."

"No, that can't be it," replied I, anxious to learn how much of the plans made in the captain's cabin had been confided to the men. "What is the matter, Bill Ricketts? Are we going to have a sham battle?"

"We aint going to have a battle of no sort that I knows on," answered Mr. Ricketts. "Yof may take Pomp's answer for mine, as I can't find you a better."

At the same moment, however, Bill exchanged a look with Mr. Jones that convinced me that they were in the secret, which it seemed was confided truly to a few discreet hands; while by this, the mate's judicious management, the important end, that of preparing and placing the arms at hand, was as well attained as though the alarm had been sounded in the most public manner.

But the sun went down and the moon rose, and throughout the night a mast-head watch was kept, and all in vain; the "blood-thirsty robbers," the thoughts

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of whom kept me awake from the time of my lying down till my rising, never troubled us, and the sun rose as gaily as though there were none but good people to give light to, and we had nothing to fear. But, alas! besides ourselves the sun was the only thing that appeared alive; the air remained dead, and our hot sails hung stiff and still as though held in bond by unyielding frost. By noon of this, our second idle day, our two six-pounders being put in working order, and our small-arms brought to proper condition, it was by no means likely to excite the suspicions either of our lady and three gentlemen passengers, or of such of the crew as were kept in the dark as to why such preparations were made, that the captain should suggest, as a pastime, that the men should try their skill as marksmen; and to this end a tub was carried out in the ship's boat to a distance of forty yards or so, and then, with a bit of a flag stuck in it, set afloat by way of a butt. And, to be sure, the hearty praise that each fair shot called forth—especially from a certain few, including the captain and the tea-merchant—was such as to encourage the gunners to do their very best. So the game continued as long as ammunition could be spared, and again the sun went down, leaving us aboard the dead ship in sole possession of as much of the great flat sea as could be swept by the glass of the look-out, who still kept rigorous watch at our mast-head.

Another night passed peacefully, but towards the dawning of morning there was a sudden bustle aboard; the captain was roused by the merchant, who, by-the-bye, during the last two nights had not retired to rest at all, but passed the time in pacing the deck, smoking cigars, and chatting with the watch.

"The vultures have spied us at last, I am afraid, captain," said he, as Captain Prescott joined him, and they proceeded on deck together.

"What is it, Dick Rood?"

"Well, I can't rightly make it out through the haze, sir," replied the look-out; "it aint a sail nor it aint a ship's boat; it is a mite of a thing that I should have let pass as a bit of drift timber, only it happens that the sea is too dead for drifting as much as a bung just at present; and this thing, whatever it is, is cutting its way at a spanking rate—towards us, too."

By this time the haze had cleared a bit, and half-a-dozen spy-glasses (for our passengers had roused to see what the matter was) were brought to bear on the distant black speck moving on the water.

"It is a fish, I believe," observed one of the passengers; "I can clearly distinguish the movement of its fins. I have no doubt that it is one of those grampuses that one hears about, and when it comes closer we can have some prime sport with it with our big guns—eh, captain?"

"If it is the sort of fish I take it to be, no doubt we very shortly shall have some sport, or something worse, with our guns, and our cutlasses as well," replied the captain. "What is your opinion, Mr. Aitchison?"

"A sampan belonging to a pirate prahu," replied the merchant coolly. "I know a little of the ways of these sea-devils, you see, gentlemen," continued he, turning to his fellow-passengers. "This villain approaching in his boat is a scout; should he find us a man-of-war, it is a chance if an attack would be ventured; but when he discovers nothing more terrible than a becalmed merchantman, he will carry back the glad news, and they will be down on us like buzzards."

In a very few moments the nature of our peril was made known through the ship, and the whole number of hands on board of her—thirty-eight, including

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the passengers—crowded on deck to watch the approach of the little canoe that was now so close that, with the naked eye, it was easy to make out her shape, and that the man who worked her paddle so deftly was naked to the waist. On came the sampan till no more than a quarter of a mile stood between it and the steadfast ship, and then he paused, and, laying aside his paddle, shaded his eyes with his hands, and gazed intently towards us.

"Give him a shot, Mr. Patching," said the captain. "He may as well take back to his friends a hint of the sort of reception they are likely to meet with if they venture too close."

In less than a minute one of our six-pounders was pointed towards the inquisitive sampan, and, with a tremendous bomb, a shot was sent flying fair and true towards her. The boatman's behaviour, however, was highly significant; his quick eye had caught the flash the instant the match was applied, and as the ball left the mouth of the piece, so did the rower leave his boat, shooting into the sea as though, too, impelled by the power of gunpowder. As soon, however, as he found that his sampan was untouched (and to strike so small and flat a thing from a ship's gun was almost impossible) he just bobbed his head and shoulders out of the sea, and, clutching the edge of the sampan with one hand, swam with the other till he was fairly out of gun range; and then, climbing into the little cockle-shell of a thing, he waved his paddle, and, uttering a defiant yell, shot off as swiftly as he came.

No longer was any mystery observed on board the Sultan. All hands (with the exception of the husband of our poor lady passenger, who had been in horrible hysterics ever since the news of a probable attack by pirates had first reached her ears) were mustered, and Captain Prescott, who, as a fighting captain, was as admirable as he had shown himself as a captain of cargo, delivered to them a short and spirited speech, telling them what they might expect, and what he expected of them. He explained to them that, should the pirate prahus bear down on and attack them (as, being propelled by rowers and independent of the wind, they easily might), every man would have to fight for his life, for that the Dyak pirates were the most blood-thirsty on the sea, consigning their prisoners to instant death, or to what was worse, to everlasting slavery; on hearing which, the men, one and all, although not one in any ten had smelt more powder than was burnt in a Guy Fawkes squib, or handled a more prodigious cutting weapon than a dinner knife, gave a most hearty shout, and declared that they would most prettily cut the buzzards' wings should they make up their minds for a swoop; and laughed and jested amongst themselves, and exhibited nothing like the serious concern of men about to engage in deadly strife. Perhaps they were not at all sure that they were, and that the captain's alarms were not groundless.

If so, they were vastly mistaken, for, before the excitement consequent on the captain's address had nearly subsided, the look-out spied a sail, and immediately after, another and another, till he had told five.

"What d'ye make 'em out to be?" inquired the captain.

"I never saw the like of 'em before, sir," replied Dick Rood. "They might be Thames barges for all that their hulks show above the water, and they mount no colours at all. Swarming with fellows like him who came to have a squirt at us just now! Pulled along by oarsmen! There's at least fifty of 'em in the foremost one, judging from the double row of blades!"

These scraps of information, which Dick Rood jerked out eagerly and at intervals,

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as, according to the rapid approach of the strange craft, he made his successive discoveries, were received by those on deck with breathless interest; but, as I was delighted, and, as a Briton, proud to see, nothing like fear was visible on any one face—only a grim and sturdy determination to sell their precious lives at such a price as should, at least, make the purchasers repent their bargain.

In a little while the shape of the foremost of the piratical prahus could easily be made out from our deck (for the rowers worked with such will and precision that the vessels seemed to fly through the water), and at the same time we were aware of a shining thing at her bows, plainly revealed by the sun, that blazed full upon it. What the shining thing could be was a mystery to most of us; but we were quickly relieved of any doubts and guessings, for a spurt of something brighter than the glistening thing leapt from it, followed by such a bellcwing as never could have found utterance in any but a cannon's mouth. At the same moment the other prahus, as though acting on the signal, fired each a gun (though we were, as yet, far out of range of their shot), and then the crews, uniting their voices, sent forth a yell shrill and appalling, and compared with which their cannonading was a mere whisper.

Such a thrilling, high-pitched shriek was it that the savages gave vent to, that it seemed impossible that any human throat could sustain it for more than the space of a single breath; but, to our surprise and dismay, the horrid yell proved but the first note of a war-song, the performance of which was accompanied by the rumbling of drums, and such music as is made by the clashing of gongs and cymbals. I say that these sounds filled us with dismay as well as surprise, and so the reader would have said had he been there to hear. I believe that if they had made no other demonstrations than from the mouths of their cannon, though it had been fifty times more formidable than that already displayed, our fellows would only have been nerved by the sound, and spurred to the very bent of their mettle; but to know of this horde of black and naked barbarians approaching our helpless ship with such hellish harmony and rejoicing, and as though a feast, and not a fight, was their aim, was not a little disconcerting to men with Christian lives to lose, and so small a prospect of saving them. It was hard to believe that any enemy would approach with music and singing, and there seemed a chance that our captain was mistaken, and that the approaching fleet was a friendly one. There were those among the crew, however, who had sailed these seas before, and knew better; as did Captain Proscot and his friend the Pekin merchant; indeed, it was this gentleman who, at this moment, set at rest the doubts of all as to the quality of the strangers, whose music and yelling became, each moment, louder and more discordant.

"Men," said he, "one short hour from this time will see the settlement of the pretty bit of business we have before us. I won't waste words in urging you to meet these cowardly rascals with courage; as my fellow-countrymen—as Englishmen, hailing from English homes, and with the honour of the old country in your hands—you will, of course, fight pluckily, and, let us hope, win, and with no great amount of credit to us either, although our naked, caterwauling friends yonder outnumber us six to one. You can't expect, however, to win without a few scratches, and therefore the prospect of a trifle of shin-plaster may be worth your consideration and acceptance. In the captain's cabin I have a certain strong box; and as sure as ever we manage to beat off these sea-robbers, I'll give every man in the ship a shoe-fyl of silver pieces, full measure."

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This timely promise, which was hailed with a shout the leading pirates must have heard, furnished the key to the secret of the extraordinary anxiety and alarm the good merchant had displayed since first the fatal calm fell on the sea and stopped our ship.

By this time the pirates had approached to within a quarter of a mile of us, never for a moment ceasing their infernal din, to which, as we could now make out, half-a-dozen fellows, who wore monstrous rings in their ears, and heavy armlets of



The Dyak pirate prahus attacking the Sultan.

copper, executed what we supposed was a dance, while they yelled like furies and brandished naked swords. This was in the fore-part of the vessel; and besides these dancing warriors there were none others to be seen, owing to the strange construction of the vessel, which, immediately behind the bows, was partitioned with rough planks to the height of a man; and through this partition protruded the brass gun we had seen in the distance. This partition prevented us seeing the rowers, of which, to judge from the number of sweeps the blades of which might be seen, there must have been at least forty. The man at our mast-head informed us that, besides the rowers, there were, at least, thirty armed men; but concerning the nature of their arms he could give no very satisfactory account. Some few, he said, had crooked swords, like the dancers, and the rest sticks and slings—a bit of information that was, as I noticed, highly relished by our fellows, but not so much by either the captain or the tea-merchant, from whose manner I gathered that the look-out did not know what he was talking about; as, indeed, was presently made clear enough. Arrived within the above-mentioned distance, the large prahu halted,

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to enable the other four, which we found were considerably smaller, to come up; and then, stem on, and with their five guns pointed at us, on they came, yelling and threatening their tom-toms and gongs harder than ever.

Meanwhile, our six-pounder on the side of the ship the pirates were approaching was being carefully tended by the gunner of the Turtle—Mr. Patching lending a hand for the present. And here it was, as it afterwards appeared, that the captain's humanity was displayed to our disadvantage; for, either from lack of confidence in their guns, or from their peculiar mode of warfare, the prahus approached amazingly close, but, as yet, had not fired a single shot; still the captain gave no order for our gunner to fire, although he had trained his gun to play full on the big prahu; and, his experience telling him what a chance it was, he stood, match in hand, impatiently waiting for liberty to let fly.

“I think we had better fire, sir; we shall catch it else,” at last suggested the mate.

“I had rather they open the ball, Mr. Patching, while there is a shadow of doubt as to their——”

If “intentions” was the word with which Captain Prescott was about to conclude his humane observation, the pirate guns spoke it for him with singular aptness. With a thundering report the contents of the three out of the five brass guns were directed towards us, and, had they been well aimed, considering their closeness, it would have gone hard, indeed, with the Sultan and all aboard of her; but, thank our lucky stars, they were but bungling gunners, and in two cases fired over our heads, making great havoc amongst our rigging, but that was about all; the third pirate gun, however, was more effective, for its shot came smashing through the bulwarks, carrying to their long account three of our poor fellows, and wounding two others in so shocking a manner, that they were at once carried below.

The chief of the leading prahu—the large one—judging, I suppose, by the crippled appearance of our rigging, and the quantity of splinters he had raised, encouraged the savage crew to give forth an appalling yell of triumph, and to pull straight to us that they might board us, and complete their devilish work. But there were two to this bargain, the other one being our steadfast gunner out of the king's ship Turtle, who was so intent on his business as to be deaf and blind to all that was passing around him; presently, however, and when the big prahu was not more than thirty yards away, our gun, responsive to the swift descent of the match, discharged its iron messenger, which, striking full and low at the partition in the big prahu's bows, rent a great ragged hole therein, and then ploughed its way through the double hedge of rowers and fighting men, raising a shrieking of a very different quality from that to which the gongs and tom-toms had beaten the measure.

If I am not mistaken, I found occasion in the preceding chapter to inform the good reader how that adversity had changed my callous nature, and made my heart soft and sensitive as any girl's; but now the same cause produced a very different, and, I suppose it will be said, less satisfactory effect; but that I can't help. I only know that when I saw our shot strike the strange boat, making the unaimed rowers toss their paddles in the air with most doleful cries, while not a few were trundled into the sea, some to sink at once, and others to float and stain the water about them as they beat it frantically with their tom-kims—when I saw all

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this I was not at all sorry. I shouted with delight, as did the rest, and would have clapped my hands only that one of them was encumbered with the cook's cleaver (that being the handiest weapon I could find), and was grievously disappointed to find that the prahu did not at once sink and drown every soul aboard of her, or that, finding the vessel so crippled, they did not either sheer off or yield. Had I known as much of the nature of those sea-devils as it was my sad fate by-and-by to do, I might have spared myself the idle speculation.

What happened was this. So far from being daunted by the calamity that had overtaken his ship, the chief, who, unluckily, was not hurt, only flourished his kris savagely in our direction, and proceeded to such swift arrangements for the mending of his damage, that, before our gun could be again served and brought to bear on him, his men were brought to rowing order, and shifted the prahu out of danger, leaving their sampan, or ship's boat, to pick up the wounded.

During this time—not more than two or three minutes—the four smaller prahus were not idle, and, having discovered the position of our guns, made preparations for attacking us, so that we might make little or no return. True, there were our muskets and pistols; but, owing to the strange way in which each prahu was partitioned, it was impossible to get a successful shot, except when, in their manœuvring, the rowers were for a moment exposed; and, although this frequently happened, and never without, at least, one fatal result, their numbers were so great that, do all we could in this way, our prospects seemed not at all mended, but, on the contrary, grew every moment more and more forlorn, especially when the two prahus that at present had taken no part in the firing took up their position at our stem and stern, and commenced to ply their guns. As for the others, including the one the number of whose crew we had so considerably thinned, they kept continually edging in closer and closer, and were evidently bent on boarding us as soon as we were driven to panic by the shattering of our ship. And, indeed, to lie still and helpless, while the murderous pirates were mauling us so dreadfully, seemed so preposterous a thing, that, so far from dreading their assault by boarding, we wished for it that we might have something to do.

We had not long to wait. The prahu at our bows had delivered into our wretched ship not more than half-a-dozen shots (which, by-the-bye, owing to the weakness of their gunpowder, or some other cause, did very little more than penetrate the outer timbers of our hull), when the damaged vessel—which, though its gun was rendered ineffective, still assumed the leadership—made its appearance at our stern, and, signalling the other to cease her firing, made a great dash at us to board us, and, as fortune would have it, with such hot eagerness, that they served us a good turn; for, coming head on and with all their rowers' strength, they met our bows with such a thump as to cause our becalmed ship to veer half round, and in such a way that one of the prahus lay directly before our larboard gun, to the huge delight of our gunner, who, since his first shot, had been fuming with the most savage impatience for a second. Now was his chance; instantly his eager match kissed the touch-hole, and, simultaneously with a thundering roar, came a greater wailing than had as yet been heard; for the well-aimed shot, plunging downward and striking her amidships, played such havoc with her bottom planking, that the prahu sank like a stone, leaving her savage crew—who swam like eels—to swarm up the sides of the other vessels, and even up the sides of our own, by means of the hooked poles many of them bore, and which, as I afterwards discovered, are

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAYINGER.

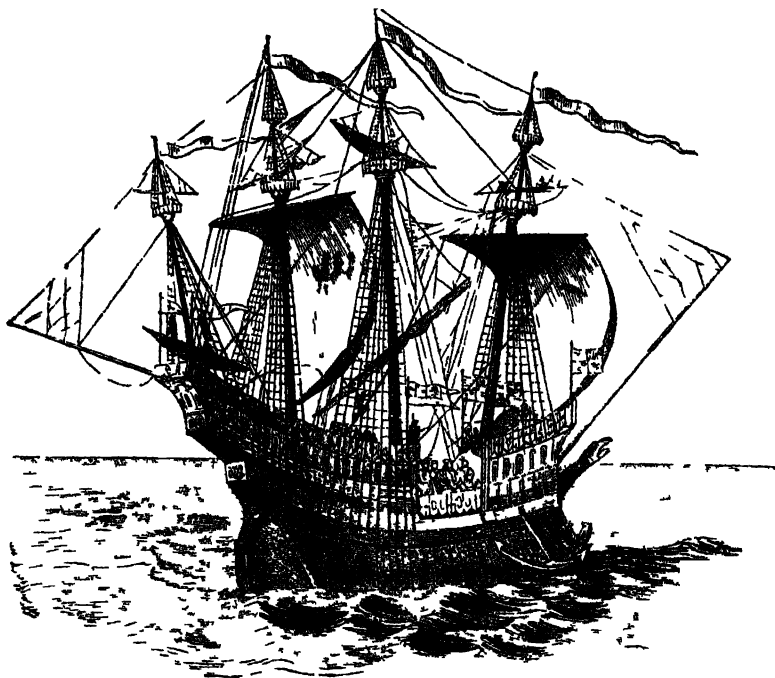
weapons peculiar to the Dyak pirate, and used for the purpose of dragging off the men of an opposing vessel.

Of these stragglers, however, not many reached our deck, and those who did made their exit from it at a much quicker rate, being pitched into the sea in a condition past swimming, for our men, who were by this time furious, and eager to shed blood, shot, and slashed, and clubbed without mercy. But it was for no more than a minute that the boarders were confined to the survivors from the wreck. First the big prahu, and then two of the smaller ones, came close along, and the Dyaks commenced swarming up the sides, climbing with both hands—for their krisses, and spears, and other weapons were borne in their mouths—and, in an instant, were about us, thick as flies.

And now ensued a spectacle the like of which but few men, even though bred to battle, and serving war as a trade, ever yet saw. Our devoted crew, reduced by this time to under thirty, fought with the mad despair of men doomed to certain death, and whose little remnant of life was good only for revenge on the savages who had brought them to such a strait; but what chance had thirty against three hundred, or so few clumsily-handled weapons against the razor-like krisses, the iron and wooden spears, and the stone-headed clubs, all of which these sea-robbers had been familiar with since childhood, and used with most deadly effect? Nor were those enumerated the only offensive weapons the pirates used; such as could not manage to clamber aboard kept their prahus close alongside, and blew through hollow reeds barbed and poisoned arrows, which, although of no more than a hand's length, carried with them immediate anguish and ultimate death as certain as a bullet in the forehead; then, again, those alongside were mightily expert with the hooked poles before mentioned, and by their use pulled over the ship's side several of our poor fellows, at a moment when they least expected to be so served. It was Tom Cox's fate to succumb to one of these diabolical machines. While our deck was red and slippery, and encumbered with the many carcasses that had made it so—among which might be counted our captain, the merchant, the lady passenger, and Bill Ricketts, poor fellow! whose head was gone, and whose body I only knew because of the lion and unicorn tattooed on his naked arm—when, seeing poor Pompey standing like a black lion at bay, wielding his terrible pike, while around him was a savage host hacking and thrusting at him, Tom Cox ran to his assistance, and was on the point of spitting Pompey's foremost assailant, when he was grappled in the rear and lugged over into a prahu. As for me, being but a lad, it was not to be expected that I should fight at all, or that my life should be aimed at. As regards the latter, I only know that I found myself speared through the thick part of my left arm, and with a gash over my right knee. How I came by the wounds, or whether I paid my assailant in his own coin, I cannot recollect. One's memory is very apt to fail him on such occasions. True, my cook's cleaver was red to the very handle; but, then, might I not have dropped it on the sloppy deck? Of one thing I am quite sure: whatever mischief I might have done with my cleaver was before Tom Cox was kidnapped, for almost the next instant I was stunned by a blow of a stone club, and, on recovering, was a bound prisoner at the bottom of a prahu, whose crew were still yelling and hauling with their hooked poles, and blowing poisoned darts through their reed sumpitans.

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.



“The Great Henry.”

CHAPTER VI

UNDER HENRY VIII. AND MARY.

THE death of Sir Edward Howard left a vacancy for the chief of the Lord High Admiral, which was, however, instantly and efficiently filled up by the nomination of his elder brother, Thomas Howard, the third Duke of Norfolk, who had been brought up in the practice of arms by his brave father, the Earl of Surrey. This appointment took place in the year 1543, but, as the Duke of Norfolk blended the office of general on land with that of admiral at sea, it happened that his services were more distinguished on the former element than on the latter, and, brilliant as his career and subtly was its interest, lies so far apart from the subject in hand that a notice of him must necessarily be of the briefest description.

Suffice it to say that he was in command of an army at the decisive battle of Flodden Field, and his military skill was held in well-merited estimation.

The records of the Navy during the remainder of the reign of Henry may be briefly filled up, then, individual interest being spread among numbers, and none of them being of a prominent nature, besides that, the naval records of the time are, to say the least of them, imperfect. In 1544 Henry declared war against France, as, in fact, he had done in 1522, and in many previous years. He sailed in company with a large force for Calais, and then pointed upon Boulogne, and took it. Francis I., then king, gathered together

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all his naval forces, and assembled his army, in order to attempt the recovery of this port both by land and by sea, and in the year following the struggle for possession began. The fleet intended for the attack on Boulogne received orders to make sail for the coast of England, and arrived off the Isle of Wight on the 18th of July. Their largest ships, however, some of which mounted 100 brass guns, caught fire before they left the port, and went off in a fine pyrotechnic display. The fleet itself was formidable enough, even after that catastrophe. It counted 150 great ships, besides 60 of a smaller size, and, in addition to these, also a number of galleys. Henry, learning his danger, hastened to Portsmouth, and, without loss of time, got 100 sail ready for sea, and, on the first show of the Gallic flag off St. Helen's, ordered those ready to "crack on" for the attack. The *Mary Rose*, a ship of 60 guns, commanded by Sir George Carow, was upset in a squall, her upper decks being incumbered in a lubberly fashion, making her thus "top-heavy," and all but thirty-five hands were lost with her. It may be mentioned that, in the year 1835, some curious relics of this vessel were fished up, several guns and stone shot then in use, with portions of the timbers, being among the articles found. To return, however, to our subject, or, rather, to keep a straight course, the force which the English had to oppose against the French fleet did not come up to a *third* of their number, besides its possessing a proportionate inequality of men and materials of war. The French, however, seemed to have no care to come to close quarters. The brunt of the fighting was borne by the Great Harry, and some pretty sharp passages of arms took place between the smaller galleys of the two fleets. It is related by M. du Bellay, a French writer, that the English in this skirmish had a light description of vessel, which they (the French) called *rambays*, but which we termed "pinnaces," a name often seen in use among the old voyagers. It was light, long, and narrow, and used sails and oars at will, being very rapid in the water. These, being readily handled, were very effective in assaulting the French galleys, whose crews they unpleasantly astonished. Finally, the latter were completely put to

the rout, and peace was once more declared in June, 1546.

With respect to Sir Thomas Howard, whom we left so cavalierly above, he nearly fell a victim to the tender mercies which Henry was wont to show these by whom he had been best and most loyally served; for, jealous of his old favourite, he had him thrown into the Tower, and ordered him for execution in the January of 1547. Henry's death, however, occurring in the same night, the order was suspended, but he remained a prisoner during the whole of the subsequent reign. Henry, Earl of Surrey, son of the preceding Thomas Howard, served Henry VIII. as Field-Marshal of the English army before Boulogne in 1544; but, as his subsequent career is unconnected with our "Story of the British Navy," we must pass him by, along with others of inferior note. In 1550, during the reign of Edward VI., the recapture of Boulogne took place under circumstances reflecting great gallantry on the French forces. The latter also made, in addition, an attack upon the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, having 2,000 land forces to aid their powerful squadron of ships. The English, being apprised of this, and knowing how very inefficiently their defences were provided for, sent in hot haste—and less speed, of course—a small squadron and 800 men, under the command of Commodore Winter, who, on his arrival, found the islands very closely besieged. Undaunted, however, by the almost overwhelming forces he had to tackle with, Winter embraced the desperate venture, and succeeded, by the fiery energy of his attack in completely defeating the foe. Nearly a thousand men were killed on the French side, and the rest found safety in flight. Almost the whole of their war-ships fell into English hands, by whom they were, as it really does seem very injudiciously, burnt. It is a little curious to know that French historians make no mention of this engagement and disastrous defeat. The English historians, however, take credit for it, and Holinshed, Godwin, Speed, and Fox preserve it in their chronicles.

Sir John Dudley, who subsequently became Viscount Lisle, Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Northumberland, is the name of another noble admiral who belongs to the

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era of the eighth Henry. His career may be thus briefly summed up:—Son of that Edmund Dudley who was one of the victims of Henry VIII., he was eight years old at his father's execution. He attended Charles Brandon on an expedition to France, and obtained the honour of knighthood on a "stricken field," as the battle-ground was termed. In 1542 he was made Viscount Lisle, a Knight of the Garter, and elected Lord High Admiral of England for his services. In 1542-3 he sailed in that capacity with a fleet of 200 sail to the Frith of Forth, where, landing his troops, he took Edinburgh, despite an obstinate resistance. Thence he made havoc to the borders, while his fleet laid waste the whole of the shores within reach of its ravages, and his success, so far, was considered perfect. His next duty was to assist Henry at Boulogne, and he contributed efficiently to the capture of that citadel, of which he was made governor. He baffled every attempt made by the French to take it, and, in 1546, was made lieutenant-general and commander at sea, and, with greatly reduced forces, foiled an intended invasion of England on the part of France, carrying the alarm and the war back to the latter's own coasts. After the accession of Edward VI., Dudley was created Earl of Warwick, the grant of Warwick Castle and its manor being added to the title. He assisted the Duke of Somerset, then Lord Protector, against Scotland, and half the honours of the victory of Musselburgh were fairly his. His rise and elevation were remarkably rapid; and, commensurate with an ambition that was beginning to exceed the bounds of reason itself, he was created successively Lord High Admiral, Earl Marshal of England, Lord Steward of the Household, Lord Warden of the Northern Marches, and finally, in 1551, was further elevated by the title of Duke of Northumberland. The new duke, however, began to compass the fall of Somerset, thinking to rise on his descent; and he was so far successful that Somerset was executed. He next endeavoured to bring about a marriage between Lady Jane Grey and one of his sons, and, on the death of Edward, he proclaimed his daughter-in-law queen. An insurrection in favour of Mary was fatal to his designs, and, after being committed to the Tower, he was exe-

cuted on Tower Hill in August, 1553, in the fifty-second year of his age, when his hand was all but grasping the crown of England. So much for excessive ambition.

The reign of Mary is not entirely deficient of a certain amount of interest connected with the "Story of the British Navy." Her luckless matrimonial alliance with the gloomy Philip of Spain, and the religious panics by which the Constitution of England was shaken, in a manner, to its centre and foundation, opened the way for those stupendous events which made the days of Elizabeth the most brilliant and the most glorious England had beheld for centuries.

Mary, it is recorded, equipped a fleet of 28 sail, which she placed under the command of Lord William Howard, whom, in the first year of her reign, she had created Baron of Effingham, and Lord High Admiral of the Seas of England. The ostensible purpose of this fleet was to guard the coasts against descents said to be meditated by the French, but, in reality, it was to escort King Philip to these shores. Philip had, however, entered the narrow seas (Straits of Dover) with a fleet of 160 sail, and the yellow flag of Spain was proudly waving at the maintop of the Spanish admiral's ship. The English admiral beheld this with that genuine and indignant English humour which found force and expression in his phlegmatic temperament. Heedless of the fierce and sullen look his own royal mistress would very likely cast upon him, sublimely indifferent to the opinion or the anger of the Spanish prince, and caring not a rotten rope-yarn for the rack and the thumb-screws, the pincers and the cord, the conglomerated *doublets* of the Inquisition, or the miserable *auto da fe* in Smithfield, William Howard ordered the Spaniard to be saluted with a round shot, and compelled him to take in his "bunting," before he would condescend to pay his respects to the scowling prince, who, very likely, recorded an oath to "give him as good as he sent" when the day of his power should arrive. The union, however, was one between the two sovereigns, and not between the people. The wretched, bilious queen, fanatical and furious, devoured by jealousies and tortured by remorse, lacerated through a miserable reign of five years,

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and the naval history of her rule is but a very brief one. In addition to the chagrin she experienced from the sullen demeanour of her subjects, she endured the indifference with which the brutal bigot, Philip, met all her lavish fondness. He goaded her into a war with France on pain of total desertion, for which he might, at least, have been very properly liable to a "punish prosecution." She acceded, although it was against her will and the interests of England. War was declared in 1557, and, by the aid of the English troops Philip obtained a victory over the French at St. Quentin.

On the other hand, the English sustained a blow in the loss of Calais, after it had been in our hands for 200 years. It was the key of the kingdom, and was thus lost for ever. It was taken in the winter of 1558 by the Duke of Guise, and the humiliation was so great, that the callous temperament of Mary yielded to the stab which was thus inflicted. Sickness and vexation, mortification and dropsy, combined, forced her to succumb, and she died exclaiming with her last breath that "Calais would be found engraved on her heart."

We are now approaching the golden days



Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh

of Elizabeth and the Armada, which will make ample amends, in the stirring and romantic events that lie around it, for all short comings hitherto that have been also undeniable.

CHAPTER VII

ELIZABETH AND HER ADMIRAL

ELIZABETH, on whose name have been showered such a variety of titles—the "Virgin Queen," the "Iron Queen," the "Vixen Queen," the "Bright Occident Star," and so on—came to the English throne on the death of her predecessor, Mary, in the year 1558, and the reign of Elizabeth was one undiminished and untarnished career of rising, brightening naval glory for nearly half a century.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII and of Anne Boleyn, and, constitutionally

springing from not a little of that impetuous and indomitable temper which in her father was exaggerated into ferocity, turbulent and violent. But in harmony with all the characteristics of a virgin queen, she had rich hair, grey-blue eyes, a hooked nose—the true characteristics of a ship-chim. She was unalloyed with vanity and self-esteem. She did a princely and a generous disposition, could do it nobly—and moreover, as to the manner born—was a living mass of feminine contradictions, a true woman, the most powerful sovereign in the world—and here you have in unflattering but truthful portraiture of "Good Queen Bess." Her education in some things on the side of pedantry, and was a hush of mangled classics, French romances, Italian poetry, and fine ladyism. The fine-ladyism of that day, when high-born women could

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make puddings and knit stockings, was yet rendered practical by a substratum of sound common sense. She was gifted with the latter quality to some considerable extent.

The English composition of her nature, and what of it was English in her education, tended, as by instinct, to point out to her the restoration and reconstruction of the navy as the true source whence the power, the glory, the security, and the prosperity of the kingdom originally sprang, and on which it depended for continuation and support.

She was twenty-two when first taken

from the seclusion in which she was kept by Mary's jealousy; and her first step was, by an "order in council," to declare herself to all the world an independent and free princess, repudiating all other connexion with Spain than that which was demanded by the etiquette and intercourse of nations. This was a death-blow to the insatiate and detestable Philip, who, on the death of his wife Mary, would have married her sister Elizabeth if he could have done so. This declaration thus destroyed his hopes, set him to bite his nails in solitude, and to plan, in the depths of his malignant heart, those



Warwick Castle, granted to Sir John Dudley by Edward VI.

schemes which were to keep the half-slumbering world so very "wink-awake" and staring even with admiration for years to come, and to call forth a race of admirals, sea captains, and ocean kings—all British-built from "stem to stern"—whose career will form, it is hoped, sterling chapters in this "Story of the British Navy."

When the crown was not three days old on her head, she began to exhibit her Tudor energy by ordering Vice-Admiral Malyn to gather all the ships he could together, and to place them, without delay, in the defence of the "narrow seas," in order to prevent all foreign powers from entering or leaving a port without licence; which latter clause was so severely adhered to, that, from the serious inconveniences which arose, it was necessarily modified. She also hastened to secure the harbours of Dover and Portsmouth, and to strengthen the defences of

the Isle of Wight; so that, before the first year of her reign was out, the country was considered to be secure from any sudden surprise at the least. So far so good.

She busied herself in plans for the preservation of ship timber, in the casting of iron cannon; and in the manufacture of gunpowder at home—a security of nitre with us, causing it to be imported at a heavy expense. She appealed directly to the sympathies of her seamen by *raising their wages*, increasing their comforts, and bettering their food. In these ameliorations and advancements her officers shared as a matter of course, and the whole art and mystery of navigation underwent a strict and severe revision, and became more than ever subject to the laws and canons of a strictly mathematical science, grafting thereon the indispensable technology of the profession. Thus she acquired at once credit for re-consolidating the naval

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power of England, and was esteemed monarch of the seas, inasmuch that foreign potentates gazed on her with astonishment and respect, and willingly paid court to a power that had, before, been slowly declining in their estimation. She gave encouragement to persecuted Protestants abroad—the Huguenot silk weavers of Lyons, the wool factors of Flanders; and to all professing handicrafts of any kind she proffered a cordial welcome—their skill, capital, and tools being no less valuable to the nation than they were to themselves. From this date begins the rise and progress of the manufacturing prosperity of England, which has at this day arrived at such an incredible pitch of wealth and greatness. Naturally enough, there were here additional causes for embroiling a Protestant queen with the Catholic powers of the Continent; and the King of Spain, with his vast wealth pouring into his coffers fleet after fleet, with his navy, and his army, and his influence, seemed by no means a man safe to rouse. But Elizabeth held on her way, carried out her plans, and rated both him and his menaces at a very low standard indeed. As this course brought about the formation of the Great Armada, which was to make a complete conquest of Britain, and humble it for ever, a few introductory words respecting the origin of the same appear to be necessary.

About the year 1562, the Huguenots of France, driven to bay by the intolerable and oppressive burdens placed upon them by their princes and rulers, and because the Catholic powers fitted out privateers and the like, and harassed the Huguenot coasts, not failing to insult and piratically attack English merchant ships—if weaker—Elizabeth, swearing one of her energetic and favourite oaths that this should no longer be, she—to use a pithy old saying—“put her spoon into the dish at once.” The French Protestants offered her the port of Havre de Grâce (their Newhaven), provided she would help them; and in September, 1562, she sent over a fleet, commanded by Dudley, Earl of Warwick, which, aided by a body of troops, entered the port, and took possession of the town. This was a severe blow to France; for that power having declared all English ships prizes while Elizabeth held the port, she retaliated by a similar measure,

and forth from every port in England poured the privateers, manned by the boldest men and commanded by the most skilful captains then navigating the seas, and the French navy soon became decimated, to the consternation and surprise of the rulers. One private adventurer alone, having but three frigates—fitted out, it is true, at his own expense—within the short space of six weeks brought into New haven not less than eighteen French sail, the whole, with their cargoes, valued at 50,000% money of the period. The impetus that was given, in addition, to shipbuilding and to navigation, awoke a spirit of adventure throughout the land, and the wide seas of the world became, in a manner, the heritage of the English rovers. Philip of Spain beheld this naval power quicken and grow into a gigantic life and colossal dimensions with the greatest possible uneasiness, and saw that, if he could not check and choke this growing power in its beginning, his schemes for acquiring dominion as the supreme head of Europe would be rendered abortive. Elizabeth, the while, was striking vigorous blows at the root of that despotic rule which his father, Charles V., had acquired through the instrumentality of his demon leader, the Duke of Alba, in the Low Countries. Philip had “three strings to his bow”—that is to say, he had three channels of annoying the Queen of England open to him. One was the pretext of religion, and getting the Pope to sanction a crusade which would place the Father at the head of the restored Catholic creed in England. The next was by giving encouragement to a Papal party in her own dominions; and the third, and by far the most potent argument, to gather round him a force so multitudinous, an armament so vast, as to perfect a design established on a scale hitherto undreamt of in the history of the world, and put an end to all ambitious attempts on the part of England for ever. All this, of course, contained the nucleus of the “Armada.” He thus turned to the worst or best uses the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, and, under pretence of guarding his shores in the Netherlands, continued to build new ships ready for the expected occasion. With that sublime self-confidence which never deserted her, and with that full trust in the affection of her subject in which no queen was ever

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yet deceived, Elizabeth continued the even tenor of her way, and not being quite blind to the fact that her *good and gentle* "cousin" Philip was preparing for her annihilation, busied herself in improving and increasing her naval armaments, and in giving every possible encouragement to the best and bravest navigators of the age to engage themselves in her service. Honours, advancement, liberal pay, letters of marque, prizes surrendered to the captors, and the like, were some of the inducements she held out, and the result was a galaxy of seamen—"galaxy!"—pooh! such a crew of "salt-water" Titans—as never before trod plank thronged to her nod and beck, and soon began to show the mettle of the race from which they had sprung. Guessing so well Philip's purpose, and, though war was not actually declared, a series of petty reprisals, often attended, however, with important results, having for a long time been carried on, Elizabeth licensed adventurers to fit out vessels for the West Indies and the Spanish main, where Philip's treasure ships were sorely harassed, and many of them taken as prizes.

In 1587, the queen, in order to play at the same game that Philip was so intent upon, sent a fleet, under Sir Francis Drake, to the port of Caliz, where he was to do all in hampering that amiable march he was able, and where he succeeded beyond his hopes. Six great galleys, destined to guard the port, were forced to fly for shelter under the cannon of the castle, while Drake made fire-ships of upwards of a hundred sail of Spanish in the bay, all laden with ammunition and provisions intended for Philip's great fleet, the building of which still went on with undiminished vigour. The present chapter is confined to a brief sketch of the life of the queen as connected with the progress of the Royal Navy; and, though the names of her noble admirals appear, and reference is made to the Great Armada, the captains themselves, and the episode of Philip's fleet, will occupy so many especial places in their proper order. For the present, the salient events of Elizabeth's reign alone will be taken notice of, and the greater reason for adopting this plan is the multiplicity of persons, and the numerous engagements branching out of the battle of

the Armada, necessary to describe, and which, in the present chapter, would encumber our progress.

Philip's cheeks and losses from time to time were neither few nor far between; but, urged by his dark fanaticism, by his hopes of a sanguinary revenge, by his jealousy and love of power, he had his huge fleet ready by 1588, as he himself insolently announced it to the world in a pompous declaration, printed in Latin, as well as in every spoken European language, and bearing date the 20th of May of the same year, and he denominated it the "most happy Armada." Amidst the multitude of seamen, soldiers, marines, and the like, no less a complement than 121 monks are enumerated amongst the host, belonging to the several orders, and having their Inquisitorial furniture ready for unpacking and putting to use the moment they should land in England, for the punishment of the heretics. The Duke of Medina Sidonia commanded the Armada, and Lord Howard of Effingham the English fleet; and on the 1st of June, 1588, the Spanish fleet, in all its pomp, and array, and splendour, sailed from Lisbon to join the forces of the Prince of Parma in Calais Roads.

I need here only state that, by the aid of storms and tempests—by the Spanish vessels being too unwieldy for handling—by the quick and dexterous manœuvring of our own seamen and their ships—by the most daring attacks and by miraculous successes—the proud fleet of Philip was scattered to the four winds, and, out of the proudest armament that ever sailed out of port, the miserable residue of those that went back is truly incredible. Lofty ships, shattered in hull and rigging—the crews pictures of suffering and terror—their officers filled with dread and despair—and the people themselves looking in dismay at this humiliating spectacle—presented so striking a contrast, made in such a brief space of time, and evinced the impotency of tyranny in such a manner, that Philip himself might have taken a lesson from it and laid it to heart, had not his stubbornness, backed by his pride and wounded vanity, blinded him to all probable after consequences. While he set himself afresh, therefore, to repair his damages, and enter upon the gigantic task of re-creating his navy, the cruisers of

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Elizabeth sped over every sea, haunting the coasts of Spain, waylaying the Plate fleets and silver ships, destroying, capturing, and filling English ports with prize after prize. It was a brilliant and a jovial time for the adventurers and privateers of that period,

for an hour sufficed to make the crew of an English ship wealthy for life, and many a vast fortune was transferred from the holds of the Spanish ships to purchase broad acres for gentlemen, petty officers, and captains, whose descendants are to be found, in the South of



Sir Francis Drake.

England especially, enjoying their well known patrimony to this day. The brilliant and devilish carnival of slaughter commenced on the Huguenots on the eve of St Bartholomew moved the indignation of Elizabeth against the Catholics, and when Henry of Navarre ascended the throne of France—a Protestant king—she aided him with money and troops, which was still a sequel to the chastisement she continued to inflict upon the arrogance of Spain.

The utter defeat of the great Spanish Armada, of which more will be said anon,

left Elizabeth the undisputed sovereign of the seas far and wide. She died, it may be added, in the year 1603, in the 70th year of her age, after she had been Queen over England for more than five and forty years. The fleet she left behind her was most efficient and serviceable. It comprised forty-two stout vessels, whose aggregate tonnage was 119,500 tons, manned by a force of 5,622 men—820 gunners, and 2,030 soldiers or marines—a very serviceable force, indeed, and what any power whatever that then existed

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

III.

HARDNESS.

TO PIERCE A HALFPENNY WITH A NEEDLE.

Every one knows that if of two bodies one is harder than the other the former will scratch the latter. A piece of glass will scratch marble; a diamond will cut glass. The glass is harder than the

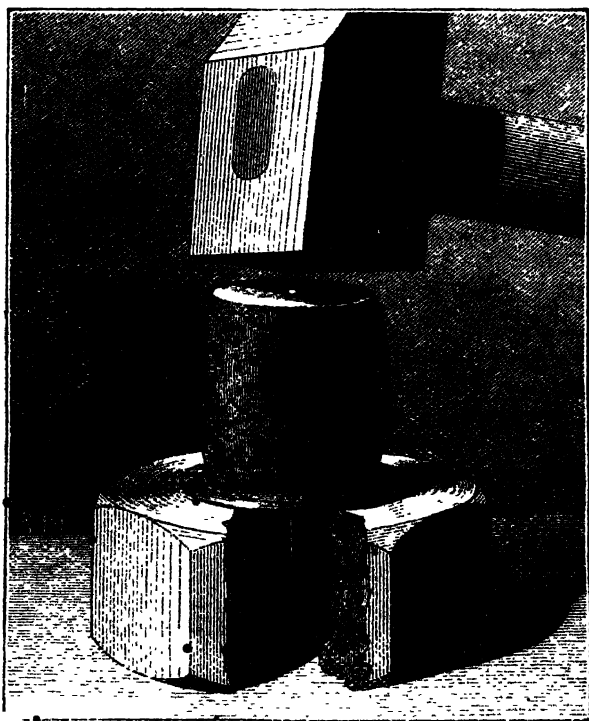


Fig. 11. How to Pierce a Halfpenny with a Needle.

marble, the diamond harder than the glass. A bit of steel—a knife, for instance—will scratch copper. It is not impossible to pierce a halfpenny with a needle, because it is harder than the coin.

The problem may appear impossible of solution, for if we endeavour to drive a needle through a halfpenny as we would drive a nail

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through a board we shall fail every time, because we shall break the needle, which, though it possesses great durability, is also very brittle. But if by some method we can manage to maintain the needle in a rigid and upright position above the halfpenny, we can drive it into the coin with a hammer!

In order to perform this experiment successfully we must have a cork which is of the same height as the needle, and into which the latter must be driven. Thus the needle is maintained in a perfectly rigid condition, and may be struck violently in the direction of its axis without being broken.

Now place the needle (buried in the cork) above a halfpenny, which may rest either upon a "bolt-washer," or even on a wooden table, which will not be injured by the experiment. Then with a somewhat heavy (locksmith's) hammer strike the cork decidedly.

If the blow be delivered straight and strong, the needle will pass right through the halfpenny.

The experiment can be made equally well with any other piece of money. We must, however, add that the experiment may not succeed at the first attempt; it may be necessary to repeat the trial many times; but it is capable of accomplishment, and we have beside us some coins which have been pierced by needles in the manner above described.

It will be a very difficult matter to withdraw the needle from the coin after the experiment. The adhesion is very great.

TO KEEP A PENNY REVOLVING IN A LAMP-SHADE.

Grasp a lamp-shade in the right hand, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 12). Now, with the left hand, twirl a coin on its edge into the shade, and at the same moment cause the shade to rotate in the right hand. The coin will roll round without falling.

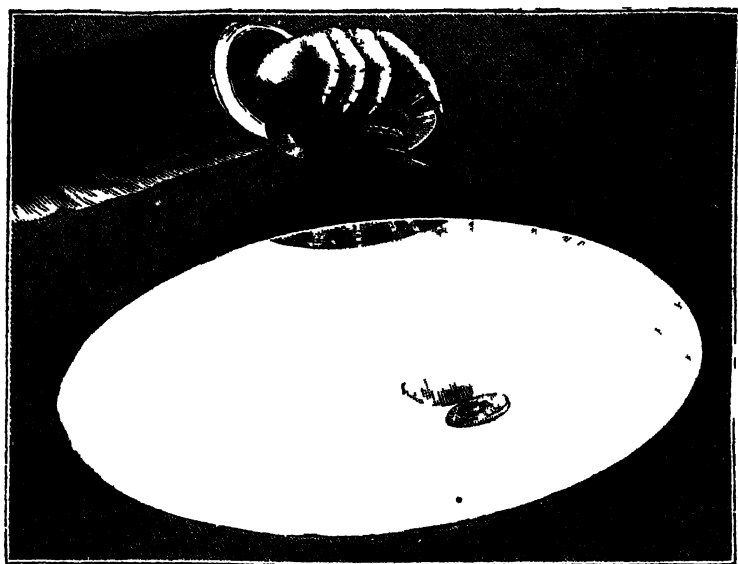
If the movement of the shade be gradually slackened, the coin will by degrees rotate towards the lower part of the lamp-shade; if the speed be augmented, the coin will by degrees ascend the cone towards the upper circumference. The movement of the coin will continue just as long as the twirling motion of the shade is kept up. The money is maintained by the action of centrifugal force, and moves in an inclined position similar to that of a rider in the circus. With practice one can roll two pieces of money in the lamp-shade at the same time.

The experiment we have described is very easy to perform; only a slight movement of the hand is needed. Although some dexterity is required in launching the penny into the lamp-shade at first, still no particular skill on the part of the performer is required. We our-

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selves have done the trick with ease, and have taught many persons inexperienced in sleight of hand to perform it

If a lamp shade be not available, we may use a basin or pan, or a salad-bowl, but the cardboard lamp shade is lightest and most handy, and should be chosen in preference to all other articles



I . 12 Illuming a Penny in a Lamp shade

EFFECTS OF CENTRIFUGAL FORCE

The effects of centrifugal force are manifested under a great variety of circumstances, and we may frequently observe them

When a railway is run round a sharp curve, the outer rail is always raised above the inner so that the train when passing round the curve may retain its position on the metal . . .

If you run rapidly round a small round track you will find it necessary to incline your body towards the centre so that your course may thus become the more rapid

The effects of centrifugal force are otherwise frequently observable as for instance, when a carriage wheel is revolving rapidly the mud which adheres to the tire is flung away from the wheel by the action of centrifugal force

It is centrifugal force which sometimes causes mill-stones to split when revolving at a high speed It is the same force which causes the tiny drops of water to fly out of the wicker basket in which lettuce is being washed, dried, and shaken

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THE SLING.

When one launches a stone from a sling, the stone escapes from the circle which it has been made to describe as soon as one string of the sling has been let go, and it flies off at a tangent with the same velocity that has been imparted to it at the moment it was released.



Fig. 1. The Cane Sling.

TO THROW A POTATO TO A GREAT HEIGHT

When the writer was a schoolboy, and used to walk in the country, he substituted an ordinary walking-stick for the sling, and for the stone a potato, and in the following manner he succeeded in his experiment. He fixed a potato at the end of his cane in a firm way, and then, whirling the stick as he would whirl a sling, he suddenly stopped the motion when the end of the stick pointed upwards. The potato was thus hurled to an immense height in the air.

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THE PRINCIPLE OF INERTIA.

In treatises on mechanics and physics, "inertia" is defined as a property of matter by which bodies tend to preserve a condition of repose, and by which a body in motion is prevented from modifying of itself the movement which has been imparted to it.

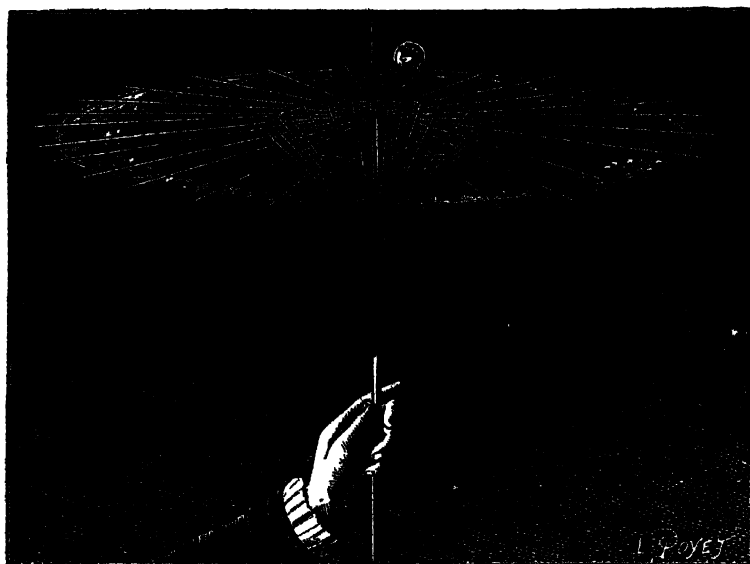


Fig. 11. Half-crown Rolling over an Umbrella.

A PIECE OF MONEY ROLLING ON AN UMBRELLA.

We will first give an illustration of the feat performed by some jugglers viz, the circling of a half-crown upon a Japanese umbrella, as shown in the engraving. The umbrella is turned rapidly round and, to all appearance, the half-crown is running along the surface: but it is really the umbrella that is moving beneath the piece of money. This is an example of the principle of inertia. The experiment is performed very cleverly by the Japanese jugglers.

TO CUT A PLACH, WITH ITS STONE, RIGHT THROUGH.

Take an almost ripe peach, of medium size, and insert in it a table-knife so that the blade may be in contact with the edge of the stone. If the peach be too ripe to remain suspended on the blade it can be fastened by a thread, but on the express condition that the knife-blade remains in contact with the edge of the stone.

The knife with the peach attached is then grasped in the left hand tightly and firmly, and with another table knife a blow is struck by

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the right hand—a smart, violent blow—on the knife, close to the fruit. If the knife has been properly inserted into the fruit, so that the shock is transmitted in the direction of the centre of gravity of the peach, the stone will be cut normally to its axis, as well as the tissue which encloses it, and moreover in a very neat manner indeed.

In performing this experiment it will be well to suspend the peach over a table, and to use common knives, which are not likely to be damaged.



Fig 15 How to Cut through a peach

Many games based upon inertia are practised. One of them consists in placing in the midst of a certain circumference a pipe, at the upper end of which some pieces of money are placed. The pipe, when thrown at with quarts or a stick lets the coin fall to the ground within the circle, but if the pieces must be struck beyond the circle, it is necessary to avoid hitting the pipe. (On this principle the "cocoa nut throwing" is practised at fairs.)

It is by virtue of the inertia of matter that the particles of dust are beaten out of our clothes every particle being in a condition of repose. When the shock of the sudden stroke put in motion the stuff in which

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the particles are resting, they remain behind, and at once fall down released from the clothes.

When a piece of cord is vigorously flourished and then suddenly checked in the moment of its greatest impulse, the extreme end, which has the greatest velocity, has a tendency to escape from the other sections, and in its attempt a noise is produced. This is the *cracking of the whip*. It is on the same principle that the drops of water will run from the lettuce leaves when forcibly shaken in a wicker basket. In this there is also an illustration of centrifugal force, as already mentioned.

Facts of this nature may be multiplied exceedingly. A bullet shot from a rifle will go through a pane of glass and leave a round hole in it, but if the ball were thrown by the hand, at a much less speed the glass would be shivered into fragments.

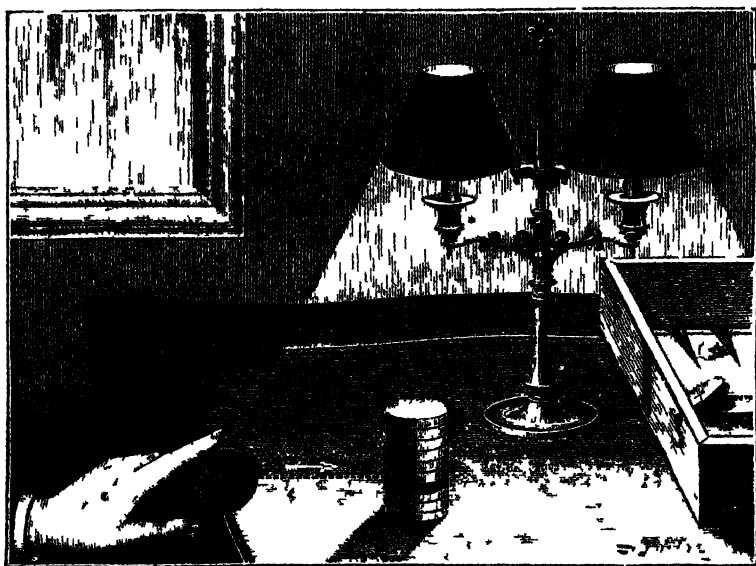


Fig. 16 The Draughtsmen

The flexible stem of a plant may be severed by a switch horizontally thrown at it at a great speed. The velocity in this case is very high and the molecules directly struck attain also a speed so great that they separate themselves from the surrounding molecules before they have had time to communicate their velocity to the latter.

TO PROJECT ONE OR TWO "DRAUGHTSMEN" FROM A HEAP OF THEM.

This experiment is a variation of one which we have explained in another place. It is performed by means of draughts or back-gammon

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"men," but instead of a piece of wood, another disc is used as a projectile.

Build up a column of ten or twelve pieces, as in the illustration, and with the thumb and forefinger propel the single disc violently against the pile, causing the disc to strike the column (Fig. 16). The piece thus launched out will strike tangentially the pile in one of two ways—either it will hit it at the point of contact of two discs, in which case two will be projected from the column; or it will strike a single disc, as shown in the illustration, in which the black piece only will be projected from the pile, without disturbing the stability of the other pieces.

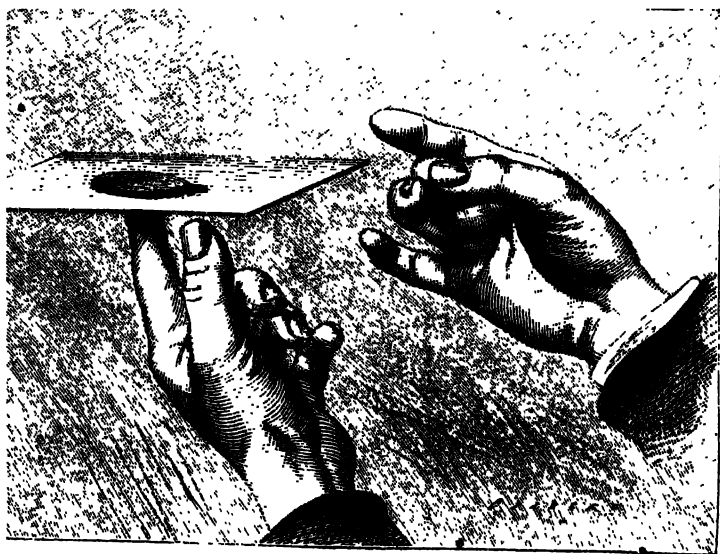


Fig. 17. The Card and the Coin.

THE CARD AND THE COIN.

Place on the forefinger of your left hand, held upright, a card, on the card place a half-crown or other good-sized coin, and offer to remove the card without disturbing the coin. To do this you must "flip" the card forcibly with the middle finger of the right hand; the pasteboard will be propelled across the room, and the coin will remain upon the finger. In performing this trick, care must be taken to flip the card in a plane perfectly horizontal to the coin—as shown in the illustration (Fig. 17).

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

BY CAPTAIN C. H. OZANNE, O. S. D.

WHEN I was about sixteen years of age, I was laid up at school in England by a bad attack of inflammation of the lungs. For a long time the effects hung about me, and, as the winter was coming on, it was thought advisable to send me for a change of climate to Ceylon, where my father was in command of a battery of artillery stationed at Trincomalee.

In a few weeks I was walking up the path to my father's quarters, where my mother and sisters were eagerly waiting on the step of the verandah to welcome me.

Everything was new and delightful to a boy just out of a school-room. I was provided with a pony and a gun, and soon became a fairly good shot and a good horseman. As there were no boys at Trincomalee, I soon made friends among the officers, and joined them in their shooting excursions.

The battery had been stationed in India some years previously, and one of the officers had shot several elephants. One day, when I was dining at mess with a subaltern named Owen, Captain Nugent gave us a very glowing description of a risky encounter he had had with the elephant whose enormous tusks adorned his quarters. Another officer entertained us with a vivid account of a pig-sticking adventure, in which his horse had been badly cut by the pig's tusks, and he had killed the brute by a lucky stroke of his spear.

All this conversation created in my mind a desire to tackle bigger game than the duck and so on, with which I had hitherto been satisfied. To shoot an elephant appeared to me the height of bliss—not one of the broken-spirited circus animals, familiar to all, but a real wild elephant, roaming in his native jungle.

By a few careless questions I extracted from Captain Nugent all the information on the subject that I could without hinting at the design that began to form itself in my brain. I thus learnt the way to track and to stalk an elephant; what rifles to use; and many other pieces of information which I thought would be useful to me.

I went to bed in a thoughtful frame of mind to dream of nothing else all night but that I was chased by gigantic elephants with huge tusks, that I had no rifle, and could not run away. From such dreams I would wake up in a great state of excitement, to find my mouth dry and my face streaming with perspiration.

For several days my one thought was how to arrange for an elephant hunt. On inquiry, I found that it occasionally happened that

MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

tracks of elephants were to be seen in the jungle and in the fields adjoining. My informant was my father's *appoo* (butler), who told me that, many years before, he had been employed as an elephant tracker. I thought he seemed somewhat vague in his ideas on the subject, but I had no one else to confide my plans to. By lavish bribery, and still more lavish promises in case of success, I got him to undertake to come with me and help me to carry out my design. One point upon which he was very decided was that the proper place to hit an elephant was just between the eyes.

Having now, as I thought, acquired all the necessary information, and having bound the *appoo*, whose name was Hami, to secrecy, I set to work to prepare for my expedition.

It was certainly a rather wild undertaking, looked at in cold blood, for a boy of less than seventeen, who knew practically nothing of the risks, and very little of how to act when face to face with his foe. However, I was a very fair shot, and thought I should be steady enough when it came to the critical moment, and my very ignorance of the danger helped me.

The next step was to borrow a rifle from my father—a muzzle-loader—and to practise diligently with it. After a few weeks' practice, I felt confident of success, if I could get a fair shot.

All this time Hami was making inquiries among the natives, and one day he came to me with the news that a poor Tamil had had his crops all destroyed by an elephant.

The eventful day had come.

I did not dare to tell my father of my intention but I asked his leave to go shooting for a few days and to take Hami with me.

Some of the officers were going to shoot in the jungle, and he concluded that I was going with them. I thought he would not be angry when I came back, so I reconciled my deception to my conscience and started, taking Hami to carry a second rifle, which I had borrowed, and another man, Don Eastian, to guide us.

We three left the fort and made our way by canoe up the Mahavilanga for some eight or nine miles, when we disembarked and entered the jungle. Though this was not by any means my first experience of the jungle, I could not altogether shake off the feelings of awe to which the silence and solitude gave rise.

However, I tried to keep my thoughts on the work before me, and followed Hami and his friend, who made their way to the point where the Tamil imagined the elephant or elephants were likely to pass the day.

For a long time we tramped about unsuccessfully. At last I called a halt for lunch and rest. After lunch we started again, refreshed and

MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

more hopeful, as Hami had noticed certain signs which made him think that elephants were not far off. Both he and Don Bastian began to get excited, and I to feel my pulse beating more rapidly than it was wont to do.

After tramping for a couple of hours, we saw Don Bastian, who was on ahead, stop suddenly. He then turned round, and came swiftly but noiselessly back, saying in a loud whisper, "*Ullyā! ullyā!*" (elephant.)

I confess that for a moment I felt my courage fail me, but I have since heard that it is the case with the bravest men before they go into action, so I don't mind confessing it.

I looked to my caps and held my rifle firmly across my body, ready for any emergency. As the moment of action drew near, I felt my nerves grow steady, and I began to feel calm, though intensely excited.

We steadily followed Don Bastian as he stealthily crept up wind towards our prey, Hami following close behind me with the spare rifle. As we came round a clump of trees, we saw a solitary elephant, quietly breaking off the small branches from the trees. As he was alone and there was no sign of a herd about, the *appoo* whispered to me that he was a rogue elephant, no doubt the very one that had done so much damage. Hami evidently was beginning to lose his courage, and tried to persuade me to avoid him; but I was not to be cheated of my game when he was actually before my eyes.

I knew nothing of the danger of attacking a rogue, and was rather pleased to find him alone, thinking it would make it easier work for me: so I crept on all the more determined by the sight of his splendid tusk.

I suppose I made a noise as I threaded my way through the jungle, for the elephant slowly shuffled along the edge of the trees, cropping them as he went, and I followed as fast as I could creep. This went on till the elephant got to the *chena* (low jungle), when he suddenly crashed through the dense undergrowth, and disappeared.

Upon this I got into the open and ran to the point where he had entered the *chena*. Hami at my heels. I could hear him breaking his way through the trees, snapping off branches and crushing the saplings as he went. Thinking my intended prey was about to escape me, I followed down the lane he had made as best I could. After a few yards I stopped; all was still; not a sound was to be heard but the rustling of the leaves in the breeze, the chatter of monkeys, and the chirping of crickets and other insect and bird life. The beating of my heart was the loudest sound of all. Thinking that the elephant had passed through the jungle and reached an open space beyond, I crept cautiously on. The path that he had made in his passage had partly closed up again, and I had to push

MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

my way through. As I glanced round to see if Hami was following, I caught a glimpse of his brown face almost white with fear. ~~When~~ he held the rifle at full-cock, pointing directly at the small of my back. Motioning to him to give me the rifle, I let down the hammer to half-cock and returned it to him. I was now breathless with excitement. Suddenly a crash on my right made me turn round with a start, and there, trumpeting shrilly, was the elephant. His huge form towered above me, as he stood with uplifted trunk ready to crush me to the earth. I had my rifle across my body, my finger on the trigger. My first impulse was to aim between his eyes, as I had been told by Hami to do; but, to my horror, I saw that I was aiming too high.

It was too late to change my aim, as the uplifted trunk would in another moment have been brought down upon my head and crushed me to death.

I wildly pulled the trigger, and staggered backwards. For a second or two I did not know whether I was upset by the elephant or not; but, on recovering myself, I saw him slowly sinking down in a heap at my feet.

It was a narrow escape.

I then remembered that in the hurry and excitement of starting I had put in a rather heavy charge of powder. My bullet had hit the elephant on the fatal spot just above the place I had intended to aim at. It was fortunate for me that in my haste I had been unable to carry out the inaccurate instructions I had received.

Hami had disappeared, carrying the spare rifle with him. Don Bastian, who had climbed a tree when the *appoo* and I entered the jungle, on seeing my helmet fall off my head as I tottered backwards, at once concluded that the elephant had killed me, and rushed off to make his way home and tell everybody that the *mahatmeah* was dead.

I called Hami back, and after making sure that the elephant was dead—he never moved after the first shot—I clambered over his body, as the *chena* was too dense to allow me to pass alongside him, and cut off his tail. Hami and I then started for home, where I showed my tail in triumph.

My father was angry with me for running such a risk, but success ever commands respect, and he said very little, but sent for the tusks, which he had mounted and put up in the dining-room. My mother and sisters thought it their duty to reprove me for a foolhardy boy. Captain Nugent admired the tusks and gave it as his opinion that I was a plucky fellow.

So ended my first elephant hunt. I have since then killed many, but never again did I follow one into the *chena*, and never aimed between the eyes.

COLLEGE DAYS.

BY AN OLD OXONIAN.

THE SIEGE.

ALL the world knows how England "drifted into war" some few years ago. All the world knows how apparently trivial and unimportant are the causes of war—how a personal pique, a question of etiquette, or a fashion of dress, has set two great nations by the ears, cost millions of money on both sides, made thousands of widows, and thrown back the march of civilisation for centuries. So, in private life, we drift into quarrels without meaning it. The most peaceful man in the world—were he the President of the Peace Society himself—may walk into the streets in the morning with a mind at ease, and thinking evil of no man, and in half-an hour may return home with half-a-dozen lawsuits on his hands.

A recollection of old times has prompted me to make these remarks. Being, while at college, an inoffensive member of the university, and keeping myself, on principle, aloof from all "rows," it was more than once my fate to find myself involved, without any fault of my own, in those queer conflicts which are generally considered to be restricted to the "fast" set in the college. One of these adventures I now proceed to narrate.

In all descriptions of sieges it is necessary that the topography should be thoroughly explained, so that the achievements of the opposing forces may be clearly understood.

My rooms were the "garret set," close to a corner of the quadrangle. I preferred them to the ground-floor set because they were out of the way.

Ground-floor rooms, as a rule, are not suited for quiet and reading men. You cannot but have some acquaintances who belong to the fast set; and these good-natured, reckless fellows are always bothering you. While you are hard at work, getting up the lecture or reading for the examination, they come thundering at your door, just to sit with you for half-an-hour.

"You have obdurately "sportod your oak;" in other words, locked the outer door, an act which is equivalent to the "not at home" of

modern fashion. Finding that their shouting and hammering at the door are useless, they proceed to the window, and if they once catch a sight of you there is an end to all hopes of peace. They *will* talk to you. Sometimes they make their entry through the window, sometimes they sit with one leg negligently thrown over the sill. If they are not in-college men they are sure to want beer, and your stores of Bass are laid under contribution.

Even if you are lucky enough to escape their eyes, you are still disturbed with their noisy onslaught at the door; and all reading men know how terribly their work is hindered by such a disturbance.

Whereas, if you take a set of rooms at the top of the building, you have several advantages. The lazy fast men do not like the trouble of climbing up six or seven sets of stairs for the chance of finding you at home. You have no one above you to worry you with noises overhead—a matter of no small importance when the habits of some men are considered; and you escape the annoyance of strangers coming in by mistake, having forgotten whether their friend lived up two or three pairs of stairs.

My own rooms had another and a very considerable advantage. The staircase was shaped like the letter Y—the diverging branches leading to the two sets of garrets; therefore any one who set foot upon the stairs must be bound for those particular rooms, and in consequence the tramp of passing feet was not to be heard. The stairs were rather steep, very narrow, and spiral; but in college no one troubles himself about such trifles.

There is good and evil in all things, and even the garret set was not without their disadvantages. They were a trifle too hot in summer and a trifle too cold in winter; but the chief drawback was to be found in the cats. Now, I am very fond of cats in their place. I like them in my rooms. I like to see them lying stretched at full length before the fire, or coiled in sleeping luxury on

COLLEGE DAYS.

a chair; but I have the greatest objection to them just outside my bedroom window between 1 and 4 A.M. Our roof, being very favourably constructed to suit feline idiosyncrasies, was a notable resort for their nightly meetings, and they used to wax so very eloquent that

———"not poppy nor mandragras,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine us to that sweet sleep"

which we would only be too glad to welcome.

So, despairing of obtaining rest by ordinary means, I went to a seedsman's and purchased a quart of peas, which I calculated would do good service when projected through a glass tube by way of a pea-shooter.

After depositing these missiles in my room, I went to take tea with a friend belonging to another college, and did not return until just before the gates closed—i.e., a little before nine o'clock P.M.

On entering the quadrangle, I saw at once that some game was afoot. There was an evident stir throughout the place, and I wondered what it could all be about. A few minutes served to explain the phenomenon, for, on entering my rooms, I found a couple of acquaintances who had been waiting for me, and thought that they might as well beguile the time with a little amusement.

After doing a little fencing, and a little single-stick, and a little boxing, and a great deal of smoking, they rummaged out my peas and glass tubes, and had a shooting-match out of the window.

So far so good; and if they had contented themselves with aiming at lifeless targets no harm would have been done. But the amusement proved so exciting that they first shot at the sparrows and pigeons, then at the kitchen-boys, then at the scouts; and just before I returned they had attained the climax of audacity by pegging into another man's rooms. It was certainly a very tempting opportunity. A wine party was being held; and just as one of the guests was raising a glass to his lips, a pea was sent into it, splashing the liquid into his face.

Of course there was a tremendous turmoil, and vengeance was vowed on the only rooms from which the missile could have been projected. However, I felt tolerably secure in my position, and thought that I

should get off with a few panes of glass smashed; so I turned the original aggressors out of my rooms, and prepared for a siege.

Knowing that nothing would be done until after eleven o'clock, I read as usual, and then set about the needful arrangements. Firstly, I left the lamp burning in my sitting-room, opened the windows, so as to expose only half the surface of glass, and retired to my bedroom, which was in total darkness. Having poured the peas into my slop-basin, so as to be ready to hand, and placed a couple of spare glass tubes on the bed in case the one in use should drop or be broken, I opened the window slightly, and then considered the arrangements on that side to be completed.

The windows being now ready for the assault, the door had to be fortified. This was easily done. First the oak was sported, and then a scuttlefull of small coal, and a brown george (i.e., a huge brown stone jar) full of water, were placed close at hand. A single-stick was then laid ready to the grasp, and all was ready.

About half past eleven out came the whole party in great spirits, and spread themselves about the ground, seeking for stones. Fortunately the gravel was very firmly set, so that stones could not readily be procured.

Presently an assailant found a convenient stone, flung back his arm to hurl the missile, and in a moment he was seen with his hands over his face, stamping about in a horrid rage from the pang inflicted on his cheek by a pea. Having always been noted as a deadly marksman with a pea-shooter, I made very fine practice among the enemy, always aiming at the nose, and very seldom missing the face.

Of course the peas could be shot very much faster than the stones could be thrown, and the effects of so galling a fire were speedily evident. At first the enemy came boldly to the assault, disdaining to take any precautions, but in a very short time they were obliged to stand with their backs to me while they were picking up stones, and only ventured to turn round just sufficiently to enable them to fling the pebble. Even in the attitude of taking up the stones, vulnerable points were exposed, and many were the exclamations that followed a successful shot.

COLLEGE DAYS.

I had then no fear of the result, knowing that they could not aim with the least certainty while they were obliged to hold their caps before their faces; and even then I hit their hands and rapped their knuckles beautifully.

All this time the enemy were quite ignorant of my real position. They thought that I was in the sitting-room, and none of them suspected the apparently closed and deserted bedroom window, so that they exposed themselves to a flanking fire throughout the evening, and even when they thought their faces defended by the flat tops of their trencher caps, got hit on the cheek or ear.

In this manner the siege proceeded for some little time, until they were forced to run under the wall for shelter, and sling casual stones over their heads without taking any aim at all. Ammunition, too, fell short, and as soon as either of them exposed his hand in picking up a stone, so surely did he get a rap with a pea upon his knuckles. Hands may appear to be small marks, but when one has the range they are hit easily enough, for they shine out whitely by gas-light against the dark ground.

After this sort of desultory attack had gone on for some time, the enemy turned their coat-collars over their necks, and ran away at their best speed to the rooms whence they had come.

All was quiet for an hour or so, but I did not in the least fancy that the siege had concluded. So I set my kettle boiling, made a cup of tea, took down an amusing book, and made myself as comfortable as I could. Presently, however, I heard stealthy footsteps passing over the gravel; and the peculiarly-formed staircase being a kind of Dionysius's ear, and conducting sound like a deaf man's trumpet, an immensity of smothered whispering was heard upon the stairs.

Time for action, thought I. So I moved the lamp out of the room, and set it on a chair in the little lobby, placing it so that it would throw its light on any one ascending the stairs, while my own face was left in comparative darkness. Up came the party—the forlorn hope, as I suppose they ought to be called—painfully pushing their way up the steep spiral staircase. It was so narrow that it could only be ascended in Indian file, and so steep that a blow, or even a sharp

push, must send the uppermost man tumbling on the heads of those behind him.

Knowing, from old experience, that the foremost man would be armed with a coal-pick, and not desiring my oak to be injured, I just waited until the foremost foe had nearly reached the summit of the staircase, and then flung the oak widely open. I laugh now as I write, when I recall to memory the ludicrous look of the enemy. The movement had utterly disconcerted his plans.

There he stood, a heavy coal-pick in his hands, his head, from the steepness of the stairs, upon a level with my knee, in just the very best position to be pounded with the single-stick, to be battered with the coals, or to be drenched with the water. The man was helplessly at my mercy. If I had chosen to fling the big stone jar at him, it would almost have annihilated him, being big enough to hold a day's consumption of water. A kick would have sent him rolling, a helpless mass, upon those below; while the lamp shed its rays so that I could see every movement of his features, while mine were in obscurity.

Altogether, his position was not a pleasant one, especially as those behind him were pushing him upwards, not seeing the impending fate. For my part, I stood in perfect silence, the single-stick in my hand.—I thought it a safer and better weapon than the poker—and the coal-scuttle and brown George all ready to be kicked over on the assailants.

Thus we stood for several minutes *in statu quo*. Not a word did either of us speak, and, indeed, from the beginning to the end of the fray, I never once opened my lips. Presently my antagonist began to laugh, and I could but follow his example, so utterly ludicrous was the whole affair. "I think we'll go back agin," said he, in a confidential kind of tone; and then, turning round as well as he could under the circumstances, he called out to his companions, "He's a trump; let us get back to our wine." There was a little remonstrance below at this desertion of the post of honour, but by degrees the staircase was relieved of its occupants, and I went to bed in peace and quietness, though at a rather advanced hour in the morning.

Next day I called upon the owner of the

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rooms in which the critical wine party had been held, and made my apologies for the unjustifiable assault committed by the two unlucky intruders, who had employed my peas for so bad a purpose. He in his turn apologised for the attack on my rooms, and the affair terminated in a very amicable manner.

During four years of residence I was twice attacked—once as has just been related, and the other time by snowballing. I freely admit that when the snow lies heavily, or, I should say, thickly, upon the ground, and when the temperature is just cold enough to prevent the snow from melting, and just mild enough to prevent it from freezing into brilliant crystals, that look beautiful, but cannot be kneaded together, the temptation to use it is all but irresistible.

Even in staid and sober collegiate establishments, the high rank and dignified presence of the rulers afford but scanty protection against the sly missiles that proceed from some unrecognisable spot, but have a strange knack of always selecting the portliest dignitaries for their aim. I have seen, and that but recently, a very dignified, but short-tempered, professor driven almost into a state of mania by a storm of snowballs that battered his respect-

able person, set at nought the idle defence of a silk umbrella, and drove him at last to take refuge in the house of another dignitary.

I know an officer, deservedly filling one of the highest posts in the army, and with honours thick upon his breast. He exposed his life in a thousand dangers, never could see an enemy's battery without rushing at it as if the guns were so many logs of wood, and yet escaped with scarcely a scratch after years of hard fighting. Well, he returned home, and there received his worst wound, namely, the loss of an eye, destroyed by the whip of a cabman.

To compare great things with small, my own fate reminds me of that which befell my military friend. As the reader has already learned, I sustained a lengthened siege without suffering injury, though the assailants were wary, and the missiles were stones. Yet, on that eventful day when snowballing began, I happened to put my head out of window; somebody threw a snowball at me, missed my head, but drove his missile through two window-panes, one behind the other.

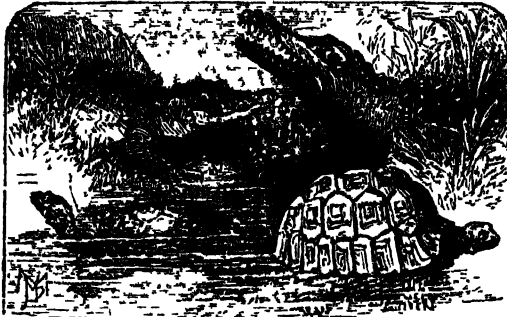
Having thus narrated the events of a college siege, I will, one day, give a description of a tournament holden at Oxford.



Oxford, from Christchurch Meadows.

THE REPTILE HOUSE IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

BY REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., ETC.



Alligator.
Oblong Chelodine

Crocodile.
Grooved Tortoise (*Testudo sulcata*).

THE Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, is an institution of which any country might well be proud, even supposing it to have been founded by the government, and maintained by the nation. I believe that in no country in the world can be found so complete and so accessible a collection of living beings, and that the astonishing variety of their forms is only to be equalled by the admirable state of health in which they are preserved. The Zoological Gardens are to the practical naturalist what the British Museum is to the student of books, and the loss of this splendid collection of living animals would be as serious a blow to the nation as the destruction of the multitudinous specimens in the Museum. Yet this institution is private property, supported solely by individuals, deriving no direct help from government, and affording thereby no slight indication of the thorough-going character of the British mind. It has this great advantage, that every one can take an interest in it. The child can be charmed with new forms and bright colours, or shout with ecstasy at recognising in the living form some old favourite of the picture-book. There are the monkeys to amuse the boys with their funny pranks, and to disconcert the girls by surreptitiously whisking the feathers out of their new hats, or the cherished parasols from their hands, and in either case deliberately rending the prize into a thousand shreds before the eyes of the disconsolate owner. There are the bears to be fed with buns, the lions, and tigers, and leopards to be admired with distant respect, and all the parti-coloured and many-voiced birds to be inspected. Those, again, of maturer years can obtain much useful knowledge from watching the habits and customs of the varied collection, while the more purely scientific visitor finds the Zoological Gardens absolutely essential to his studies. It is manifestly impossible for me to give any account of this vast institution within the limits of a single article, and I have, therefore, selected a single department which has the advantage of being accessible at all times of year and in all conditions of weather.

In offering to the many readers of these pages an account of the REPTILE HOUSE at the Zoological Gardens, I shall endeavour to supply them with a brief

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but trustworthy guide to that department, so that when next they visit the Gardens they may take their copy of the Magazine in their pockets, and so glean a tolerable general idea of the whole class of reptiles, together with more detailed information respecting the habits and peculiarities of the individual species.

In this brief history I shall, therefore, follow the plan which is adopted at the British Museum, and describe the various reptiles in the order of their rank in the animal kingdom. First, we look for some examples of the SHIELDED REPTILES, so called because their bodies are covered with square shields. On the right hand, at the entrance of the Reptile House, is a case containing several creatures, from among which we will, for the present, select the Chelodines—namely, the smooth-shelled, long-necked tortoises, which may be seen in different attitudes upon the rocks or in the water. These are good examples of the flesh-eating aquatic tortoises, which exhibit such wonderful contrasts of activity and sluggishness, voraciousness and inappetency.

As these creatures are tolerably numerous, and exhibit their forms in various modes, the structure of their bodies can well be studied without the necessity for handling or disturbing them. In the first place, it must be observed that the "shell," as it is popularly called, is composed of the ribs and breastbone, enormously enlarged and flattened, the former being modified into the upper shield, called technically the "carapace," and the latter into the lower shield, or "plastron."

In some of the soft-shelled tortoises the structure of the ribs is easily seen, the view not being hindered by the plates of that curious substance called "tortoise-shell," with which the carapace is covered in the greater number of these creatures. The spine runs along the interior of the carapace, and the hip and shoulder joints of the limbs are likewise included; so that we have the curious phenomenon of an animal whose whole body, head, limbs, tail, and vital organs, are included within the breast, or "thorax."

There are, it is true, a few species whose limbs and neck are so long in comparison with the shell that they are not able to hide them under its protection. These, however, are but few, and they are at least balanced by those which, like the box tortoises, are able, not only to withdraw the head and limbs into the shell, but absolutely to shut them in with hinged lids, so that, when hatched, they seem to be destitute of all external limbs.

The tortoises may be divided into two great groups—namely, those which eat flesh, and those which feed on vegetable substances, the former being, as might be supposed, the most active and voracious of their tribe, sometimes, indeed, becoming absolutely fierce, and dreaded by those who are obliged to visit their haunts. The celebrated Snapping turtle, the Alligator terrapin, and the Matamoras, are among the most formidable of their race, having been known to shred away the fingers of a hand, or to sever a moderate-sized walking-stick with a single bite.

The Chelodines are known by the five toes on each foot, *with a lobe between each claw*, and one toe on each foot without a claw. They come from Australia, and the specimens in the room were taken in the Yarra-Yarra river. Their neck is very long, because they feed on living prey, and need the lithe and active neck, with its keen-eyed and sharp-jawed head, for the capture of the various creatures on which they subsist.

Examples of the vegetable-feeding tortoises may be found in the large case in

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the python room, where two specimens of the Grooved tortoise (*Testudo sulcata*) may be seen. These fine species attain a length of nineteen or twenty inches; and, as the shell is much elevated and very stout, a full-grown specimen is of no inconsiderable weight. It derives its popular name from the deep grooves upon the shield. The common tortoise of Europe (*Testudo Græca*) belongs to the same genus.

The various members of the great tortoise group are termed Chelonians, from the Greek word *χελών* a tortoise. Leaving these, we proceed to several examples of the next group; namely, the plated reptiles, including the crocodiles and alligators, both of which are represented in this collection.

The distinction between a crocodile and an alligator is not very generally known. but may briefly be described as follows:—In the crocodile there is a *notch* in the upper jaw to receive the canine teeth of the lower jaw; but in the alligator a *pit*



Australian Monitor (*Monitor Gouldii*).
Jersey Lizard (*Lacerta viridis*)
Amphibien

takes the place of the notch. They are called plated reptiles because their backs are covered with rows of hard bony plates imbedded in the skin. They live in the fresh or brackish waters of tropical climates, and feed on animal substances.

In the same room with the grooved tortoises is a very good specimen of the American, or Sharp-nosed crocodile (*Crocodilus Americanus*), popularly, but erroneously, called the alligator by those who reside in the same country. The true alligators find several small representatives in the same tank with the water tortoises. There is little of interest in their habits, for they are among the most sluggish of reptiles, content to lie sprawling for a wonderful length of time, with their legs outstretched, and their head held in precisely the same attitude, so that they might well pass for stuffed specimens instead of living beings.

The last example of the shielded reptiles is the singular being called the Amphibæna, from a name derived from two Greek words signifying that the creature is able to walk backwards or forwards. In this remarkable reptile the squared plates are very small, and are set in regular cross rows. The body is long, rounded, and so closely resembles that of a snake that any ordinary observer would at once class the amphibæna among the serpents. The colour of the amphibæna is dull, dingy brown, and the whole aspect involuntarily reminds the observer of a long sausage carelessly filled.

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The two extremities of the body have a very similar outline; and a popular belief reigns in Brazil that, if the creature be cut in two, the severed halves immediately seek each other, and speedily re-unite themselves as they were before their misfortune.

Thus it will be seen that, within the narrow compass of a few yards, we may find living examples of each order of shielded reptiles; namely, the tortoises, the crocodiles, and the amphibrenians.

We now proceed to the SCALED REPTILES, in which the body is no longer guarded by square shields, but is covered with overlapping scales. At the head of the scaled reptiles are placed the Lizards, because, in almost every case, they possess well-defined limbs, whereas the serpents are unfurnished with these useful appendages.

Following the arrangement of the British Museum, we first look for the



Tropidolepisma.

Racco Stump-tail
Lizard

Gecko

Glass-nake (*Pseudopus Pallaui*)

monitors, and find them represented by the Australian monitor (*Monitor Gouliii*). In all these creatures the tongue is flat, long, and deeply forked, as may easily be seen when the animal protrudes the organ, a habit in which it frequently indulges. The head is covered with numerous little scales, and the long, flattened tail has a double keel on its upper edge. These lizards were called monitors because they were once thought to warn human beings against the approach of venomous serpents, and even to arouse a sleeper by running over his face. The French call them *varans*.

Some of the species, such as the Niloti monitor, are very useful to the human race, inasmuch as they haunt the banks of rivers and destroy the eggs of the crocodile in great numbers, besides chasing the newly-hatched young family into the water, and then catching them by dint of superior speed. When first placed in the Reptile House, the monitors seem in a bad way crawling listlessly on the ground, with the limbs stretched out as if unable to support the body. They soon, however, attain strength, and then become very lively, running about their glass-faced house with much speed, and ever and anon trying to climb up the side.

Next in rank come the typical forms of this order, belonging to the genus *Lacerta*. We have one or two species of lizards residing in England, one of which, the Scaly lizard, is very plentiful upon heaths and commons. It is a lively little

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creature, darting here and there with a quick agility peculiarly its own, snapping up flies and insects, and, at the least alarm, diving into the tufts of gorse or heather, and effectually concealing itself until the danger has passed away. As the young of this lizard are not hatched from eggs in the open air, as is mostly the case with the reptiles, but are born in a living state, the systematic naturalists of the present day have removed it from the genus *Lacerta*, and placed it, together with five or six others, in a genus appropriately named *Zootoca*.

The Sand lizard (*Lacerta agilis*) is also to be found upon sandy heaths and similar places. It is very variable in colour, sometimes being brown and sometimes green, the former colour belonging usually to those specimens which live on sandy spots, and the latter to those which prefer the grass. It is always a pretty creature, but does not repay the trouble of capture so well as the scaly lizard, having a bad habit of dying after a few days' imprisonment, except under very favourable circumstances.

The beautiful Jersey lizard, or Green lizard (*Lacerta viridis*), is found, as its name imports, in the island of Jersey, but does not appear to be indigenous to England. I have often heard of these creatures being taken in England, but have generally found that the captives turned out to be merely the green variety of the sand lizard just mentioned. The true Jersey lizard is tolerably tame, and a most lovely being it is, its emerald sides glittering in the sunbeams as it whisks about its home with lightning speed, or lies calmly basking in the genial warmth.

In a case on the right hand of the room are several specimens of the Glass-snake, or Scheltopusc (*Pseudopus Pallasii*). The pretty creatures, although they look like snakes, and are popularly called by that name, have no real claim to the title, being, in fact, nothing more or less than legless lizards, the legs being represented by a pair of little projections towards the end of the body. The chief points to be noticed in the glass-snake are the squared shields set so regularly upon the body, and the groove which runs along the sides. This groove is even perceptible in the cast skin or epidermis of the creature. A good specimen of it is now before me.

Being a lizard, the creature is perfectly harmless, having no venomous teeth, a fact of which the general public did not seem to be aware, the room being suddenly vacated to the accompaniment of many shrill screams when one of the pretty reptiles was taken from its cage for inspection. The very touching of the animal will convince a practised hand that it does not belong to the serpent tribe, the peculiar hard, polished shields with which the back is covered producing an impression very like that which is occasioned by the touch of the common blind-worm, another limbless lizard.

The true lizard-like character of the animal is well shown when it moves about the cage, its large, intelligent eyes and inquisitive gestures being very unlike the listless crawl or spiteful dart of the serpent. The name of glass-snake is given to this creature because, if struck, its tail is at once snapped off as if it were made of glass, a habit that is very prevalent among the lizards, but never found among the snakes. The glass-snake is a native of Europe, the specimens in the Reptile Room coming from Dalmatia. There is another allied lizard which has much the same habit, and is known by the same title, but it may be distinguished by the utter absence of limbs.

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The specimens in the Zoological Gardens are fed upon earthworms, snails, mice, and similar food. The shells of the snails are always broken before they are placed in the feeding-pan, and the glass-snakes eat them in a very deliberate manner, picking off the broken shells, laying them aside, and then swallowing the soft mollusc. Sometimes it happens that two of them seize the same mouse, one at either end. Their jaws soon meet in the middle, and then the question arises, "What shall they do?" The difficulty is at once solved by the glass-snakes, which begin to revolve rapidly in different directions, twist the mouse into two pieces, and then each very contentedly swallows its own share.

This habit of revolving when in a difficulty with the food seems to be inherent in the glass-snake, for, on one occasion, the creature contrived to seize the tail of a companion in its mouth, instead of grasping its food. As soon as it felt the resistance, it whirled itself round, and fairly twisted off the unfortunate tail.

As familiar examples of another legless lizard, we may find several specimens of our common Blindworm, or Slowworm—a creature which was once thought to be as poisonous as the viper, and is still dreaded for its venom in many parts of England. It is a really useful little creature, inasmuch as it feeds largely upon the garden slug, and should, therefore, be encouraged in every way. It is easily tamed, and, if properly treated, will come and take its food from the hand of its owner. I lately bred up a whole family of blindworms, nine in number, that were born in my house, and, with their mother, lived for many months in the very heart of the city. They were difficult little things to feed, as they could only eat the smallest of slugs, and I was obliged to run out into the country every week for the purpose of procuring slugs of the requisite size.

The tail of the blindworm is rather longer than the body when it has been allowed to grow unmolested; but when the creature is suddenly alarmed, and especially if it be struck, it breaks off its tail and glides away, the severed member jumping and twisting about in so active a manner that the attention of the enemy is distracted by its antics while the creature to which it belonged makes its escape. A new tail is afterwards grown, but it is not so long as the original member, and is blunt instead of pointed at the tip. This creature, together with our two next examples, belongs to the great family of the Skinks, known by their squared and shielded head, and the nostrils placed at the sides in a rather large shield.

One of the oddest-looking of the reptiles is that which is appropriately named the Rugose Stump-tail, its body being extremely rough, and its tail short, thick, and curled, as if the latter half had been chopped off, and only the stump left. This lizard comes from Australia. It is tolerably lively, and runs about well, occasionally stopping to eat mealworms from the dish in which they lie wriggling, awaiting their inevitable fate. It is rather a greedy feeder, taking up ten or a dozen mealworms at once, and swallowing them voraciously. The shields upon the back and head are wonderfully thick and prominent, so that when the finger is rubbed over the creature's back it feels just like the rind of a pine-apple. They are, moreover, sharply pointed, so that they can scratch the skin if drawn smartly across the hand. In a portion of the skin now before me the shields are more than half-an-inch in width, and three-eighths of an inch in length.

Our next example of the skinks is the *Tropidolophis*, also an Australian animal. In this creature the scales are not prominent, and run in eight distinct rows over the back. Its colour is not very dark, mostly olive above and whitish-grey below. At

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first I could not mark its habits, as it is very shy, and, while visitors were moving about, it preferred hiding itself under the moss, only putting out its head and neck at intervals. I waited, however, very patiently, and, when the room was perfectly quiet, the lizard put its head cautiously out of the mossy carpet, gradually emerged, walked round its cage, and began to eat some mealworms. It took these creatures very daintily, first trying them with its forked tongue, and then picking them up one, or at the most two, at a time, not shovelling them down its throat after the greedy fashion of the stump-tail. While I was watching it a party of visitors entered the room, and the lizard immediately dived under the moss, whence it declined again to emerge.

We now look for examples of the Thick-tongued lizards, and find them represented by several specimens, of which the Geckos are the first in order.



Rattle-nake
(*Tropidurus* *du* *du* *du*)

Puff-adder
(*Uro* *the* *ar* *elans*).

These remarkable little lizards may be at once known by their flattened body, and their flat, disc-like toes. By means of this latter structure they are able to run about upon a perpendicular wall, or even to cling as easily as a fly to a smooth ceiling. In the hot countries where they live they traverse the walls of rooms at pleasure; and it often happens that one particular gecko will establish itself in a house, and become quite a pet among the household. Many of the geckos bear an evil repute in their own country, their feet being thought to produce venom, and their very touch to be poisonous. One species, indeed--the common Fan-foot of Northern Africa--is even thought to produce leprosy when its feet touch the bare skin of a human being, and it is popularly called "about-hurs," or father of leprosy.

The name "gecko" is derived from the cry, which much resembles the word "geck-o," the last syllable being given sharply and rapidly. On account of this smart, clacking cry, the geckos are sometimes called postillions.

Our last example of the lizards is the well-known Iguana, a large and handsome animal, which is found in Jamaica, Brazil, Cayenne, and neighbouring localities. Although possessed of lovely colours, almost as variable as those of the chameleon, it is not very attractive, wearing a fierce and even repulsive aspect, which is by no means carried out by its character. It is perfectly gentle, a vegetable feeder, and, in spite of its long tail, spiked back, and threatening aspect, by no means to be dreaded. On the contrary, those who are acquainted with its good qualities are only too glad when they meet with an iguana, for they kill it on the spot and

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eat it afterwards. The flesh of this lizard is said, by those who have eaten it, to resemble very delicate chicken, but to have even a superior flavour. They are not expensive livers, for the specimens have as yet eaten nothing since their admission into the room, nor did they do so during their voyage.

Taking our farewell of the lizards, we now come to the Serpent tribes, which are well represented by many specimens. One of the chief peculiarities in the snakes is that all the bones of the face are movable, and that the lower jawbones are united in front only by ligaments. This structure enables the serpent to swallow prey of very large dimensions, the bones separating widely from each other in the act of swallowing, and uniting again by the elastic ligament as soon as the operation is completed.

As the amount of space is but limited, I can only give a very brief account of the various serpents to be found in the Reptile Room.

The snakes belonging to the great Viperine order are all venomous, being furnished with perforated poison-fangs in the upper jaw, through which the venomous substance is thrown into the system of any creature that the serpent may bite. I need hardly mention that the fangs are the only venomous organs of the snake, the forked tongue being perfectly harmless.

This order is divided into rattlesnakes and vipers, the first being known by a large pit on each side of the face, and the latter by the absence of the pit. Some of the most terrible of the serpent race are found in these groups, among which the Rattlesnake (*Uropophis durissus*) is, perhaps, the most celebrated. This snake is a native of North America, and is chiefly remarkable for the series of loose horny rings on the end of its tail, which give out a peculiar rattling sound when shaken. Instinct teaches the creature to shake its rattle whenever it is angered or alarmed, so that it gives a useful warning to those who might otherwise endanger their safety by approaching the spot where the rattlesnake lies couched in grass.

The very look of the rattlesnake is venomous; but the Water viper (*Cenchrus piscivorus*) is quite as poisonous, though not of so menacing an aspect. It is another American species, and derives its name from its love of water, being usually found on the banks of rivers, lakes, swamps, and similar localities. In its native state it feeds chiefly on fishes, but it will eat guinea-pigs, rats, mice, birds, or reptiles. The specimens in the Reptile Room first entered the world in the case which they now inhabit. I believe that their original number was five. Although perfectly friendly among themselves, the water vipers are very quarrelsome when placed in the same cage with other species of snakes. In America this serpent is also known by the names of Water moccasin and Cottonmouth.

The next group of snakes is well represented by the common Viper, or Adder, of



Box.
Yellow Snake
(*Chelidophis ornatus*).

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England. The specimens in the case are not well coloured, the distinctive black chain along the spine being hardly perceptible, and the whole surface looking as if dusted with flour. This appearance is found in many other specimens, and is occasioned by the close, hot atmosphere of the case. Let my readers remember that if they happen to meet a little snake, with a row of black spots running along its back, they have met a viper, and will do wisely if they suffer it to pass unimpeded. I do not advise that it should be killed, because it may, possibly, serve some useful purpose, and it is always a pity to take away life without some valid reason.

The dreadful Puff adder (*Crotho arietans*) belongs to this family. This fearful snake inhabits South Africa, and has a habit of grubbing itself into the sand, so that its dusky form is scarcely perceptible. The bite of this snake is always fatal, and the poison, when removed from its glands and rubbed on arrow-points, retains its deadly powers uninjured. The virulence of the poison is, however, extremely variable, for when the specimen in the Reptile Room strikes a rabbit or a guinea-pig, the victim sometimes falls dead at once, and sometimes lives for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.

We now come to the great Boa family, of which we shall find several representatives. None of these snakes are venomous, but kill their prey by crushing it in the folds of their muscular bodies. Two of the boa tribe are placed near each other, and a third may be seen in the case at the left hand of the entrance. They all prefer marshy places, where they lie in wait for their prey, fixing themselves by the tail to some tree, and so having a point of resistance on which to haul when they seize their prey. In captivity, these serpents are remarkable for a singular disease which mostly appears in the mouth, looking like white mould, and loosening the teeth so that they can be rubbed out of the jaws with a finger. On one occasion this disease attacked one of these snakes in the back, and was removed by the keeper, who cut it out with a sharp knife, and cured the patient. The "pythoness," lately so fashionable, belongs to the family of the boas.

The Yellow snake of Jamaica (*Chilabothrus inornatus*) may be seen listlessly hanging on the branches, fold after fold looped carelessly over the boughs, and the head reposing amid the folds. The negroes are fond of the flesh of the yellow snake, and employ the fat as a medicine.

The Natricidæ are well represented by the common Grass-snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*), a creature that is too familiar to require notice. There is a curious variety of this snake in which the yellow collar deepens into ruddy orange. The river snake (*T. quincunciatus*) of India is another species of the same genus, and is remarkable for its extreme variability of colour, which has caused it to be described under many different titles. At least seven varieties are known and recorded. The "new" British snake, the Coronella, was in the room a few weeks ago, but has lately died. I saw it just after its decease.

Two allied species are next in order, the one being the Æsculapian snake (*Coluber Æsculapii*), so called because it is the species with which the health-giving caduceus of Æsculapius was entwined. This creature is brownish-grey above and yellow below, with a lighter spot on each side of the neck. The second species is the Four-striped snake (*Elaphis quaterdecimatus*), a reddish-brown species, with two black streaks along each side. Both of these snakes are European.

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The Dark-green snake (*Zamenis atrivirens*) is another of the harmless serpents, and is rather variable in colour, its hues being dark green, black, brown, or olive, with a vast number of tiny light streaks. Like the grass snake of England, it feeds mostly on frogs. It is a native of Europe, and is found rather plentifully in the southern parts of the Continent. Most of the European snakes in the Zoological Gardens have been brought from Dalmatia.

The two last samples of snakes in the Reptile House are venomous, one of them having obtained a world-wide reputation for the virulence of its poison.

The Black Australian viper is rather a handsome species, having an olive back, a crimson belly and sides, and a number of short black bars across the undersurface, caused by the dark edges of the scales. It has a grooved fang in front, and a few smaller, but not grooved, fangs behind.

The last of the snakes in this house is the well-known Cobra di capello (*Naja tripudians*). All the cobras are notable for the singular structure of the neck, which is capable of being distended until it forms a hood-like appendage to the head. The skin and tissues are very elastic, and the rib-bones of the fore part of the body are rather long, and can be raised so as to support the "hood."

There are several species of cobra found in Africa and the East Indies, the latter locality being the home of the present species. It is very variable in colour, some six or seven varieties being already recognised.

I had intended, when setting about this article, to give an account of the Amphibia which are preserved in the Reptile Room. As, however, I have more than filled the allotted space, I most reluctantly leave the amphibia to another opportunity.



Cobra di Capello (*Naja tripudians*)

PUZZLE PAGES.

23.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A COURAGEOUS young Roman, who, when a foreign king was besieging his native city, determined to die or kill this sovereign. He failed in his design; and, when brought before the monarch to answer for his conduct, informed him, without reserve, of his country and object, at the same time thrusting his right hand into a fire burning on the altar before him. "You see," cried he, "how little I regard the severest punishment your cruelty can inflict. A Roman knows not only how to act, but how to suffer. I am not the only person you have to fear. Three hundred Roman youths like me have conspired for your destruction; therefore prepare for their attempts." The king, astonished at his intrepidity, generously ordered this fearless youth to be conducted back to Rome, and offered the besieged conditions of peace.

1. A celebrated man, burnt for his religion, who, when bound to the stake, first held his right hand over the flames until it was entirely consumed, crying out, "This hand has offended."

2. An Emperor of Rome, who, when a candidate for the empire, entered the senate house, and addressed those who were assembled in the following speech:—"Fathers, you want an emperor, and I am the most fitting person you can choose."

3. A Roman, who bore the proud title of the first Christian emperor. The reason of his conversion was this event:—Marching against a tyrant, he suddenly saw in the air a cross, sur-

rounded by these words, traced in letters of fire: "By this sign thou shalt conquer."

4. A nobleman, imprisoned by an English king, and afterwards beheaded. The Prince of Wales favoured him, and used to say, "Sure no king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage."

5. Which of the Cæsars wrote the letter containing these memorable words: "Veni, vidi, vici?"

6. A celebrated writer who lived in the eighteenth century. When on his death-bed he sent for his son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick (who was an infidel), to whom he said, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die."

Of each name now the fifth letter take;
When you've done so, then soon you will see,
The answer you're sure to find out:
It a puzzle no longer will be.

CHARADES.

24.

Against advice, one gloomy night,
Scarce heeding what I had to say,
My second went, attired in white,
To join some friends a mile away.

She lost my first, so she came back;
She'd slipped into a maddy hole.
She went out *white*, but came in *black*;
It served her right: she was my whole.

25.

What is that sound the silence breaks?
'Tis martial music, loud and clear.
An army comes: the firm ground shakes
With their measured tread, as my whole
appear.

Their waving plumes, their helmets bright,
Proclaim my second's in my first;
My whole is, too, my first in fight,
As headlong on the foe they burst.

26.

O'er distant hills the rising moon
The evening mist dispersed;
And, beaming radiant from her throat,
She plainly showed my first.

A horseman, now seen by her light,
Approached with headlong speed;
And, as he passed, my second said,
To urge his foaming steed.

For his lady-love still waited,
Though the trysting hour was past
My whole she was, in truth, because
He was my third and last.

27.

Ofttimes you'll find, laid up in store,
Within my first, my second.
In tales of love, and deeds of war,
Quite fair my whole is reckoned.

PUZZLE PAGES.

28—LUNF.



What well-known firm does this represent?

29.—TRANSPPOSITION.

RUSSNEA.—A Parthian general of most consummate ability. He was brave, remarkably handsome, well skilled in military affairs, and, in wealth and authority, next to the king himself. But he was put to death by his ungrateful sovereign, who was jealous of his fame and power.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

30. The City of London made the Princess Alexandra a present of the value of 40,000*l*. Suppose they had given her half the amount in new gold sovereigns—46½*o* of which exactly weigh 1 lb. Troy—they would probably have given her about her own weight of standard gold. If this supposition be correct, what is about her weight?

31. The following were the Census returns of population in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in 1851 and 1861:—

	1851.	1861.
England and Wales	17,927,609	20,066,224
Ireland	6,661,830	5,761,513
Scotland	2,883,373	3,062,294
(Four) Islands	113,126	118,417

What was the total increase of population in England, Scotland, and Wales during the 10 years, 1851 to 1861?

32. In England and Wales there were, in 1851, 513,706 more females than males. How many were there of each sex?

33. Seven times Johnny's age is equal to ten times Maurice's, but in two more years Johnny's age will be to Maurice's as four is to three. What is the age of each?

34. Said Maurice to Johnny, "If you give me 5 of your postage-stamps I shall have as many as you." "Ay," replied Johnny; "and if you give me 10 of yours I shall have twice as many as you." How many had each?

35. When Johnny had collected 193 stamps, of values varying from a farthing to 1*s*. 4*d*. each, and the average value of the whole about the mean between these, he exchanged them for a pistol worth 5*s*. What did he give for the latter more than its value?

36. Johnny and Maurice, carrying my carpet-bag, of 43 3/4 lbs. weight with contents, to the railway-station by means of a cord tied to the bar, have their hands in a horizontal line, below which the bag hangs 6 inches, and the length of cord from Johnny's hand to the bag is 10 inches, from Maurice's 11*o*6*d*. Find the share of the burden borne by each gentleman.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c. (Pages 127 and 128.)

6. Richard I.—E-bro—Li-ma—Eu-phra-tes. RICHILIEU.

7. Vitellius—Edward III.—Solon—Tyndale—Rubicon (passed by Julius Cesar when leading his army to Rome)—Ireland—Socrates. VESTRAIS.

8. Words.

9. Honestly is the best policy. To be read—Honest—IS the best—Polly sigh.

10. Martin-gale—Martingale.

11. NaphiN—AlphrE—PeteR (the Great)—OporIO—Libyan Desert—Ecbatana—Oder—Naseby. The initials form Napoleon; the initials of the first four, Nero.

PUZZLE PAGES.

87.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A celebrated prime minister of a wise and great female sovereign. His favourite maxim was "Knowledge is never too dear." Take the first syllables of the first and second names, and the last syllable of the third, these, connected, give the answer.

1 An English poet, born in 1603, and the nephew of the patriot Hampden. He displeased James I., joined the party of Charles I., but returned to England during Cromwell's rule, and wrote a panegyric on him. On the Restoration, he gained the favour of Charles II., and also wrote in his praise. He was very witty. One day Charles II. reproached him with having written better verses in praise of Cromwell than those he had composed on himself.

He replied, "Poets always succeed much better in fiction than in truth."

2 A British possession, whose name means "lion & town." It has been in the possession of the English since 1819, has a flourishing trade, and has been termed "The paradise of India, and the abode of health."

3 A county in England. Its name is derived from two Anglo-Saxon words, which mean "a wild animal" and "abode."

88.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



89.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

The third letters of the following names give that of a Grecian philosopher, one of the seven sages of Greece. His native place having been taken by Cyrus, all the inhabitants, in their flight, took with them their valuables; he alone took nothing. When asked the reason, he replied, "All mine I carry with me."

1 A Roman famed for integrity, of whom his enemy declared publicly, "It is easier to turn the sun from its course than him from the path of honour."

2 A battle fought by a King of England against the French. When both sides were drawn out, and ready to engage, they seemed afraid to begin, and gazed on each other in silence, neither wishing to make the first onset. At last the King of England, perceiving this, cried out, "My friends, since they will not

begin, it is ours to set the example. Come on! and the Blessed Trinity be our protection!"

"Upon this," says the historian, "the whole army set forward with a shout."

3 An English lung, whose last word was, "Remember!"

4 A Roman emperor, who, finding his end approaching, cried out, "An emperor ought to die standing," and, raising himself on his feet, he expired in the arms of those who sustained him.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

BY JAMES GRILWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A NIGHT IN A WORKHOUSE," ETC.



Reuben Davidger, a white man, captured by the Dyaks.

CHAPTER V.

I am shocked to my senses by the sight of a foot—I discover to my great joy that Tom Cox is a fellow captive—the Sultan plumed and burnt—We are carried to the pitch of the field of Ma, midano—We find that the whole of the inhabitants reside under one foot—Our treatment by the doctor—We go to battle, and are fetched in a hurry.

WHEN I say that I recovered from the senseless condition into which the blow of the stone club had cast me, I beg that a not too literal construction may be applied to the expression, my recovery, indeed, was very gradual, and would, I have no doubt, have been even more protracted but for the excruciating pain in my left arm, through which, as before mentioned, some Russian Paul thrust his rusty spear. My feet were bound together, and my hands, drawn behind my head, were served the same, and it unluckily happened that I was lying on my damaged side,

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and with the weight of my heavy head on my arm. The pain that this position occasioned at length brought such life back to me that I languidly opened my eyes.

The first spectacle which they encountered was the naked legs of the rowers, who did not fight, but kept their seats at their paddles ready to manœuvre the vessel into such convenient points as the captain might direct. In the sight in question there was, however, nothing very alarming, for my head was in such a whirling state, that, beyond the fact that they were legs, and black, and that there were a goodish number of them, they served in no wise to aid me in the realisation of my condition; nay, at present, so limited was my power of comprehension, and so benumbed my senses, that the double row of black legs became objects of trivial speculation and amusement. I noted how broad was the heel of this foot, how the toes of this curled under, and how that one big toe amongst the number had altogether lost its nail, and I puzzled the little brains that were in working condition to find the reason why. Had the unlucky toe been trodden on? Had the owner sacrificed the nail to ill-fitting boots? Had it been chipped off by a spear? This last suggestion came, no doubt, rather from my own speared arm than from the head which rested on it.

Presently, however, as my but half-conscious eyes wandered among the black and naked feet and toes, they rested on something that instantly restored them to perfect wakefulness, and, indeed, loosed all my senses, as though previously bound with a thong, and the said thong had now burst. I could smell the intolerable closeness that pervaded the palan, and to which the bilge-water and the grease with which the bodies of the savage men were anointed largely contributed. I could hear the yelling, and jabbering, and shouting on every side, and which, although uttered in an outlandish tongue, were unmistakably the notes of victory and triumph. Now and then—very rarely, alas!—I could hear an English voice wearing a big English oath, or crying out in despair that last and universal prayer, “Lord, have mercy upon me!” I could hear the clash of steel against steel, the sharp crash of the pirates’ brass artillery, and the rending and splintering of tough wood, and could feel the ship at whose bottom I lay shiver and complain as the cannon at its bows was discharged. In an instant, I repeat, the true state of the case—the attack, the unequal fight, with its terrible details—my wounds—even up to the very instant when that merciless stone club came “blob” on to the crown of my head—all was restored to me, the key being a great pitch of blood spouting over one of the before-mentioned black feet.

I raised my throbbing head a little, and discovered that the red foot derived its colour from a small pool close by it, and in which a man’s hair was dabbled; it was hair of a peculiar colour, and I recognised it immediately; it belonged to Tom Cox, and Tom Cox’s head it was that was the fountain-head of the crimson stream.

Was poor Tom alive or dead? This became with me a very serious consideration, involving more hopes and fears than ever I thought to find the greedy Stepney water-boy the object of. Bearing in mind Captain Prescott’s speech to the crew of the Sultan, that the captive of the Dyak pirate preserved from death was invariably doomed to slavery, it was evident that there existed no immediate intention of killing me; therefore I might regard perpetual bondage as my certain doom, and how much easier might this melancholy state be borne with one of one’s own countrymen for a companion! As far as might be judged, however, by the stillness of his head, Tom Cox was beyond further persecution; but if so, unless these wretches wanted

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him to eat, it seemed unlikely that they would allow their already crowded ship to be lumbered by his carcass; besides—and I am ashamed to confess the reflection caused me at the time considerable satisfaction—Tom Cox was a very cunning fellow. True, he had mended considerably since the good mate of the Margaret had taken him in hand; but I felt convinced that he had enough of his old nature remaining to shun death or anything else likely to serve his aims. It chanced, however, that I was not to be kept very long in suspense as to Master Cox's condition, for the captain of our prahu presently gave an order that concerned the boatmen, and the one with the real foot, finding that his actions were likely to be impeded by the young man's prostrate form, grasped him by the hair, and so swung his body round that his head was brought to within a foot of mine own, and at the same instant my ears were delighted to make out Tom Cox's voice consigning the ruffian who had served him so to eternal punishment.

"Not that it's any use talking to such ignorant heathens, who don't even understand as much English as to know when you swear at 'em. I wish they'd throw me over the side; I'd better be dead and among my dead mates than alive and alone among this precious cannibal crew."

"Cheer up, Tom," I said, in an under tone. "Not quite alone, shipmate; you've ever liked me over much, I know; but since we are both in the same strait, it seems to me we had better shake hands and be friends."

He turned his head as I addressed him, and showed me a face pale as a shroud, and all encircled with red, very frightful to look on, but still with so much delighted amazement and gratitude in it that I thought I had never seen it so pleasant.

"Wait! you, Reuben!" said he. "Well, now, the Lord really is kinder to a fellow than he deserves. I've found it so a dozen times since that precious good out of fellow, Mr. Jones, first put me up to it, but it never came down on me so soon as this. Friends we are, Reu; but as for shaking hands, these—but I won't swear any more, that I've made up my mind to—the thundering rascals have treated you better than me if they've left you power to shake a hand, or a foot either. I'm bound fore and aft, Reu."

"So am I, Tom," I replied, "although I forgot it when I made the offer. They won't have been so particular, though, as they've served one of my arms in such a way that, if I might write my own discharge out of their devilish hands with it, the thing couldn't be done."

"That's precious hard on a youngster who didn't do them any harm," said Tom.

It was quite certain that he had not seen me with the cook's cleaver, and I was very glad that he had not, otherwise he might have been able to confirm a suspicion of mine that I had hurt more than one naked Dyak, and that to a considerable extent. I'm sure I hope it was not so. I only know that the villain's back was towards me, and that in another moment poor Mr. Patching would have been cleft from his shoulder to his chest with that terrible kris, had I not—but there, let it pass; as I have before observed, on such occasions one's memory is not to be relied on.

"Is the hurt to your arm the only one you've got, Reu?" asked Tom Cox.

"Well, there's something the matter with my right knee, but I don't exactly know what," replied I. "You seem in bad case, too, Tom."

"There you're mistaken, my lad," said he. "It aint a thing to brag about, but I shot one fellow over the ship's side, and scattered the brains of another with

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the butt of my piece ; and, as you may see, I've come off with as mere a scratch on the side of the head as one might get in a forksal row."

As the reader may imagine, I was considerably astonished to hear him talk so, as, from the very beginning of our whispered conversation, I had been aware that one of his ears was shaved off as neatly as though a hospital surgeon had performed the job.

"I suppose you can see the scratch?" said he, seeing that I was gazing very hardly at his head. "Is it a deep 'un?"

"There's one thing, Tom," replied I, "that will never need scratching again as long as you live, and that's your right ear; it's sliced off as clean as a carrot-top."

This bit of information coming so suddenly on the poor fellow seemed for a moment quite to overcome him. His white face flushed red with rage and indignation, and, quite forgetful of his good resolution not to swear any more, he turned towards the carsmen and abused them in so hearty a manner, that, had they been able to understand but half of what he said, it might have gone hard with him. As it was, they seemed to attribute the sudden outburst to the pain of his wound, and one of the carsmen compassionately took from his own head a strip of greasy rag and bound it round Master Cox's, thereby nothing improving either his personal appearance or his temper. Indeed, so ludicrous a figure did Tom cut when the savage had adjusted the bandage to his fancy, that I could not forbear congratulating him on possessing the handsomest figure-head in the ship. I never paid so severely for a joke in all my life.

"I begin to think, young fellow, that you haven't yet seen all the figure-heads aboard this vessel," said Tom seriously. "P'raps you are not aware of the awful pile of heads without figures—heads of old acquaintances and friends—they've got aboard this floating slaughter-house?"

I began to fear that the loss of his ear had set Tom's head wandering.

"I don't exactly understand you, Tom," I replied. "What heads are you speaking of?"

"Look, if you can, towards the midships partition and down in the right-hand corner," whispered he. "I can tell you well enough where to find 'em, for I had my face that way when the first two were chucked down, and counted 'em one by one as the rest were brought in, till I was glad to close my eyes and keep 'em shut."

Raising my head cautiously, I looked in the direction indicated by Tom Cox, and could scarcely repress a cry at the dreadful sight that met my eyes. There, in the corner, was indeed a heap of human heads, even in number, the faces of four of which were towards me, and instantly recognised, despite the marks of violent death by which each was distorted. Topmost of the buried pile was the head of our lady passenger, and so it was well placed, as its beautiful long brown curls (which many a time, as I waited at the captain's table, had caused my heart to flutter with admiration) hung down and over the other ghastly heads, partly concealing the features. Attached to the brown ringlets by a long copper hair-pin was a tag of red cloth, placed there, as I suppose, by the ruffian whose spoil the lady's head was, that he might know his own.

I have said that the brown curls hung about the other heads, partly concealing them; only partly, however. It was easy enough to make out the round face of Captain Prescott, with his mouth still ajar, as though his decapitation had taken place at the very moment of his giving some important order. There was the long,

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sallow face of my friend the tea-merchant, and the big black woolly head of Pompey the cook. No face of the whole number looked so awful as the African's, and this not so much because it was black, or that it betrayed in a shocking way the manner of its death; on the contrary, it looked like a live face, and this it was that made it so terrible among the others that were so very dead: the eyes were open, and a grin parted his lips, showing his double row of closely-set white teeth, and in his wool the owner of the head had stuck a white feather, giving it quite a holiday air.

Knowing nothing of the manners and customs of these savages, or their peculiar and invariable mode of treating the heads of such as fell by their hand in battle, I thought to be sure that they must be cannibals, and that our reservation from death was a mere matter of larler convenience; still, on the other hand, it seemed strange that, in the case of the slain of our ships, the head, the most inconsiderable part of the carcass in the eyes of the ordinary butcher, should be preserved, and the remainder wasted. To my horror, I found that Tom Cox, when questioned on the subject, quite agreed with me that our doom was the spit or pot; and when I asked him, did he not think it rather strange that the bodies and not the heads of our friends should be saved, he gave me no comfort by replying that he saw nothing strange about the business, as no doubt the bodies of the unfortunate crew were somewhere safely stowed away for the use of the captain and his officers, the heads being the perquisites of the commoner sort.

Meanwhile, and during this whispered conversation between Tom Cox and myself, the pirates had not been idle. Although, however, the yelling continued as loud as ever, the firing from the brass guns became gradually less brisk, and presently ceased altogether, as did, alas! every sound of an English voice, or token that any one capable of speaking it was left alive on board our unlucky ship; indeed, there suddenly arose a more frightful yelling than ever, accompanied by the clanging of gongs, and we needed no telling that the pirates' victory was complete.

Then began the work of plunder. Like vultures round a dead camel the prahus swarmed about the Sultan, and, leaving only the rowers and the prisoners on board, the rest of the villains hastened to board her, taking possession of bales and boxes—indeed, everything portable—and hauling them down with such a devilish gabble of jokes and laughter as made what little blood that remained in the two poor prisoners run cold to hear, brave Tom Cox grimly declaring that, if we were to have a long continuance of this barbarous din, they were welcome to his other ear, and that as soon as they pleased to lop it off.

Presently, however, there was a panic among the robbers. The babel of sound ceased, giving place to one single word, which was uttered in every variety of tone, as well by rowers as fighters, the former waving their arms and pointing at something with gestures of the greatest alarm. “*Api*” was the word as far as we could make it out; but who or what “*api*” was, was a sore puzzler. Certainly it carried with it a most potent meaning, for, crying “*Api! api!*” the fighting men of our prahu came tumbling back into her as though Satan himself was at their heels, while all around were sounds of heavy splashing in the water, occasioned either by living bodies or the bales and boxes abandoned while but half-free of the ship from which they were being taken.

What could “*api*” mean? Could it be the lingo of these savages for ship?

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Was there a ship in sight? an English man-of-war, perhaps, coming to our rescue. In our bewilderment, and forgetting that the calm still continued, we thought that this might be the solution of the mystery; but we were soon undeceived. A smell that was not of burnt gunpowder assailed our noses, and a sound that is like no other. Crack! crackle! crackle! It was clear enough now. "Api" meant "fire." The Sultan was in flames, and, as columns of black smoke rolled sluggishly above her, the prahu sheered off.

Now, as the vigorously-plyed paddles bore us rapidly from the burning ship, did we begin to realise to the fullest our woeful plight. Although it may be true enough that our prospects were not a bit more melancholy at this moment than a half-hour before, it had not till now seemed so completely all over with us. Hopeless as had been the struggle going on between our people and their people, still it *was* a struggle, and, by a miracle, the weaker might be victorious, and we released from our perilous position. Now, however, even this feeble glimmer of hope was extinguished; the bloody wreck of the good ship was abandoned to the flames which had seized her, and we were being borne away hopelessly as sparrows in the talons of a kite! So overwhelmed was I as I so reflected, that my tears, which had been pent up since the time when I was recovering from my illness on board the Margaret, began to flow abundantly. As for my companion, he was one of those whose natures seem rather to parch than to soften under the influence of sorrow; but still, if one might judge by his closely-shut eyes, and the groans and husky noises he was continually making, his dismal apprehensions were of a piece with mine own.

On sped our prahu (the others, as we could hear, keeping her close company) for fully three hours, during which time Tom and I exchanged but few words. No doubt we were intimidated by the comparative quiet that now prevailed, though for that matter our heads lay so close together that we might have conversed in whispers, and they not have overheard, even had they understood our language.

Although, however, they could not converse with us, they understood signs readily enough, as Tom Cox unluckily found to his cost. It happened that he was more exposed to the sun than I was, and, what with the heat and the worry of his wound, grew very thirsty; and presently, finding one of the rowers regarding him, Tom opened his mouth, and humbly expressed his great want of a drink of water. The only reply, however, to his desire was a squirt of saliva, accurately aimed by the disgusting fellow at poor Tom's cheek, and which exploit elicited the laughter of such of the sooty villains as chanced to witness the filthy trick. I perceived, by the sudden lowering of Tom's brows, that his will was good to give the fellow the full benefit of all the Billingsgate at his command; but, in a hasty whisper, I enjoined him to keep his temper, fearing that, if we showed ourselves fit objects for the amusement of such a crew, we should, in all probability, have a bad time of it. So Tom contented himself by concentrating his wrath within the compass of a few brief and powerful expressions, which he directed at the chief aggressor, on whom, however, from his ignorance of the English tongue, they were happily lost.

In the course of the afternoon we neared what I afterwards discovered to be the island of Magindano, to which piratical port, it appeared, our captors belonged.

"I think we are near land, Tom," whispered I eagerly.

"Are we?" answered he with miserable indifference.

"I think I can hear the people shouting on the shore, Tom."

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"Very likely; what does it matter?"

"I tell you what, Tom," urged I, anxious to rouse him from the melancholy condition of mind into which he had fallen; "if it be true that we are either to be eaten or to become slaves, very much will depend upon ourselves as to which fate will befall us. If we show ourselves crippled and near to death's door, it may appear more convenient to these rascals to push us fairly in than to trouble themselves about our cure or the chance of our living bodies fetching a price that shall remunerate them. Now, I'm more damaged than you, Tom; and though, as I assure you, my arm shoots and burns as though it were in an oven, and my wounded leg is not the most comfortable, I shall put a light face on the matter, and make as though I thought nothing of such trifles. And unless you have come to have so poor an opinion of yourself as that you are only fit to become a roast or boil, I should advise you to adopt the same course. Besides, has it slipped your consideration, Tom, that in the other prahu there may be shipmates of ours whom we may be very glad to see?"

This last view of the matter seemed to afford him more comfort than any other, and he became from that moment much more contented and cheerful.

By this time we were fairly into port, and the rowers and crew proceeded to land the plunder amid the rejoicing acclamations of the inhabitants of the island who were assembled on the shore. The seven human heads were not forgotten: indeed, they were evidently regarded as no inconsiderable portion of the booty, and were the property, not of the common sailors or the rowers, but of the leaders and chief men in command. As the proprietors of the ghastly trophies assembled round the pile and selected each his own, he behaved towards it with none of that coarse brutality that might have been expected, especially when their conduct towards the living owners of the craniums was taken into consideration. I expected to see each head seized by its hair and so carried off; but the pirates observed much ceremony: they endeavoured to smooth the tangled locks, and then, with great care, attached a string to them, and tied them to the belt at their waist. The owner of the head with the brown ringlets I expected to see especially careful of his prize; but the savage in question was no admirer of silken tresses, and finding that, drooping down to the floor, he was in danger of being tripped up by them, he caught them up, and, whipping out his knife, sawed them off, and flung them over the side. We now had an opportunity of inspecting the three of the seven faces we had not yet seen; but death had so completely disguised them that we could not for certain make out to whom they had belonged. By so much of the white whiskers that remained unstained on one of them, we guessed that this was another of our passengers; but we couldn't have sworn to it.

The plunder and the heads carried off, came our turn: and two of the fellows, coming up, cut the lashings that bound our legs and arms, and, with an insolent kick, intimated that we were to rise. This Tom Cox found it not very difficult to do; but with me it was sadly different. My leg had swollen very much, and had grown so stiff and heavy that, had it been a leaden leg, it could not have been more useless; and the best I could accomplish, after receiving a second kick, was to scramble into a position which was half sitting, half crouching; upon which one of the villains roughly hauled me up, and endeavoured to stand me on my legs. But I was down again quicker than he had lifted me, and hurt so very much that I uttered a loud shriek; while, at the same time, the violence done to my wounds

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caused them to stream out afresh. Tom rushed to me and lifted me up, which the two pirates perceiving, they became somewhat more humane, and took me between them to assist me, while they drove Tom Cox on before.

In this plight did I first set my foot in a country which fate had ordained should become so familiar to me—a country which was to reveal to me so much that was admirable as well as horrible, and was to be an abiding place for seventeen years and four months—every month seeming a year almost, and every year a lifetime.

As the reader may imagine, my landing was not auspicious. After my vain boasting to Tom Cox that I would put a light face on the matter, as I make believe that my wounds, ugly as they appeared, were of such small account as not in the least to interfere either with my activity or cheerfulness (especially the latter, as it seemed to me that, of all recommendations, that of a cheerful disposition must be most desirable in one doomed to pass his life in unrequited labour), it came about that, so far from being a pattern of hopefulness to my companion, I could see, from the pitiful glances he was continually casting behind him, that my sorry plight was breaking him down; indeed, as he afterwards informed me, as he gazed on me leaning my trembling weight on the arms of the two pirates, he thought it was all over with me, and fully expected to see me presently sink down and die there and then.

We found the greater part of the plunder from the Sultan piled on the shore, and observed, besides the crew of the prahu which had conveyed us, many more who, by their dress and general manners, were sailors, and doubtless belonged to the pirate fleet; we saw, too, that one ruffian bore at his belt a white human head, which, though too hidious for recognition, we knew was not one of the seven aboard our vessel; but there was one sight we missed, eagerly as we looked about for it, and that was the sight of a living white prisoner. Faces there were in plenty, but, alas! they were all of the thick or copper-coloured sort, and it seemed certain that, of the Sultan's belt thirty—let us say thirty—five, we were the miserable remnant. True, there remained a faint hope that one or more of our fellow-countrymen might be still aboard some of the prahus; but this was not very likely, as the sailors had ceased to go to and fro, and the work of unloading seemed at an end.

We were kept for some time on the beach, surrounded by the nearly-naked mob, which crowded about us in a manner that, owing to the abominable grease rubbed over their bodies, was anything but agreeable; but though they jabbered and pointed, and held up the children that they might not lose the show, no one did us any violence. This was better than we expected: indeed, it had seemed likely enough that, as soon as the islanders were informed of the damage we had inflicted on the lives and property of their friends and relatives, they would turn on us and take summary vengeance. On the contrary, they exhibited considerable friendship, and, in one instance, a degree of good-nature that could not have been excelled in the most civilised country in the world; for we had not stood there many minutes when a woman, observing the blood trickling down my leg, came forward, and, enlarging the rent in my trousers caused by the dash of the kris, examined the wound just above my knee, and then proceeded to chew some green leaves to a mash, which she applied to my limb as tenderly as though I had been her son. The salve made me smart terribly at first, but in a few moments the pain subsided, and, what was of much more importance, the bleeding had entirely ceased.

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So touched was I at this kindness of the woman's, that, forgetting that she did not understand a jot of what I said, I thanked her in the heartiest way, as did Tom Cox, who, moreover, and as proving that he had profited by the good teaching of the mate of the Margaret, added that she might depend that God would reward her for her goodness. The woman, however, seemed inclined for some more immediate reward, and, handling the clasp-knife which still hung at my waist, plainly enough intimated her wish that I would give it to her. Only too glad to convince her of my gratitude, without a moment's hesitation I slipped the lashing of the knife and offered it; but at this one of our gaulers took mighty offence, and, raising his bamboo sumpitan, dealt me a blow over the knuckles that made me tingle again, at the same time reproving me in such a bullying tone as to recall me at once to the miserable truth that now I was a slave whose very life, let alone his worldly gear, was the property of his masters.

Presently the mob began to cry out and look in a particular direction, as did we, and saw coming towards us an individual who, by his superior dress and the extra massiveness of the silver rings which adorned his arms and ankles, we saw was a person of some consequence; indeed, when he approached closer, we at once recognised him as the commander of the pirate fleet, and whose vessel was the first to be mauled by the Sultan's six-pounder. He was accompanied by several who appeared to be petty officers, and when he came within a dozen yards or so of where we stood, the fellows who had us in custody made signs for us to fall on our knees and kiss the earth. Now, although both Tom and I had mutually agreed to endeavour to conciliate our captors by a show of ready and cheerful obedience, we were not a little astonished at this monstrous request. It seemed like nothing else than voluntarily subscribing to the bond that consigned us slaves till death to these ignorant barbarians—a setting of our lips to the dust as a seal is set to the wax, and resigning irrevocably all that was Christian or manly in us.

“What do they mean, Reuben?” asked Tom, as the crowd continued to gesture, to point to the ground, and make signs of kissing.

“They mean that we are to fall down and salute the earth before the mighty fellow now approaching,” returned I in the same hurried whisper.

“I'll see them all——”

Where or what it was that Tom intended to express that he would see them all before he would so demean himself I can't say, for it happened that he had got no further in his rebellious answer when our custodians made short work of his objections by tripping up poor Tom's heels so that he fell flat on his face; and, fearing a similar fate, I, too, flung myself down, and, by way of compensating myself for the indignity, instead of kissing the earth, I joined Tom Cox, as we both lay on our faces, in cursing the villain in the great silver bangles, and all the rest of the save-the-crew, in the heartiest manner.

Presently, however, we received orders to rise, Tom assisting me in the tenderest way, and then politely pulling his forelock to him who, for the present, I will call the captain, at the same time pointing to my leg in explanation. The captain, who was an old man with a shrivelled visage and scarcely a tooth in his head, as soon as he saw how matters stood, ordered one of those who clustered about him to examine us. Tom's turn came first, but they made light of his injury, grinning and nudging each other when the rag was raised and the place where his ear had been exposed. Tom grinned too, but if they imagined his was a mirthful grin they

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were much mistaken. After pulling at his legs and arms, and punching him about the chest, the doctor pushed him aside with a grunt of satisfaction, and then took me in hand.

As I expected, my case was not one to be easily disposed of. Seeing the condition of the left sleeve of my jacket, he hauled off that garment, and then turned back my shirt-sleeve in so rough a way as to set me bleeding again. At this sight he looked serious, and turned with a shake of his head to report to the captain. He next turned his attention to my leg, and, when he had carefully inspected it, once more looked wise and shook his head ominously, and then left me and went to talk with the captain. As it was, I was aware that this was a most ticklish time for me, but how ticklish I never knew till enabled to speak the Dyak tongue and to hear the particulars from more than one who was present at my examination. It seemed that the doctor, who was a very old man, had reported that my case was very bad indeed, that I might be cured, but that I should be lame for the rest of my life, and unable to do any but the very lightest work.

"Then the sooner you take his head off the better," observed the captain, turning carelessly away.

But there happened to be attached to the captain's suite another priest or doctor, who was younger than the one who had examined me, and who, it seems, was jealous of the influence of his elder, and very anxious to curry favour with the captain. So, as the latter was turning away to leave me to certain death, the young doctor went up to him and begged that he might be allowed to look at my wounds, at the same time hinting that white slaves were of the very best sort, full of all kinds of cunning and contrivance, and that if there was a possibility of saving me it would be much to the captain's advantage.

The old doctor replied sarcastically to this, but, nevertheless, the captain, by a nod, intimated that the young fellow might examine me. This he did, and, for the furtherance of his own ends, affected to regard my hurts as the merest trifles, and pledged his word to the captain to set me up as strong and able as ever I was in all my life, and that in the space of six weeks. To my great delight the captain laughed at this, and told the young doctor that since he promised so confidently he would be expected to keep his word, as otherwise it might be the worse for him. This, to him amusing, but to me imminent, business concluded, he passed on with his officers to inspect his fleet and see what injury it had sustained, while Tom Cox and myself—I lean'd on Tom's shoulder—were marched into the village. I call it "a village because I have no other term for it, but, regarded in an English sense, it was no village at all, but rather one gigantic homestead inclosed by a slight stockade.

It was by this time quite dusk, and, seen in the uncertain light, the spectacle presented by this single and vast abode of the pirates was very amazing. I have said it was more a homestead than a village; but, if the reader pictures it as an English homestead, he will be again mistaken. It was like this: atop of a long row of piles, consisting of the green trunks of trees, with the branches but roughly lopped, that the projections might serve as the spars of a ladder, was a wide and long platform of split bamboo. This platform was as wide as Cheapside, and, I should say, as long; maybe, if you included the Poultry, it would not exceed the length of the platform; for, afterwards having a fair opportunity of measuring it, I found it could not be paced from end to end under three hundred and seventy

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steps, which I take to be equal to three hundred and twenty yards. This terrace, the proper use of which seemed to be as a promenade, served as the resort of pigs, and dogs, and chickens, besides several monkeys, large and small, which climbed the posts, and chattered and grinned at the uncommon sight of a man with a white skin. At the back of the terrace the dwelling-place was constructed, extending from one end of it to the other, and built chiefly of bamboo, and grass, and mud, with doorways screened by mats, and no windows. Only a few very old folks and some young children were at these mat-hung doors, so that we presumed that the entire population, or, at least, as much of it as was capable, had turned out to escort us. Over this vast shed was another shallow story, which, to judge from the odds and ends that were visible through the apertures, must have been used as a store-place for tools and such articles as were only required at particular seasons.

However, as the reader may imagine, we were in no case to examine very critically; besides, if we had been at liberty to do so, it was, as I have before observed, growing quite dark, and we could not distinguish anything about us very plainly. What we were chiefly concerned about was as to what sort of treatment we should receive, where should we be lodged, and what should we get to eat; for it will be remembered that very many hours had passed since we had either drunk or eaten.

At last we arrived at the end of the perched-up platform, and came upon two or three little huts, not vastly bigger than pigsties, and looking as though they were capable of affording about the same amount of satisfaction to a human tenant. One of these, however, was selected for our lodging, and, though it was evidently a debate if we should be housed together or separately, we were rejoiced to find that we were not to be parted, and were presently thrust into one of the huts, the entrance to which was overhung by a mat, and were, to our amazement, there left unbound, and without the company of a gaoler.

Evidently the same thought actuated us both, for, as soon as we were alone, we uttered, almost in a breath—

"Are they such fools as to fancy we shall be here when they come in the morning?"

"Did you ever hear tell of such ignorant heathens?" chuckled Tom.

"They'll stare to find the empty cage and the birds flown," said I; and, despite our aches and ailments, we quite enjoyed a laugh at the expense of our foolish captors.

"As soon as they settle down for the night, and the coast is clear, we will slip off, and——"

"And what, Tom? Where shall we slip off to?"

The hopeful clasp with which each held the hand of the other relaxed dismally as this important feature of the running away question occurred to us. We were on an island, and whichever way we ran we were certain, in the end, to be stopped by the sea, if even, in our ignorance of the geography of the place and the customs of the inhabitants, we did not betray our intention before we had journeyed a mile. To "slip off," therefore, would but be to get from the gridiron into the fire; and all in the dark, and very much chafed, we were compelled to admit that our friends the Dyaks were not nearly so foolish as they at first appeared.

Besides, in what condition was I to run away? My unlucky leg had been not at all improved by our walk from the landing place to the hut, and so weighed me

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down that to recline on the rushes or grass, or whatever it was, with which the floor of the hut was strewn, seemed the most desirable thing in the world, and I was not at all sorry when, in despair, Tom flung himself down too, and disturbed me by no more propositions in the carrying out of which my lame leg would be bound to assist.

We may have lain there rather more than an hour when we heard approaching, footsteps, and saw, through the chinks of the walls, three men coming our way. They turned out to be the young doctor who was pledged to cure me, a man with a great bundle of soft rushes, and another who carried two wooden vessels, one of which we found contained about half-a-gallon of water, and the other a mess of rice and fish seemingly stewed together. These things they set on the ground; and while, by the light of the torch of wood-splints, one fellow spread the rushes, and the other assisted the doctor in making ready his salve, we set to work on the contents of the two tubs. We first gave our attention to the one containing the water, and, by a long and grateful swig each, entirely emptied it. In this, however, we were wrong; the water being intended for washing our wounds, and not for drinking; and one of the villains, discovering Tom Cox in the act of draining the biggin, caught him a sounding spank with his open hand, and made as though he would take away the other tub which contained our supper. At this, however, the doctor interfered, and sent the fellow off to re-fill the water-vessel.

But now there appeared another difficulty. Truly we were much in need of victuals, and there it stood, smoking and savoury enough; but how were we to get at it? I should have mentioned that when we were first left to ourselves our jack-knives had been taken from us, and they had evidently forgotten to bring us either knife, fork, or spoon; at least, being in ignorance of their hoggish ways, we thought they had forgotten these things, and I thought I might venture to remind one of our attendants of the oversight. So I nudged him, and, showing him my empty hands, and pointing to the starabout, shook my head. The fellow, like all the rest with whom we had any correspondence, was quick enough of comprehension, and at once proceeded to show that he understood my signs by plunging his dirty fist into the mess, and, helping himself to a great mouthful of the rice, grinned and nodded his head, as much as to say, "There! that's the way to do it." What our feelings for the moment were may be easily imagined, but we were in no condition to affect squeamishness; so, first cleansing our hands as well as we were able on the rushes, we took the tub between us, and, with many a rueful grin, scooped up the mess to the last scrap.

Then the physician, whose salves were ready, did his very best to make me comfortable; so tenderly and carefully did he set about his business, that I wish I could lay it all to his good-nature; but I could not help reflecting that he was curing me for his own sake, and not my own, and that, if I should happen to die in spite of him, he would be much more ready to curse me for marring his plans than to mourn me. That this really was the state of the case he presently furnished ample proof; for, having finished with me, Tom stepped forward and presented his raw stump for surgical treatment, but the doctor turned about scornfully, and gave one of the fellows with him orders to furnish Tom with a little ointment. Again he showed how small was his concern in my companion's welfare. I found that the fresh rushes the man had brought in were spread in one corner, and just of sufficient width for one to lie on; but seeing which way our gaolers were bent, and that

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to thwart them would very-likely make matters worse, I winked at Tom to take no notice, but laid down on the soft heap, while he pretended to compose himself on a few old rushes which he raked together in an opposite corner. But as soon as we were left to ourselves we altered this arrangement, and, quite worn out, were presently asleep.

We were awakened next morning by a sound so familiar and English, that, ushering us out of our dreams of home, it saved us from the momentary shock that might have ensued on our opening our eyes to the walls and barbarous garniture of our bed-chamber. It was the sound of crowing of cocks, and, neither Tom nor I having heard a cock crow out of England, could but associate the sound with civilisation; indeed, after we had become sufficiently awake to discover the true state of affairs, and to review the proceedings of the previous night, the cocks still continuing to crow brought us no inconsiderable amount of comfort.

"How do you feel this morning, old boy?" asked Tom kindly.

"Why, ten pounds better, at least, thank ye, Tom," I replied, and truly, if the degrees of so precious a thing as health may be measured by such dross as money. "D'ye hear the cocks, Tom?"

"I do, Reuben," replied he cheerily; "and I hear the pigs squealing. Now, in my opinion, where there's pigs and cocks, and that sort of thing—thing, in the farming way, you know, Reuben—the people can't be such cannibal wretches as we at first supposed 'em. One can't fancy a man-enter making hay or digging potatoes, you know."

"Well, Tom, let us get outside, and have a peep at the sort of place fortune has to send us on."

So we went outside—my leg being so far improved that, though I was obliged to limp, I was put to very little pain—and first of all were for rambling towards the great terrace we had passed the night before; but we could see in the distance that, though the poultry and the various animals that lodged there were awake and on the move, there was no sign of a human being, which could scarcely be wondered at, considering that it was as yet barely broad daylight.

"Perhaps it will be better for us not to make too bold, Tom," said I; "if one may judge from their stowing us so far from where they live, they would rather have our room than our company; and no doubt they will come after us quite as soon as they want us. Suppose, therefore, we venture on a bit of a bathe in the sea?"

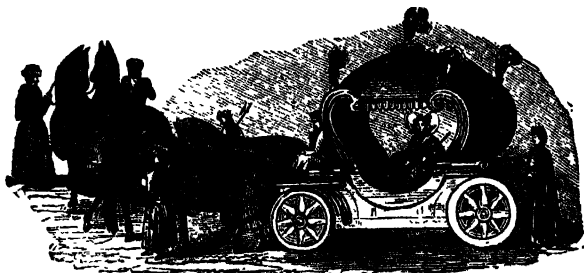
To this Tom was quite agreeable; and so we made our way towards the back of the village, which was so near to the ocean that there was only room for a few heels (likewise built on piles driven into the shore, and beneath which several small prahus and countless sampans were sheltered) between it and high-tide mark.

For my part, the hurt to my arm prevented my swimming; so I could do no more, when stripped, than paddle in waist-high, holding my bandaged limb high and dry, and laving myself with the other. But as for Tom, he could swim like a duck; and when I had had enough, and was dressed again, he was still frolicking about fifty yards from the shore, and enjoying himself as little like a one-eared slave as can be imagined. Presently, however, and before Tom seemed to have had nearly enough of it, casting my eyes about, I saw a troop of people coming from our deserted hut; and no sooner did they spy me all alone on the beach than they set up a terrible whooping, and came rushing up at the top of their speed.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.



Queen Elizabeth's State Coach.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMPROVEMENTS OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

THE reign of Elizabeth was eminently an age of conspiracies and beheadings; an age rendered celebrated for its hangings—not of tapestry—and for its quarterings to boot. The Agonistes of the day, which typifies the strife of the spirit against the flesh, was truly on a Samsonian scale. Rebellion here—treachery there—polemics, tinted with the lurid hues of fire and of blood, struggled furiously for supremacy; and Ireland was all but a terror and a dread to her rulers, who had to hold fast to her by teeth, claw, and nail. The revenue of that country amounted to 120,000*l.*, and her usual cost to England was 350,000*l.* annually—more than was claimed for the exigencies of the whole remaining portion of the kingdom. But it must be conceded that our rule there was stupid and barbarous, and that it continually tended to its own defeat. It may be mentioned as an honourable trait of national character—a set-off against much that may be said on the other side—that an Irish deputy, Sir John Perrot, proposed to remedy immediate grievances by checking *wast* and giving *work*. To do this he proposed the construction of roads and bridges, and, by turning the superb watercourses and rivers into canals and ancillaries, to increase the facilities for inland navigation. The English government, however, turned a deaf ear to this, and had to expiate the

stupidity of the times in much subsequent grief and disaster.

Acts of "Supremacy," Acts of "Conformity," Acts of the wildest insanity, were passed in Elizabeth's generally wise and common-sense reign; and bitter was the seed thus sown, and dismal the harvest reaped therefrom in future days. Polemics were high and hot, fierce and bloody, and presumably will be so to the end of time—the more the pity. Cloth at this period gave place to silken hose. Nuremberg furnished us with small pocket watches.* Paper was first manufactured from linen rags, and the genesis of printing broadened out into a fulgid world of intellectual glory. The fine schools of Westminster and Rugby were founded, with many more to follow immediately after. A Hollander named Jansen, who began by the making of spectacles, extended and eliminated their principle, and produced telescopes. Simon Stephen, of Bruges, introduced decimals into the *curriculum* of English education. An Italian started "book-keeping" as one of the fine arts; and, in the present day, there are many who are adepts in the art of "keeping books" and never returning them. A cutler on Fleet-bridge (Hollerns) first fashioned table-knives. In July, 1588, the first

* See article "Horology" in "Beeton's Dictionary."

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newspaper was printed. It was called the *English Mercury*, and the chief events associated with the Armada are recorded in its quaint but attractive columns. Tobacco, tea, potatoes, and the first voyage round the globe, by Sir Francis Drake (we shall talk about him anon), are marked matters in this prolific era. The whale fisheries of our northern and eastern seaports were then established, and soon became a gigantic speculation, and the finest nursery of English seamen we could possibly have. To this era also belongs the establishment of cod fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland, and the importation of coal from Newcastle and elsewhere. We at that time dealt in corn, wool, cloth, lead, tin, coal; and Birmingham and Sheffield were becoming the centres of trade with the whole world in the departments of cutlery, as also with regard to offensive and defensive weapons. Manchester even then produced rugs, friezes, and cottons, though of an inferior yet costly quality. German and Flemish immigrants, hounded out of their homes by Alva and his imperial legions, brought into our midst the manufacture of scises, sailcloth—of baizes, stockings-weaving, and such-like manufactures. The first law on record passed for the relief of the poor was sanctioned in the fifth year of the queen's reign, the religious houses and foundations of the land dealing with that matter in so effectual a manner that we look now in despair at our huge and horrible system of pauperism, and admit—with Cobbett—that they managed matters much better in those days than now. The population of the kingdom was but *five millions*—London now claims *three*; and London itself, at the close of Elizabeth's reign, numbered but 160,000 souls! These few statistics relative to trade have been inserted as starting points to a marked and significant epoch in the history of the kingdom. They are not quite the "Story of the Navy," but, indirectly, they bear closely upon the question. We see the rise of commerce and its recognisable formation into class, kind, and system. We see amorphous masses, the products of the three kingdoms of Nature, take shape and a market value, and point themselves out to the utility of men, being in themselves suggestive of the purposes to which they require to be turned.

The arts and the sciences are pouring forth in abundance their inventions, their adaptations, and their resources. A chaotic and half-intangible state of things has been for a long period shaking itself into order. *Two sides of things are taking equivalent forms.* There is a harmony of arrangement, a symmetry, together with proportion, agencies to necessities—a fitness of means to ends—and a continual finding out of fresh resources. If only for the breathless discoveries of the age across the wild, howling waste of foam and forest, of burning "saharas" and "savage winds of death," this period and era must be one of the most memorable in the world's history, and, compared to *our* chronicles, what a myth and mystery has this vivid world been to us! Suppose, at this day, we discovered a new continent! It is not so many years ago since Australia—with inland mountain plateaux and an inland sea—found a place upon the map. And what have we not yet to discover there! Traces of extinct civilisation older than the Pharaohs—cities lost in the silences and the solemnities of annihilated races, which had their literature, their liturgies and liturgy, and their grand and solemn creeds about immortality. But we are adrift again, and must not start tack or sheet. Still, for a moment or two more, we would run longer ere we boldly put out to sea once more.

The name, found in the blinding haze of Elizabeth's reign as significant of the wondrous period as aught we can imagine. In the loftier departments of learning illustrating the progress of the human soul, they are all of a more modest order. Antiquity in its most luminous display is paralleled. Mental and scientific philosophy culminates in the name of Lord Keeper Bacon—the great admirals of the age of Pericles necessarily lower their flags when they see the pennants of Lord Howard of Effingham—of Sir Francis Drake—of Cavendish—of Raleigh—of all or of any of them. The stupendous "Trilogy" which tells the bloody story of the house of the Tudors is absorbed in the glory of Shakespeare. For historians, we have Camden, Holinshed, and Stow. Our Homer was not born then, it is true; but there are men of feeling, fancy, and thought, who think that Spenser has finer passages than the

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"Iliad." We had "miracle plays," "Wapping," the "Hard" at Portsmouth, the "Hoe" at Plymouth. We stood overtopping the whole world. England was, indeed, then,

"Take Rome herself--when with her giant head
She *poseth* with the stars!"

Although, if any of our readers will find us such lines as those just quoted from a sack-loving Elizabethan dramatic writer, we will confess to being regularly beaten.

That's what *we* were, however--clear-grit, alligators--"snapping-turtles"--"snags"--and flashes of lightning, and no small amount of genuine thunder forgotten.

And now for the heroes of the sea and the GRAND ARMADA.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEA-CAPAINS OF ELIZABETH.

WE are on the quarter-deck of one of Elizabeth's men-of-war. We touch our cap, report ourself "come on board," and begin taking stock, and Charles Howard, Baron of Effingham--son of a seaman, and born to the sea as a profession--has his "flag at the fore." His first service was under his father, who carried the flag of the Great Harry at his poop, and, in 1559, when the capricious Queen Bess chose to notice him, he was made French Ambassador, and from that time, for a period of nine years, when he was thirty-one years of age, he studied diplomacy and naval tactics. Quitting both branches of business at this period, he became General of Horse under Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who went against the Northern earls in a rebellion of the time. Then he turned his face to blue water again--commanded a squadron in 1561, which Elizabeth sent to bear away Anne of Austria to the court of Spain--and, so far, a clear rid lancee enough. In 1571, he was M.P. for Surrey, next succeeded to the barony of Effingham, bestowed upon his father, and so transmitted to the son. He became immediately Chamberlain of the Household, which is a post of first sea-cook--Knight of the Garter, an ordination that has been more honoured in the breach than the observance. In 1585, he was appointed to be the Lord High Admiral of England, which for the moment shows we have anticipated his period.

The year of 1585 was signalised by one of England's great glories--though not its

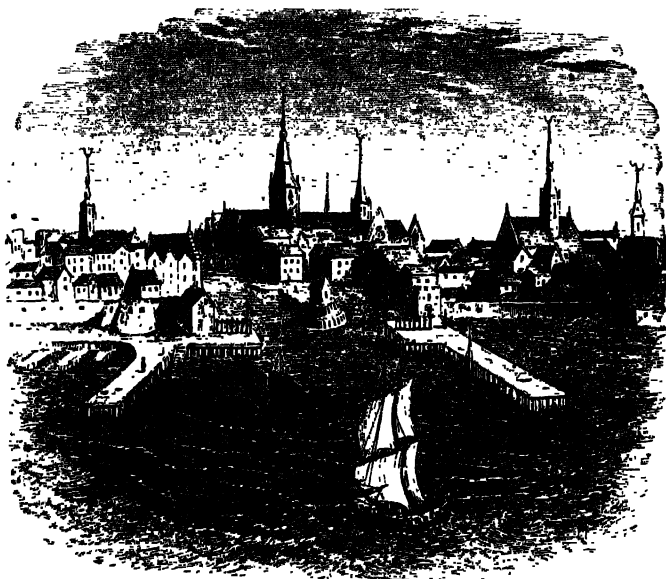
greatest. It occupies itself with the utter annihilation of the greatest invasion ever known to be attempted, notwithstanding the first Napoleon's Boulogne flotilla, headed and conducted to a *non sequitur* by the first strategist in the age he lived in. His expedition and career in this business must be left to a chapter which we mean to make vital for ever, under the title of "Armada," and meanwhile must dispense with further prolixity for the reason given, and to avoid a tautology of matter.

In the year of 1596, Howard was commander of an expedition against Cadiz--which will also find place--and was next made Earl of Nottingham, to which honour was added the Chief Justice-ship in Eyre of the forests south of the Trent--the title "Eyre" meaning a court or justice-seat, which used to be held every three years by the justices of the forests, who travelled "up and down"--as a respectable authority tells us--"for that purpose"--making a pretty penny out of it, respecting which we say no "scandal about Queen Elizabeth." We hope only we may hint that justices' justice in England is becoming the vulgar scandal of the age, and that it is high time to extinguish the unpaid magistracy, who work so much mischief, and who are all but irresistible for their foolishness and petty tyranny. Between Charles Howard and the fawning favourite Essex there was little love lost, and when the latter was appointed Earl Marshal, giving him thus a precedence over Howard--as Earl of Northumberland--he surrendered his staff of office, and retired from court. In 1599, the King of Spain--whose many defeats rankled in the very depths of his corroded heart--was meditating another invasion, and Lord Howard of Effingham was called to court, the British fleet being put into an immediate state of preparation. The Earl of Essex, at that time in Ireland, was suspected with but too good reason to be plotting against the state and the queen, and the lofty title of "Lieutenant-General of England," together with all the powers and emoluments of the office, was given to Howard, to counteract the designs of the base and handsome ingrate. Howard crushed the forces of his rival at Essex House, and brought him to a despicable submission. After the death of

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Elizabeth, James elected Howard as his Lord High Steward, and, with what we cannot but think his usual clumsy tact, sent him as ambassador to Spain—he who as admiral had torn and trodden under foot the gaudy emblazonments of the nation. In his capacity, too, as chief captain of the British seas, he conveyed to Flushing the Princess Elizabeth who, in 1613, was wedded to the Elector of the Palatinate. Having held his

high and honoured post for two-and-thirty years, he sold it to Villiers, then Earl of Buckingham—an act of barter so contemptible that it tarnishes with an ineffable meanness his whole past life, as a piece of dirty Capel Court brokerage disgracing both men. He was, it is true, a person of princely expenditure, large and lavish in his hospitalities, and kept up a full establishment in seven splendid mansions at one and the



Flushing

same time. He died in 1624, at the age of 87, and was buried at Reigate, in Surrey.

Charles Howard—Lord Effingham, and so on—is mentioned in right of his office. We shall meet men of a grander stamp presently, and begin with Sir John Hawkins, as fine a type of the British seaman as any may wish to know; though, on the score of temper, and making a little too free with his prizes, he has found detractors.

Sir John Hawkins "hails" from Plymouth, date about 1520; and being the son of the first Englishman who had ever voyaged to the Brazils, the lad was from an early period familiar with salt water, and had run down the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and the Canaries, to his own endowment in mari-

time experience, and the culture of those nautical gifts so rapidly and so largely developed within him.

In 1562—and, in the downright words of an honest authority before us—if not "good words, look you," at all events the truth—"he led the way in the lucrative but infamous traffic in slaves." The business was not looked upon *then* with the same eye of loathing as we look upon it at the present day; for Bristol was "staid," and its slave-dealers were held in estimation; and Liverpool was "respectable," and has handed down to the present day names highly estimable and closely allied to the "blood-boltered" African who has cemented their bricks together. The trade was hotly carried on by

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the religious Spaniards, and was sanctioned in unctuous terms by "Our Holy Father" the Pope, who has favoured so many ill things from time to time as to fill readers with amazement at the plastic ductility of so eminent a personage. We must remember that the slave-trade was then held legitimate, and we must, as fairly as we can, look on Sir John Hawkins and his compeers in the light of his own day. The kidnapping of "white folks," and their exportation and expatriation to the "plantations"—as the early



Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, the burial-place of Sir Martin Frobisher.

colonies, Virginia and the rest, were called—were facts patent enough, though "good men and true," highly "respectable" citizens of London, put money in their purses by the process, and very likely persuaded themselves they were following an honest vocation. Hawkins was led by cupidity, and an idea that the end—profit—might justify the means, into this impious and atheistic black

traffic; and we have not the remotest idea of sparing him or any other who violates the indestructible *rights* of the "imago of God carved in ebony." Personally or individually, following the arguments of Mr. T. Carlyle, we may not care for Quashee or Sambo, for he is a lazy dog, over-fond of pumpkin, and will not earn his living if left to himself; and, in this respect, he should

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so far as we care, *be left to himself*; and "die"—as black a colour as he can. Sir John Hawkins, having had a taste and flavour of the business, fitted out three vessels, whose minute dimensions may well make us laugh—the largest not exceeding 130 tons—while the boldness with which men went forth to meet typhoons, tropic tempests, and raging Atlantic storms, in things that were mere cockle-shells, gives us a fair idea of their daring and unconquerable enterprise. He sailed for Guinea; got his "blackbirds," sold them at a profit; came home; purchased bigger ships; doubled his cargoes; quadrupled his riches; and, as success commands respect, such as it is—a "Hudson testimonial," let us say—the College of Heralds granted him this crest: a "demi-Moor proper," bound with cords, which, coupled with a sublime *eternity*, and pointing to the satire innocently conveyed, ranks among the best pieces of practical sarcasm we are acquainted with.

He got a third expedition ready in 1567, and the queen, who also dealt in this dingy commodity, added two ships of her own to the other two belonging to Hawkins and sent to shareholders. Doesn't the world turn round, we wonder? Queen Elizabeth could deal in honour with what Queen Victoria would shudder to think of. With five hundred negroes, obtained by purchase, and by force, he sailed for Rio de la Plata, in Spanish America, and found there a governor so conscientious that he would permit no trading in the diabolical traffic. Our sea-captain—who had "conscientiousness" too, but of another kind—not seeing the force of this, landed his men, took the way by storm, and, by dint of "prisoners," loaded by muskets and cutlasses, got rid of half his cargo at a good price, and sailing with the remainder to Cartagena, disposed of them to less scrupulous purchasers. While returning home in much exultation, he fell in a furious gale near the Floridas, which forced him to take any port he could find in a storm which happened to be St. Iago de Ulloa; and this being (in 1568) while hostilities had broken out between the Spaniards and the English, he exhibited his forbearance by *not* taking a dozen well-laden merchantmen in the port, but seized upon hostages to warrant himself a supply of

and fresh provisions. A day after,

Captain Hawkins was thrown into some trepidation by the arrival of a well-equipped Spanish fleet; and, although the design of barring the harbour against its entrance occurred to him, he did not feel disposed to encounter the anger of the English lioness, his mistress, by such an attempt. In the meantime, "negotiation" occupied both the viceroy and the English captain, the latter of whom did not oppose the entrance of the fleet; but the former, not the less, was making subtle preparations for chastising the English insolence shown him, and an action came out of it—not in a court of equity or justice but from black-muzzled cannonades and well-wielded boarding pikes and musketry.

It appears that the Mexican assented to the conditions Sir John was, at the moment, in a position to make. These were that he should have provisions by paying for them—no hard stipulation, let us hope. Next, that an island, fortified by eleven brass guns, should be surrendered to him during his stay; and that hostages on both sides should be exchanged pending the due fulfilment of the treaty. The viceroy, seeing he could not help himself, promised largely and loudly, but with the promise a reservation that he would not keep his word—*if he could help it*. The Spanish fleet entered the port, and salutations after the most approved forms of naval etiquette were exchanged; and, so far, matters wore a highly friendly look. Hawkins, however, was as shrewd as he was undeniably brave, and slept with one eye open; that is to say, he was upon the watch. He discovered that the Spaniards had gathered a land force of a thousand men, and were meditating an attack. Observing an unusual bustle in the harbour one morning, he sent the viceroy requesting to know what these suspicious movements portended. Weapons were being passed to different ships, and guns were mounted and pointed at his small squadron; and the continued dialling of men to and fro and another was sufficient to confirm all his suspicions. The viceroy gave some vague orders as to the removal of the causes of alarm, and engaged, on the "honour of a viceroy," that he would defend Hawkins and his crew against any attack; but, as this was a story to be "told to the ma-

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rices," Hawkins gave it all the credence it merited. A Spanish ship, which was moored close to one of his own—the Judith—overshadowed the Britisher with her huge bulk, and he sent for the sailing-master of the Jesus (also one of his fleet), who could speak Spanish, to charge the viceroy with treachery. The messenger was, as might be expected, instantly seized, and presently a general attack was made on all sides from sea and shore. Having already possession of the fortified island, such portions of his crew as were landed were driven from their guns by the greater number of Spaniards who invaded it at all points, and were pitilessly slaughtered—all save a small handful that got on board the Jesus.

The big Spaniard, which had at first excited the English commander's apprehensions, now bore down upon Drake's ship, the Minion, and turned out to have three hundred men on board. Hawkins was ready to receive her, and, his anchors being "apeak," he avoided the first shock of the attack with manifest advantage; and the Don next attempted to board the Jesus—which was already in hot water, being engaged too deep with the Spaniards—but, with true British pluck, she beat the swarming boarders back, cut her cables, and got clear out of the "ruck" to get herself ready for thorough "ship-shape" fighting. When about two cables' length away, the Jesus and the Minion commenced the action with a spirit and determination which began to awe the Spaniards, who were continually receiving fresh men from shore. Hawkins, his captain, and their crews, proved the stuff they were made of, despite the almost ludicrously fearful odds they had to contend against. The Spanish admiral and a stout consort were sunk, or had ingloriously sheered away; the vice-admiral's ship was a "holy show," burning to the water's edge; and the rest had slackened their fire and silenced their guns; so that, in an hour's time—while the cannon flamed and roared, and the British broadsides were smashing and crashing through the strong Castilian ships, making a "Flemish account" of the sumptuous decorations and furniture of the cabins—the whole work was done, and the viceroy had to bewail the bad faith which was so severely visited upon the fleet.

Hawkins, naturally enough, did not get off scot-free. This was scarcely to be expected, for the guns on the island which the Spaniards had taken were turned against his forces, and speedily sank most of his smaller ships, although his crews fought like demons, and went to the bottom with a cheer. The rigging of the Jesus also got so out and mangled with shot that all attempts to get her off were fruitless. As, however, she lay opposite to the battery, she was transformed into a kind of screen, and his remaining forces sheltered themselves behind her from the Spaniards' guns during the night, in order to transfer what stores they could into his remaining vessels in the early morning. Two of his craft, however, which the Spaniards had fired, came reeling and drifting down upon him, and the crew of the Minion made all sail and bore away, and that in such haste that Hawkins had barely time to get on board from the Jesus, which was now a prey to the "devouring element." Out of the whole, therefore, only the Minion and the Judith—the latter a small bark of fifty tons—escaped, and Hawkins's voyage home was one of great peril and privation. Cool, undaunted, and undeterred as our captain usually was, he could not help making his moan. "If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage" (he himself says) "were to be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs."

Naval enterprise, so far as Hawkins was concerned, was suspended for a length of time, and, in 1573, being made Treasurer of the Navy, he gave himself up to the quiet but faithful discharge of the duties devolving upon him by his office; and the younger sea-captains, his kinsman, Sir Francis Drake, being among the number, who had been brought up under his own eye, found no reason to envy him his honours. He had the direction of the naval expedition which sprang into life during his period of rest, and his experiences were justly valued and mostly followed out, but he took no direct personal part in them. When the venerable year of 1588 arrived, however, he was in speedy requisition. Philip had vaunted his brilliant Armada through the world, and

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Hawkins, as a brave and experienced sea-captain, had an immediate command, being made rear-admiral of the English fleet. He hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, which latter vessel, however, cannot be compared to Nelson's immortal ship. In consideration of the efficient services he rendered against the Armada, he received the honour of knighthood, and the queen, in emphatic terms, bore witness to his conduct. In the year 1590, two squadrons of English ships were fitted out to cruise on the seaboard of the Spanish main, for Philip and his Plate fleets had now become fair game, and Jack was "all alive" with Spanish dollars, doubloons, "pieces of eight," and so on. One squadron was commanded by Hawkins, while another was put under the command of Sir Martin Probisher, another of the daring rulers of the stormy brine. The cruise was, on the whole, a failure, though the fleets of Spain suffered severely, and the naval power of England was steadily on the increase. His final expedition was in association with Drake, and directed against the West Indies. The commanders quarrelled, differing in opinion, and Hawkins was forced to succumb to Drake's decision. They attempted the Canaries, and failed, and, what with the time lost there and at Dominica, the tide, which should have been taken at its flood, and led to fortune, was lost, and the last chance of carrying off a Plate ship became so little probable to Hawkins that he fell ill of disappointment and chagrin, and died on the 21st of November, 1593, when within sight of the island of Porto Rico, where the coveted treasure-ships lay.

Sir John Hawkins was twice member of parliament for his native place—Plymouth. He founded an hospital at Chatham for firm and poor seamen, and for the temporary help of those broken down by illness.

His share in the slave-trade, in which his royal mistress must hold a share on the principle of a "limited liability," is the gravest charge to be brought against him. As a seaman, he was consummate in every branch of his profession; as a leader, he was both wary and energetic—"a cool old soldier," who had smelt powder by the hour, and did not dislike the flavour. His thorough knowledge of all naval affairs rendered him invaluable as a public servant; and, though his post as treasurer might suggest peculation—for he has been accused of avarice—he is not guilty of having dishonestly tampered with a groat of the public money, and the munificent "foundation" he endowed at Chatham is inconsistent with the instincts of an avaricious man; besides that a miser rarely ventures his money as Hawkins did his, but deals with certainties, be they ever so petty. To his equals and superiors, even, his manners are described as "rude and harsh;" but, as a paradox, it is also added that he was "more beloved by his men than by his officers;" and he might have had officers under his command who were envious, jealous, and captious, or obdinate, as, in the latter instance, his relative Drake was in the matter of the Plate fleet. The quarter-deck of the day did not affect the refinement of the drawing-room, nor did midshipmen sprinkle their pocket-handkerchiefs with eau-de-Cologne. They were nursed amidst storms and tornadoes, and brought up, as it were, upon fire and flume. Thunderous broadsides often formed their requiems, and the deep sea their grave. Such as they were, no succeeding generation has surpassed them, and not the smallest spirit among them was Captain Sir John Hawkins, who fought against the Great Armada, and taught the Spaniards a lesson they have not yet forgotten.

*(To be continued.)*¹

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

IV.

INERTIA (*continued*).

EXPERIMENT OF INERTIA MADE WITH DOMINOES.

Place two dominoes upright at their highest elevation with their faces towards each other, and then another piece horizontally across them, forming a door. Upon this third—the horizontal—domino place a fourth, the black surfaces being in contact. Finally upon this fourth

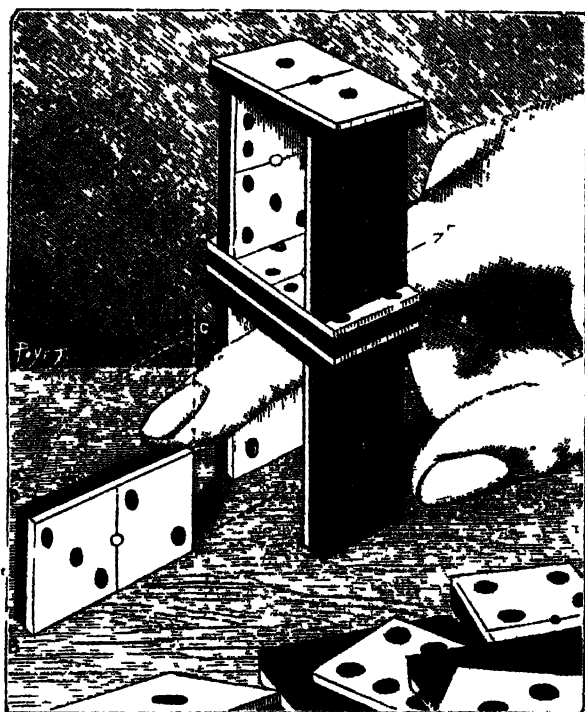


Fig. 15 Experiment of Inertia.

domino set two others in the same manner as the first pair, face to face, then a seventh piece over all, as in illustration (Fig. 15).

The experiment consists in detaching rapidly the lowest horizontal domino from the building, without disturbing the remainder of the erection. To do this you must place another domino in front of the building lengthwise (A-B), at such a distance that it can be conveniently reached by the forefinger passing beneath the first storey

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The end E of this domino is then sharply pulled down backwards, by which movement the corner D describes a curve in the direction of the dotted line to C.

If this movement is properly accomplished, the angle D will suddenly strike the lower horizontal domino and project it in the direction of the arrow F. This displacement will be followed by the instantaneous descent of the upper horizontal domino upon the two lower perpendicular pieces, in place of the domino removed, and the structure will remain otherwise undisturbed.



Fig 19. The Plate and the Coins Experiment

THE PLATE AND THE PILE OF COINS

Put a dozen coins in a plate and propose to deposit them at one movement in the same order upon the table. People who have never tried this experiment will say it is vain. To accomplish it you must raise the plate about a foot above the table, suddenly depress it, as shown in the illustration, and draw it towards you. The coins, not finding any support, will fall to the table in the same position as they left the plate.

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It is by no means an easy task to let the pile of money fall as here described without separating them. With practice and skill you will surely accomplish the task, in performing which it is best to let the coins fall or slide off the plate upon a cloth, not upon a bare table, which is more elastic. The cloth will lessen the shock of propulsion.



Fig 20. Catching the Pile of Money.

THE MONLY ON THE ELBOW.

This is another experiment which the writer has frequently performed. It is managed by holding the arm back upwards, the elbow being almost flat and the hand open palm upwards as in the illustration (Fig 20). On the arm, close to the joint place the coin or coins. Perhaps one at first will be sufficient in case of failure and possible loss. If the hand be suddenly brought down with a circular sweep, the pile of money—or the single coin—will be left for an instant in space and be at once clasped in the palm coming down upon it.

It will be found easy and possible to catch a pile of a dozen pence or half-crowns in this way after a little preliminary practice, without letting one coin escape.

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Care must nevertheless be taken that no breakable articles are in front of you when you are practising this experiment, for, if you do not succeed in catching the coins, they will be struck by the hand with very considerable force, and may do damage to the surroundings; they also may roll out of sight!

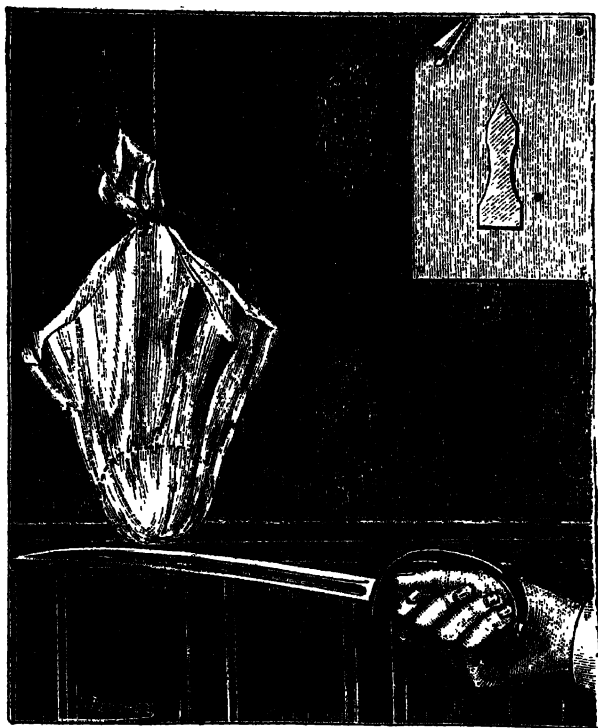


Fig. 21. The Apple in the Handkerchief.

*TO CUT AN APPLE IN A HANDKERCHIEF WITHOUT INJURING
THE LATTER.*

In this instance the apple is wrapped up in the handkerchief and suspended by a cord, as indicated in the illustration (Fig. 21). Take a sabre or a strong knife, the plan of which is indicated in the right-hand upper corner. The edge of the blade should be very sharp, the more polished and the sharper the blade the more likely is the experiment to succeed. The cut must be given without sawing, and perpendicularly to the point of suspension. If the blade be rather thick, the apple will jump up slightly, and then the handkerchief will enter with the blade and be uncut.

In 1887 there were some clowns at the circus in Paris who used to perform this trick very neatly indeed, and with great dexterity.

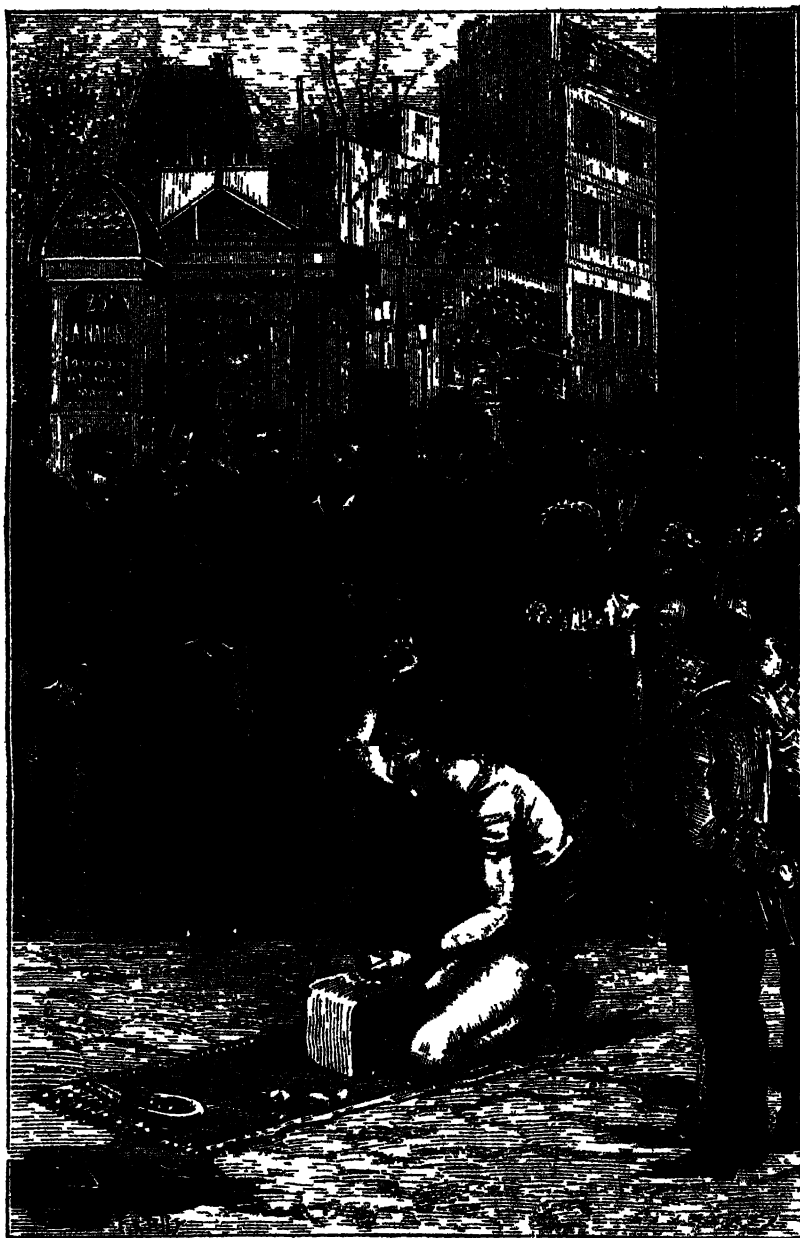


Fig 22. Experiment of Acquired Force.
THE STONE BREAKER.

By great acquired force, or inertia in repose, one is enabled to break stones with the fist. This feat is performed by men at fairs in the manner following:—

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The right hand is carefully wrapped in a bandage, and in the left is held a piece of flint of rounded form, which the operator places upon a larger stone or upon an anvil; then with the right hand he strikes the flint some very powerful blows, always taking care to raise it a little from the anvil when he is about to strike. Thus the object struck acquires the force of the fist that has struck it, and as it comes in violent contact with the anvil it is quickly broken. Simple as the feat is it never fails to evoke great astonishment from the spectators. (Fig. 23).



Fig. 23. A New Way of Uncorking a Bottle.

TO UNCORK A BOTTLE WITHOUT A CORKSCREW.

Take a bottle of wine or beer, or any other liquid, and having folded a dinner napkin into a pad, strike the bottom of the bottle violently against it (as in the illustration, Fig. 23) on the wall. By virtue of the principle of inertia the liquid in the bottle will force out the cork. If the contents be beer or gaseous water, it will come out with considerable force, and carry some of the liquid with it over the spectators. This fact will enhance the success of the experiment, with which we will end our chapter on the inertia of matter.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

EQUILIBRIUM OF BODIES. THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

Ideas relative to the centre of gravity and to the equilibrium of bodies can be demonstrated by means of a number of every-day objects. When we find a box of soldiers in which each warrior is gifted with a small piece of lead at his feet, we have an illustration of the centre of gravity. We know that the cylinders, roughly representing soldiers, will always resume their upright position when one endeavours to overturn them.

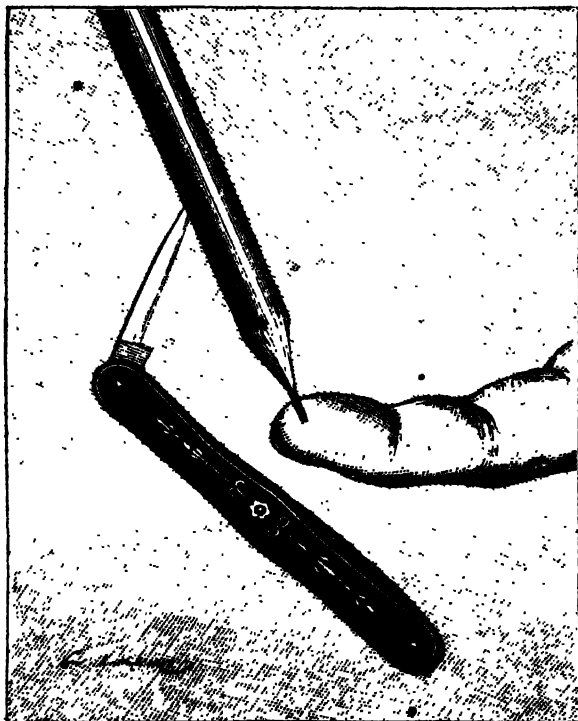


Fig. 24. A Pencil Balanced on its Point.

It has been stated that it is possible, with patience and lightness of hand, to make an egg stand on one end. To accomplish this the egg must be placed upon a perfectly plane surface—a marble chimney-piece, for instance. The egg must be shaken to mingle the yolk with the white, and then if one succeed in making the egg stand upright, one of the most elementary principles of physics is illustrated thereby; for the centre of gravity is at the point of contact at the end of the egg, and the plane surface on which it rests. We will give some illustrations of this in our next.

(To be continued).

LONDON STREET BOYS.

BEING A WORD ABOUT ARABIA ANGLICANA.

AT the mention of Arabia, the idea of the vast sandy desert at once rises before the mind's eye. And then follows a picture of some oasis in that sterile tract—most probably (for I am sure my readers have perused Sir Walter Scott) that one described in “The Talisman”—shaded with feathery palms, green with emerald turf, and with the “Diamond of the Desert” bubbling clear, cool, delicious, in its midst. A lovely picture—an enchanting imagination.

But it is precisely the opposite of an oasis that is conjured up at the thought of *Street Arabia*. Of no little speck of verdure in a wide ocean of barrenness is that suggestive, but of one dark blot upon a prosperous country—one little cloud of poverty and destitution, mental and bodily, in the broad sunshine of a nation's well-doing—one dark and ineffaceable stain upon the purple robe of an empire city.

We will talk this anomaly over, if you please; for, if the evil is ever to be remedied, it must be discussed and debated, and the very heart of it laid bare beneath the dissecting-knife. How else shall the root and workings of the disease be discovered?

Street Arabia is a wild and unwholesome country—a country of scanty meals, and those poor ones; of lax morals, and even those few—a land shoeless and shirtless, and very ragged. Its roofs are of two sorts: a lofty and spacious one—none other than heaven's canopy—and a low, damp, dirty one—the roof of a cellar, or some chamber no better than that. Within its boundaries combs are unknown, and its only brushes are for boots. Washing is known certainly, but rather as a thing to be avoided than practised; and cleanliness not being held desirable, that to which it is reputed next akin is, I fear, sadly neglected likewise. An improvident country it is, and on that account a happy one after its own fashion; a land that revels in dirt and rejoices in rags is easily made happy. And, chief reason of all for its happiness, it is young. Young and improvident! How happy, therefore, as long as its capital lasts—as long as youth remains, and care for the morrow is absent!

Where the real Street Arabia is I cannot tell; but I am quite certain that somewhere—perhaps near the place where Aladdin plucked the golden and jewelled fruit, or close to the palace which Kubla Khan decreed in Xanadu, or along the shores of the lake whose fish jumped up and conversed in the frying-pan, or beyond the Talking River, or across the Mountains of the Moon, or on the further side of the Enchanted Forest—there exists Street Arabia proper, from which colonies are sent out. For whether those colonies establish themselves in London or in Paris, adopting to some extent the customs of those cities, they everywhere retain a common likeness and common traditions which point to one origin.

The colonists in Paris call themselves *gamins*; those in London are contented with the title of Street Arabs, or street-boys, with various species underlying the genus—for instance, to classify them in scientific fashion, the *homunculus ocrea-tergens*, or shoeblack; the *homunculus triviatergens*, or crossing-sweeper; and the *puerulus rotifer*, or tumbling Arab, which last is fully established as a separate species, although the practice from which it takes its name is in use among the previously mentioned varieties.

LONDON STREET BOYS.

It is a very strange feature of great cities that their streets should teem with a class so peculiar, and at the same time so young. What becomes of the street-children? Superficial philosophers, who found a similar question, "Whence do waiters come?" afloat in the world, extemporised a wild theory that the street-boy on attaining a certain age, became a chrysalis, burying himself in cellars, from which he emerged a full-blown waiter. Beyond the fact that little is known certainly of the ultimate development of the one and the early origin of the other there is nothing to lend countenance to so wild a scheme. That the staid, quiet man in a white tie and black suit should ever have been a shorless, hatless vagabond is impossible! It is more—it is ridiculous! I would sooner believe that the street-boy becomes full-blown in a London sparrow, as some sages aver, and that the waiter springs full-armed, like Minerva, from the brain of a prosperous publican.

But a truce to the wild imaginings of the scientific.

We will discuss first the Parisian colonist from the undiscovered region of Street Arabia. He, as has been said, is known as "*le gamin*." The authority to whom I shall refer for an account of him is no less a man than Victor Hugo, who devotes many pages to him in his last work, "*Les Misérables*." That account, I need hardly say, is rather highly coloured, in all probability. Victor Hugo is a poet. "*Nihil utigit, quod non ornavit*," applies especially to him, and he has invested the squalor of a street-boy with a halo of sentiment. My readers must, therefore, accommodate themselves with a nugget of salt to savour the dish the French poet lays before them.

His description of the boy's personal appearance is pretty true to nature, even on this side of the Channel. "He is jolly. He has no shirt to his back, no shoes to his feet, no covering to his head. He is like the flies of heaven" (*les mouches du ciel*, a charming diminutive for "the birds of the air"), "who do not possess the things. He is from seven to thirteen years old, lives in gangs, tramps the street, and dwells in the open air." He is also, according to Hugo, a smoker of short pipes, an indulger in bad language of every description, a hanger-on at public-houses, on good terms with the thieves, and on a familiar footing with the fair sex. He talks slang (*argot*), and things much worse, and yet, says the Frenchman, he has nothing bad at heart. "It is because in his soul he bears a pearl—innocence—and pearls are not dissoluble in mud." It is with a sad heart that I feel compelled to express a disbelief in so beautiful a theory; for I am terribly afraid the pearl has no chance of existing, much less of running the risk of dissolution. Put the poet has not done yet. He has fresh lights in which to place the dishevelled figure he has raised. He corrects himself. "Let us not exaggerate," he says, and then withdraws somewhat of his previous description. The Street Arab "has sometimes a shirt. But then he never has more than one. He sometimes has shoes. But then they are never a pair. He sometimes has a home, and he likes it because there his mother lives. But he prefers the street, because there dwells liberty."

Some of the characteristics of the Paris *gamin* are easily traceable in our London street-boy. "He has his own games, his own bits of mischief, at the bottom of which lies his hatred of respectability; he has his own way of speaking, his own lines of business." But in France, according to our authority, he has a circulating medium of his own, consisting of bits of leather (called *loques*, shreds), which is under the financial control and management of the general colony.

LONDON STREET BOYS.

He is also, if we may believe Hugo, an ardent naturalist, searching for earwigs "*dans les chantiers des Ursulines*," for centipedes "*au Panthéon*," and for tadpoles "*dans les fossés du Champs de Mars*." One of his daring enterprises in the pursuit of zoological science consists in the sudden raising of a large stone in order to study the habits of woodlice.

There are several points in which the French *gamin* differs widely from the London street-boy. In the first place, although (like our Arab) he does not have a meal every day, he can, if he see fit, go sight-seeing every night. This may be partly owing to the cheapness of amusements abroad. But I believe our young nomad cares little for any sights not involving damage (i.e., mischief) or danger. A "horse down," or a fight, has more allurements than the drama. I doubt if our Arab is very profitable to the proprietors of "penny gaffs." Certainly, when he deigns to attend public shows, such as the passing of the present Princess of Wales through London in March, it is rather with a view to climbing trees and lamp-posts, to the annoyance of his natural enemy the policeman, than from any wish to see a pageant.

Another dissimilarity between the Parisian and London Arab lies in the *gamin's* partly rural life. Beyond the barriers of Paris he loves to dwell among cots and mushrooms, ladybirds and lilacs, frogs and fresh air. Our lads, it is true, do occasionally go a-birding, according to Mr. Mayhew; but it is in the Parks. The true Street Arab seldom visits Epping Forest or Hampstead Heath. But the greatest difference between our English child of the streets and the French one is,—always, be it remembered, according to Hugo—that the Paris lad is a politician. "There are two things which, Tantalus-like, he ever desires, never obtains. The one is to overthrow the government, the other is to mend his trousers." The overturning of the powers that be (except so far as embodied in the police force) the British Arab never dreams of; and I don't think he cares very much about the mending of his nether garments. He took part, I admit, in the Chartist riots, but simply from a love of mischief, and he didn't know one of the points of the Charter.

What becomes of the French Arab it is easier to see, than what becomes of his English congener. The Continental one grows into a builder of barricades, and is swept off at intervals by the hundred, in accordance with the decrees of the particular divinity whose duty it is to keep the statistics straight. A few days of revolution soon correct the superabundance of overgrown *gamins*.

The English Street Arab, although, as we have seen, somewhat similar in some respects to the Parisian *ne'er-do-well*, is, on the whole, a very different creature. He is no politician, like his brother of the Seine. He of the Thames hates respectability and prosperity, as the other does; but it is the hatred of antagonism, not of envy. He does not frequent the theatres, though he might be passed as the *gamin* does. His visits to the country are only at rare intervals, and he carries into it the mud, mental as well as actual, of the city.

In a word, he is not so *spirituel*. But then so few, if any, English people are. We are obliged to borrow a French word to express—or is it to conceal?—our thought of the quality.—Now a word on the geography of our Arabia.

The capital of British Arabia Petrea is, I take it, the flight of steps in front of St. Martin's Church. There the boys lounge, like veritable lazzaroni; there they eat, when they do eat, which they are not often doing; and there they plan schemes against society, which they are always doing.

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Just about Trafalgar-square there are lots of crossings, and well-frequented ones. The West-End goes to the City over them, and returns homeward over them, so that they are the main arteries of wealth, little droppings of which overflow, and are picked up by the Street Arab.

Trafalgar-square itself is a fine playground for the boys. There is water, which is always a delight—to play with. And the water is dirty, which removes the only objection—a suspicion of cleanliness—which could attach to it as a plaything.

There are low parapets and high walls to be leapt and vaulted over, or “dropped.” And, O delightful! the police set their countenances against these gymnastics. Wherefore the young Arab, as he flies over the boundaries, experiences a threefold pleasure. First, in the sense of freedom and the poetry of motion inseparable from such rapid action in the air. Second, in the knowledge that the proceeding is obnoxious to people of weak nerves (and only respectable people possess those luxuries) and to the police. Third, in the certainty that the policeman in his tight blue suit cannot pursue him through his saltatory exercises, or that if he does an inevitable disruption of his uniform in various places must ensue.

In the neighbourhood of Trafalgar-square, about the Opera Colonnade, is also the place where the street-boy is enabled to earn money after dark (when crossings are undistinguishable, and the polish of boots is disregarded) by cart-wheels, catherine-wheels, or flip-slaps.

Yes, beyond a doubt, the steps of St. Martin's Church form the head-quarters of the Arab camp in the metropolis.

The amusements of the street-boy are not numerous. Pitch-halfpenny, chuck-farthing, and buttons are the chief ones. But he extemporises a game very readily, and from very unpromising materials.

Our young friends in the illustration attached to this paper have done something of this sort. With no better material than an old hat, ragged beyond repair, and dirty beyond redemption, they have started a game which may pass for foot-ball in its wild state. How they kick it! How they shout with laughter, and wave their shreds of head-gear!

Splendid fun! “Its last day” has come, and its end is not peaceful. By implication they are kicking respectability about; for, possibly, that heaver once wandered, glossy and faultless, down Pall-Mall and Bond-street. Now they have got it down to their own level, and are kicking the supercilious swell, who once wore it, by proxy.

But just wait a moment until the policeman comes round the corner! They'll be off then in a moment, with a crouching long gallop, like young wolves driven from their prey, and the relic of respectability will repose undisturbed in the kennel.

The two principal employments of the London street-boy are boot-cleaning and crossing-sweeping. He will hold a horse—if he can reach it—or run an errand, fetch a cab, or open a carriage-door. But these are mere adjuncts to the other professions.

The Street Arab is gregarious.

Boot-cleaning is a solitary occupation, one would suppose.

Yet he contrives to make it a companionable business. You far oftener see two or three shoeblacks planted together than one blooming alone.

By the way, I may observe that *my* shoeblack is not one of those in blue or red

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uniform. The wearers of those may or may not have been Street Arabs; but they have exchanged the fancy *burnous* of freedom and Arabia for the regulation garb of civilisation. They are Arabs no more.

My shoeblack has no coat, as a rule, for his nether garments come up to his armpits, having come down from his father. A very short piece of string indeed, therefore, does duty for a brace, and a very few rags pass muster for a shirt. Hat he has none, but his hair is long and matted, and forms an excellent thatch for the dome of thought.

The paraphernalia of his trade are simple and rude—a box turned upside-down, with occasionally—very occasionally—a bit of wood nailed on for a foot-rest, a bottle of blacking, and brushes. With these he sets forth on his labours. But, as I have said, he prefers not to work alone—he joins some half-dozen others. In the intervals of boot-cleaning they play at pitch-farthing, or chuck in the hole with buttons, for he has buttons, has this Street Arab—but not on his garments. To wear them there would be a piece of ostentation like that of young swells who carry guineas for charms, and gold dollars for waistcoat-buttons. He would not dream of letting capital lie idle thus.

I have no wish to injure the trade of the Street Arab, but, my gentle reader, if, on your way to see your charmer, a chance mud-spot or drop of water defile the purity of your upper-leathers, stop not to have the nuisance abolished where two or three shoeblacks are assembled. Pass on until you find a solitary polisher. If you find him not, prefer to appear before Angelina with the blemish to enduring a polishing under the inspection of those young persons. I once myself, near London-bridge Station, went through the painful operation. My personal appearance, my dress, my means, my probable rank in life, and my profession or trade were freely canvassed in a lofty but satirical manner. It is true the language was slang, but not a very unintelligible form of that dialect. I am not ashamed to confess that I had a wild idea of rushing away after my first boot was finished. To have done so would have been fatal. I was like a man facing half-a-dozen rats in a cellar. It was only by showing a bold front that I could escape. At length the deed was done, and I was released. But the tortures I suffered! Had I been all one corn from head to sole I could scarcely have felt more uncomfortable under the polishing.

Crossing-sweeping, the other chief employment of the young Ismaelite, is also conducted on communistic principles. * A gang pitch on a crossing; one sweeps it, taking an extra percentage of profits. The path cleaned, the Arabs beguile the time with conversation on topics important in Arabia—for instance, the police, or the weather (with a view to rain, and, consequently, mud).

I should mention that showery weather is the most profitable to the Arab, whether as boot-cleaner or crossing-sweeper. A heavy, drenching rain or perfectly dry weather is stagnation. The first reduces all mankind to one level, at which they despise mud, and abjure the hope of presentable feet; the last allows a handkerchief to perform the shoeblack's work, and turns all the road into a crossing.

Converse and gambling go on until one of the gang sees a well-dressed person coming, when he "calls him out"—not in a duelling sense, but to claim him as property—"My gen'l'man," or "My lady." By this means he possesses himself of the right to follow him, and sue for a copper for "Poor Jack, yer honour."

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I may observe here that sporting-looking, "horsey," men are highly approved by these young republicans for their generosity, which, however, needs a little tumbling to elicit it in perfection.

Tumbling is combined with crossing-sweeping, but is not so provocative of coin as it was when first introduced. Then, if a boy who couldn't flip-flap "called out" a passenger, he frequently handed him and half profits over to some of the more agile performers.

The law of "calling out" is strictly adhered to, and with reason, for if it were infringed with impunity a blow would be struck at the system of gangs, which are not only pleasant on account of companionship, but necessary as a means of defence. A good crossing has to be battled for at times, by the gang occupying it, against outsiders. Woe to the luckless stranger who encroaches on the right! A "cobbing" with broom-handles is not conducive to personal comfort.

Tumbling, as I have mentioned, is not so paying as it used to be. The truth is, it became a dangerous nuisance. Drivers complained of it with reason. It is difficult enough to steer one's nags among the crowded vehicles in the London streets, without having added thereto the necessity of great vigilance to prevent your wheels running over the human rotaries. Old ladies complained of it—and not without reason. Even that much-enduring lady, Mrs. Brown, of Victoria Theatre celebrity, although fond of children, especially little Tommy Jenkins, "who used to play the violin by his ears," and by no means opposed to gymnastics, for she once saw "a lady wheel a cat's-meat barrow up a rope full of fireworks"—even she would naturally object to the sudden implanting of two dirty feet in the small of her back (just where the sun is occasionally in the habit of setting), to the discomposure of her nerves and the destruction of her China crape shawl. Yet such accidents did happen occasionally, and they, with other circumstances, combined to make tumbling unpopular, and therefore unprofitable.

This tumbling, by the way, was terrible work to learn, and difficult to practise. I once saw a youngster, early one morning, in the Park, toiling away at his cart-wheel with an energy worthy of a better cause. With what sickening thuds he came down on the pit of his stomach or his shoulders! What imminent dislocation of his neck was to be seen in his contortions! And this was to enable him to earn a living! When I left him he was far from perfect; and just conceive what work it was. He was creating by all this vigorous exercise a real hunger, and only for the remote possibility of getting something to satisfy it withal. I only know one more cruel mode of earning a meal, and that is by blowing a clarionet or other such instrument. There is nothing creates a more cruel internal vacuum—nothing, in a word, more "appetising"—than a persistent performance on a wind-instrument. It is a thought with which I console myself whenever a peculiarly inharmonious German band comes and makes discord under my windows—"Ah, my good fellows, if you are making me wretched, you are also making yourselves uncomfortable."

But my article is approaching its appointed limits.

There remains one more point to discuss. What is to become of the Street Arab?

You, my young friend, who read this Magazine, and you, my good lady, who read it too, these unkempt, dirty, godless little creatures were innocent babes once—just like little baby in the crib there, looking so rosy and sleeping so sweetly—pure as that child once, with immortal souls. We inhabitants of this great city

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shall be held responsible for these lost lambs. It is our fault that the Divine gift of childhood is snatched and blurred out of all recognition. Can we mend this? Victor Hugo has hit at the root of the evil when he declares that the race of the *ganin* is sprung of the hatred the old aristocracy of France bore for anything like the education of the people.

"*Or l'enfant errant est le corollaire de l'enfant ignorant.*" (The vagabond child is a necessary consequence of the untaught child.) That is the blot, and now how shall we efface it?

The English in this age are not opposed to the education of the people. But, unfortunately, though approving it in theory, they throw obstacles in the way of it in practice. The form in which the religious element is to be combined with education is the great difficulty before which philanthropists have been compelled to stand powerless. Extremes meet. The widest liberty may become a close servitude, and religious freedom fetters action in this instance. Where so many sects are joined to form a people, it is impossible to fix on any method of education which shall include religious instruction, and yet offend no prejudices.

The question stands thus.

Well-intentioned, earnest people, and otherwise practical philanthropists, are devoting precious time in attempts to solve the problem.

In the meantime, generation after generation of Street Arabs passes away—whither? From a black, bottomless pit of ignorance and degradation—for these children are not as pearly pure as Victor Hugo would have us think, so those who have scrutinised their life in low lodging-houses have discovered—from an abyss of sin and shame—whither?

A serious question, and one it behoves us to answer to ourselves.

There are a few generally accounted sensible people who say something after this fashion:—"We have an old saw which places cleanliness next to godliness. We are divided as to the best means of inculcating the latter. We are unanimous as to the easy mode of teaching the former. Perhaps, while the difficult question is under discussion, we might adopt a course that requires no debating. Let us teach the urchins to live cleanly. It will be doing what all our mere discussions as to how to make them live godly will never do—it will bring them nearer to godliness. If a little learning be a dangerous thing, it is the little learning they have got—the mere step above the intelligence of the brute—and more learning would be anything but a dangerous thing." What shall we say to these people? I, for my part, say "God speed" to them. I have a recollection of a parable which I have met with somewhere—perhaps in my own brain. It told how the servants of a great king had to conduct certain guests to him at night. There was a discussion among them how they should carry the light: one was for a bronze lamp, one for a torch, one for a silver candlestick. Meanwhile, a poor scullion, hearing the guests stumble, rose and took a little farthing candle, and showed them to the front door. Once there, each took such a light from the hall as suited him. I forget how the tale goes on, but I know they all reached the great king.

I have a great belief in the importation of farthing candles into the outer darkness of Arabia Anglicana. I think a joint-stock company would accumulate a large capital by so doing—but not in any earthly bank.

T. HOOD.

INSECT-BREEDING.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., ETC.

AS I have been frequently requested by my young friends to give them some instructions in the art of breeding insects, and watching them through their various stages, I purpose to devote a few pages to an art in which I have for many years taken an interest, and which has afforded me much instruction and amusement.

One great object of breeding insects is to secure perfect specimens for the cabinet, and some of my readers may, perhaps, be a little surprised when I tell them that, unless they devote real care to their boxes, the specimens which they rear will be much worse than those which they catch. This was a lesson which I learned from experience, and I hope that those readers who intend to take up this delightful study may take warning by my mistakes, and be far more successful in their initiatory attempt, than was the case with myself.

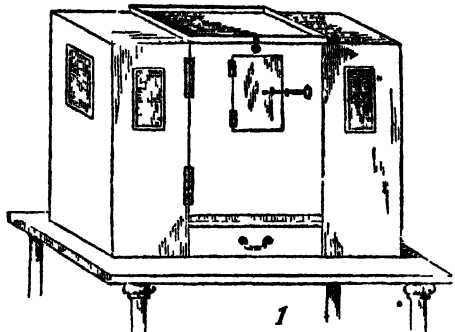
As the *Lepidoptera*, i.e., the Butterflies and Moths, are the easiest to rear, and their beautiful forms render them great favourites, I shall commence my remarks with instructions for taking and breeding the larvæ and pupæ of those lovely insects.

In the first place, though I never recommend any beginner to overstock himself with implements, I am compelled to state that without two sets of boxes there will be little hope of success. There should be one large box, in which you can place the caterpillars which you know, and which feed on the same or similar plants. There must also be a series of small boxes, in which may be kept the larvæ which you cannot identify.

I tried many methods of making the large box, and, after a series of comparative failures, succeeded in constructing the edifice which will now be described.

Fig. 1 is an elevation of the external appearance of my breeding-box. As will be seen, it has four windows and a large door, in the upper part of which is cut a smaller door. The whole of the top is covered with very fine wire gauze, and in the centre is a

square frame, moving on hinges, like the doors. It will be seen, therefore, that, by opening the large door and the central frame,



the whole interior of the box is exposed, so that the young naturalist can inspect or handle any part of it without difficulty. If, however, he should desire to make any arrangements in the interior, without opening the door, and running the risk of losing some moth or butterfly, all he has to do is to open the little door, which admits his arm, and does not permit an insect to escape.

There are other windows behind, but these are closed by flap shutters, because most insects like a dark corner whither they can retire to change their skins or enter the pupal state. Still, they can be lifted whenever the observer wishes to see whether any insects have settled upon either side of the door.

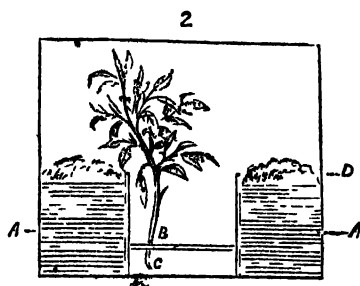
Just below the door is seen a kind of drawer with a hanging handle. This drawer is made of zinc, and contains water. It can be drawn in and out by means of the handle.

I must now refer to Fig. 2, which represents a section of the box, or as it would appear if the whole front were removed. On either side is fixed a wooden partition, one foot in height, for the purpose of containing earth. Most of my readers are aware that many larvæ are in the habit of burrowing into the earth before they change into the chrysalis state. The great Hawk Moth caterpillars are notable for this propensity, and, as they burrow to some depth, it is necessary

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to have some ten or eleven inches of soil for them.

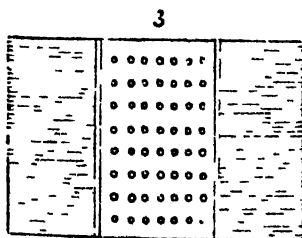
Upon the top of the earth should be placed several large handfuls of moss, which should be carefully wetted every morning. In the section the earth is shown at A, and the moss at D. This moss is an absolute necessity, at all events as far as the moisture is concerned, for there are some of the



larger moths, such as the Death's Head Moth, which require a wonderful amount of damp while in their pupal state, and always die unless the soil be thoroughly damped. When this precaution is taken, the success of the young naturalist will surprise even himself. I have known twelve Death's Head Caterpillars to be placed in such a box, and eleven fine moths bred from them.

At B is seen the edge of a board, fixed immediately above the zinc drawer, and pierced full of holes of various diameters. Through these holes pass the stems of the plants on which the caterpillars feed, so that their cut extremities rest in the water contained in the drawer.

Fig. 3 presents a ground-plan of the box, the two receptacles for earth being seen at



the sides, and the perforated board occupying the middle.

I will now describe the method of using this simple but comprehensive breeding-cage. Supposing that the young naturalist

possesses some book which will give him a notion of the common caterpillars, such as those of the Tiger Moth, the Lappet Moth, the Drinker, the Oak Egger, and others, and that he finds specimens of any or all of these creatures, he has only to put them into his collecting-box, and to carry with him a bountiful supply of the plants on which they were feeding.

Now let him pour some water into the zinc drawer and push it into its place; then let him insert the stems of the plants into the water through the perforated board, as seen at C in Fig. 2. All the holes for which no plants are prepared must be stopped up with corks to prevent the caterpillars from tumbling into the water.

The inmates may then be gently shaken out of the collecting-box on to the perforated board, whence they will speedily make their way to the branches and plants. The water in which the stems are placed keeps the leaves always fresh and green; and though I have often read that when plants are thus preserved in water the caterpillars fall ill, I never experienced any such misfortune throughout a tolerably long series of years.

By the following morning the leaves will be nearly consumed, and the young naturalist must seek a fresh supply. When he has brought them home, he must be very careful about the manner of arranging them, for therein lies the chief value of this breeding-cage. Caterpillars should never be handled. They may not die in consequence of such rough treatment, but they do not thrive as they ought to do, and the consequence is that the moth or butterfly is stunted, or even imperfect.

In the ordinary breeding-boxes it is necessary to subject the caterpillars to some kind of handling, but in this case they never need be touched from the moment when they are placed in the box. All that is needed is to remove the corks that close the holes in the perforated board, and to insert the fresh branches into the water, neglecting altogether those of the previous day. In a very short time the caterpillars will be attracted by the fresher verdure of the newly brought branches, and of their own accord will leave the old for the new. When all the caterpillars have thus made their little migration, the half-withered branches may be removed,

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and corks inserted in the holes which they had occupied.

The reader will, of course, see that at the very utmost not more than half the holes ought to be filled at a time. For my own part, I seldom used more than one-third of their number, except on Saturday evenings, when I used to fill two-thirds of the holes with fresh branches, so as to insure an abundant supply of food during the Sunday.

Here I may mention that the primal necessity in insect-breeding is a plentiful supply of food. Unless this be granted, the butterfly or moth will sadly disappoint the breeder. An ill-fed caterpillar produces an ill-favoured moth, and to this rule there is no exception. Not only are they of very small dimensions, but they are often absolutely imperfect. One very frequent style of deformity is the deficiency of wing, and, in several instances that I have known, the insect had scarcely the rudiments of wings, the only indications of those organs being a set of crumpled membranes upon the thorax. The colours, too, are always dull and spiritless when the caterpillar has been stinted in its food, and in some cases the creature is scarcely recognisable.

Oftentimes, too, it has not sufficient vitality to enable it to bear up through the long fast of its pupal existence, and the wondrous developments which follow each other so rapidly within the narrow compass of the shell. In such cases the moth or butterfly never makes its appearance; and when you open the chrysalis you find the shrivelled carcass lying stiff and straight, with the wings in thick folds along the thorax.

If you care only for the Lepidoptera, you will have no more trouble with the insects until they begin to emerge from their chrysalis state, and you can then catch and set them. Never take them by the hand. You cannot avoid rubbing off some of the beautiful scales, and, no matter how carefully you touch them, some damage must ensue. Wait until they have lived for some hours, so that their wings are fully developed, and their limbs firm, and then quietly put a small box over them, slip a piece of card underneath the box, and then remove it.

Place it on the table, soak a bit of cotton wool in the strongest ammonia, tie it in double gauze to prevent it from touching the

moth, and introduce it into the box. In a very few moments the creature will be dead, or, at all events, motionless and senseless, so that you can do what you like with it.

I used generally to keep a little pill-box, pierced full of holes, in which was put the cotton wool, as in that case there is no fear of damage to the beautiful wings.

Now turn it gently on its back, and, with the entomological forceps, grasp a good pinch of the body just behind the second pair of legs, and squeeze smartly. The effect of this process will be to destroy whatever life may remain in the creature after breathing the ammonia. You have now a perfect and uninjured insect to deal with, and your fault will be great if it loses any of its beauty when set in the cabinet.

The art of setting belongs to this subject, and will be described in its place, but we must first complete our notice of the breeding cage.

If you should be desirous of extending your knowledge of insect life, as I hope will be the case with all readers of this paper—if you wish really to study the habits, and customs, and instincts of animated nature, and do not care merely for arranging butterflies in a drawer, and ticketing them with long names, for the envy or admiration of your fellows—you must not let your cares cease with the change into the pupal condition.

Make or procure a number of cardboard boxes (those that have held Seidlitz powders can be bought at a very cheap rate from the chemist's shop), cut a hole in the lid, and lay over the hole a piece of very fine wire gauze, fastening it by gluing strips of cardboard round it. A day or two after the caterpillar has spun its cocoon, and changed into the chrysalis, remove it very carefully, and place it in one of the boxes, taking care to write the name of the insect on a slip of paper, and gum it to the box. If the insect be a small one, several specimens may be placed in one box; but if you should be dealing with the large moths, each must have a box to itself, and the box must be large enough to permit the creature to expand its wings.

The object of removing the chrysalides into the separate boxes is that, if any of them should happen to be attacked by the

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ichneumon flies, it will be possible to secure the parasites, and ascertain the particular caterpillar on which each species is parasitic. To a beginner this precaution will appear to be of little service, but when he has worked steadily for a few years he will find that he will have reaped a harvest of original and invaluable knowledge that will ten times repay the trifling pains taken in the first instance.

We now come to the second division of this subject, namely, the rearing of larvæ which are not known. Always take a number of pill-boxes, in the lids of which are bored several pin-holes, together with a lead pencil, and small note-book. Number the pill-boxes, and write corresponding numbers in your note-book. Whenever you come across an unknown caterpillar, put it into one of the boxes, and note, opposite the corresponding number in the pocket-book, the plant on which it was taken. Or, if you do not know the plant, take a leaf, and mark it to correspond with the number of the box in which the caterpillar was placed, making a notch for each number. Thus one notch denominates that the leaf forms the food of the caterpillar in box No. 1, and so on.

When you reach home transfer the caterpillar to one of the solitary boxes, and be sure, at the first opportunity, to make a sketch of it, no matter how rough, and write under the sketch the colour, the plant on which it was found, and the date of finding. Put a number to this account, and affix a similar number to the box in which the caterpillar is placed. If you have a box of colours—that sold by the Society of Arts for a shilling is admirable—make a coloured sketch. And here I repeat that you need not care how rough and bad may be the drawing. It is only a memorandum meant for your own eyes, with which no one but yourself has anything to do. Moreover, you will improve in your drawing with a rapidity that will surprise yourself; you will learn to seize on the salient points, and will sketch off an insect with great rapidity and certainty. Always sketch it in some natural attitude, and not as it lies on a sheet of paper or on the table.

Note in the book every event that occurs to the caterpillar, and particularly when it changes into the chrysalis. If it makes a

cocoon, sketch that also, because when the moth escapes from its durance it generally hacks the cocoon to pieces. If it should make no cocoon, sketch the chrysalis, and then, when the perfect insect appears, you will have a full and trustworthy account of it throughout all its changes. The perfect insect can always be identified by reference to a good work on the subject, or by taking it to some friend skilled in entomology.

I mention all these particulars because I had to work alone and find them all out for myself, losing thereby several years of most valuable time. You will do nothing in this delightful study without system, and the plan which I am now describing is the result of practical experience.

The plants with which the isolated caterpillars are fed should be kept in water so as to insure their freshness, and the leaves should be given to the caterpillars several times daily. The creatures should never be touched, but, when they have crawled to the fresh leaves, the dry and bitten fragments should be removed.

We now pass to cases which require considerable judgment.

In the course of his walks the young observer will notice many caterpillars which cannot be removed without very great danger of killing them. There are some, for example, which make wonderful little tents upon the leaves, and others which roll the leaves into hollow cylinders, or gather them into balls, or draw them together into compact bunches.

To rear these creatures is a very difficult task, because the leaves are apt to die before the caterpillars have finished their feedings. Now, there are two methods of attaining this object. If the tree or plant on which the creature resides should be within your own garden, the simplest method is to inclose the leaf in a small gauze or muslin net, so as to receive the insect when it escapes from the chrysalis shell. The other plan is to cut off the branch and set it in water, covering it over until the caterpillar be changed to the pupal state. The chrysalis may then be carefully removed and transferred to one of the small, solitary boxes.

Even if the tree be growing in the open fields, it is often possible to secure the insect by means of the gauze bag; and as the speci-

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men is always the finest when the food has been abundant, it is better to employ this plan whenever practicable. Use green instead of white gauze under such circumstances, and you will find that very few of your little treasures will be discovered. There are few persons who take the trouble to examine carefully the foliage of a tree or a wild herb, and the little bit of green gauze is so inconspicuous that, unless you mark the spot very well, you will be in danger of missing it when you come to look after the caterpillar.

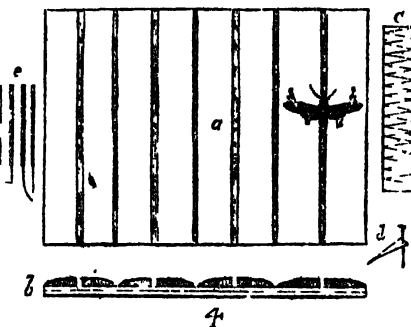
In all such cases, as soon as the larva has fairly changed into a chrysalis, remove it and take it home. There are, however, some of these insects which hide themselves within their odd little tents, and are never seen until they emerge in the perfect form.

I will now give a few instructions in the art of setting the insects, presuming that you are desirous of placing them in a cabinet. If you wish to exhibit them in all the varied attitudes of nature, the task will be one requiring far more patience and skill than are needed merely for preparing insects for the cabinet. I purpose, after awhile, to give a few instructions in this department also, but wish to see the results of some new experiments before describing the various processes which are employed in this task.

The first step is to make your "setting-boards." These are nothing more than single boards with slips of cork glued firmly on them, in the manner shown in the illustration, *a* being the plan, and *b* the section. It will be seen that grooves are left between the slips of cork; these receive the body of the insect, and are made of various widths in order to suit the different sizes of the lepidoptera. It is better to reserve one very wide and deep groove in each board for the larger-bodied moths, as is seen in the illustration.

You will find it advisable to fill up all the little holes with white wax, and to cover the cork with very thin white paper. The paper is useful because the wings show out more conspicuously than on the brown cork, and so enable you to determine their position with more accuracy; and the wax prevents your needles or pins from plunging into concealed holes, and so damaging the delicate wings of the insect which you are setting.

As is shown in the section, the cork is cut down in rather a sloping manner, so as to give their wings the proper fall. On the Continent the custom is to brace the wings rather high and very far forward. This, however, is a bad system, and should not be followed. Take six or seven fine needles and stick their heads deeply into lucifer-matches from which the phosphorus has been removed, so that the light wooden slips form handles to the needles. Now take a few needles of larger size, one or two



being very stout, and stick them into slender brush handles, taking care to wrap some thread round the end of the handle, to prevent the needle from splitting it. As the needles would be much too long, they must be broken in half before being inserted into their handles. Bend one or two of these needles into curves by holding them in the flame of a candle, and harden them by plunging them into water while red-hot. The best shapes are shown at *e*.

Then get a slip of cardboard—any old cards will do—and cut it up into triangles, as seen at *c*, and pass pins through them near their bases, taking care to make the pins lean rather backward, as at *d*. This precaution gives the "braces," as these triangles are called, a very firm hold of the wings. Also get a box of entomological pins and a paper of ordinary pins.

Now to work.

Having assured yourself that the insect is quite dead, pass a fine pin carefully through the very centre of the thorax, lift the insect by the pin, and drop it neatly into the groove that best suits its dimensions. Take one of the fine needles, pass it through one of the fore wings, near the base, and just behind

INSECT-BREEDING.

the strong nervure on the edge; draw it forward until it is at right angles with the body, and fix it there by pressing the point of the needle into the cork. Do the same with the opposite wing, being careful to make them correspond exactly with each other. Draw forward the hind wings in the same manner, and be very careful about them, for they are slighter in texture than the others, and there is no "selvage," as the ladies would say, to resist the needle's pull.

When you have arranged the insect to your liking, take the card braces and press them on the wings, so as to keep them in their places, always getting the point of the brace just upon a nervure. The best workman uses fewest braces, one being generally sufficient for each wing.

Place the setting-board in some spot where the insects may be gradually and thoroughly dried, and do not remove them until they are quite hard and stiff. The length of time required to effect this object varies with the weather and the size of the insect; some being quite ready for the cabinet in ten days, and others requiring four weeks or more.

When the insects are quite dry, they must pass through a process that looks horrible, but is really invaluable. Dissolve corrosive sublimate in spirits of wine, adding the sublimate until a whitish deposit is formed upon a black feather dipped in the solution. When you see the white deposit making its appearance, add about one-sixth more spirit, and your solution is just of the right strength. Pour this solution into a small pie-dish, and immerse every insect.

The primary effect is most repulsive, the scarlet tints changing to brown, the blue to dingy black, and the golden yellow to dirty grey. Never mind that. Let the insect be thoroughly submerged, and then be careful to hold it sideways, and to drain off with blotting-paper the drops at the end of each wing.

The insects will now look as if their beauty were hopelessly destroyed. Never mind their looks. When they have been well freed from heavy moisture by means of blotting-paper, pin them on a piece of cork, and fasten the cork just under the sash of a window. Let the sash be only raised an inch or two, and open the door of the room so as to create a thorough draught. In half-

an-hour the colours begin to reappear, and in an hour or so the insect will bloom out in perfect beauty, and be totally impervious to mites, grease, or any other foes of the entomologist. You will need no camphor, and thereby be saved from no small expense, and your drawers will be free from that overpowering camphorated odour which is so provocative of headache, and so injurious to the insects.

For it must be remembered that camphor is a most volatile substance. If you put a large lump of camphor in an open vessel, it will vanish in course of time, having dissipated its particles into the atmosphere. If you put a lump of camphor into a drawer of your cabinet, it disappears in course of time. But in this case, the locality being confined, the particles are forced to content themselves with the limited space which is open to them, and accordingly they settle upon the glass cover of the drawer, and also upon the insects themselves, dimming their lustre sadly.

But all insects that have undergone immersion in the poisoned solution are quite independent of the many foes which attack the cabinet. There is not a mite, nor a grub, nor a beetle, will venture to touch one of these prepared insects, and there is not a fungus that can grow upon it. The colours are in no way hurt by the immersion; on the contrary, it may be said, even of the flaming scarlet or the tender azure, or the leaf-like green, "*Meisces profundo, pulchrior evenit.*"

The young entomologist must remember that it is desirable to show *both* surfaces of an insect without removing it from the cabinet, and that, in all cases where he is possessed of a duplicate, the second specimen should be set so as to exhibit the under side. Should he be fortunate enough to procure a third specimen, it should be set so as to show the attitude which it assumes in repose.

I have at present neither time nor space to enter into this branch of the subject, but merely state that a collection of insects in their natural attitudes, whether of action or repose, is an invaluable aid to the student of zoology. As, however, considerable skill and very great patience are required in order to carry out this branch of the subject, I am forced to postpone it to another occasion.

MIDSHIPMEN AFLOAT.

ONLY those who have been lying, as we had, at Callao for six weary months, watching British interests during one of the periodical revolutions that take place in Peru, can realise the monotony of such a time. Hot, sandy, and dirty on shore, you have also the prospect of an occasional bullet whizzing past your ear. The ruffians are not at all particular, and now and then have duels from the windows, which (especially if they happen to reside on the ground floor) is not over-pleasant for pedestrians. The only fun is a ride to Lima, a really pretty place; but that, of course, was only to be had during the lulls, and when the same president happened to be supreme both at Lima and Callao, which was not the case very often.

As a rule, one candidate had the navy attached to him, the other the army, which renders the seaports very uncomfortable quarters. They are pillaged by the land president, if not of his way of thinking, and then bombarded by the squadron for being in possession of the opposition.

This, then, was our case in the Ardent during the spring of 18—, and heartily tired of it we were. Every one seemed more or less irritable. We had been long on the station, were daily expecting our orders for England, and, in our idea, the ship to relieve us was a most unconscionable time in getting out. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," says the proverb, it certainly made our first lieutenant ("Old Slope," as we called him) particularly disagreeable. For many a long day we had been really afraid to ask for leave to go ashore. The other lieutenants were also getting savage, and made us walk our watches instead of sleeping; in fact, the ship was in a very bad way—so, at least, thought the midshipmen.

"The mail is in sight, sir," reported the signal midshipman to Slope one fine hot morning.

"Very well," growled Slope; "keep your eye upon her, and let me know when she anchors. Mr. Simpkinson," continued he, turning to the third lieutenant, "look out and board the mail when she comes in; there won't be anything of consequence, as

usual, I suppose. I wish I had an hour of my own way at Whitehall; I'd teach them to keep us holding on like this! Dis—gust—ing!"

The mail is boarded, the letters have come. Blessed indeed are those lucky ones who get any, and many a sailor is offered a tot of grog for the second reading of his letter by the disappointed ones. Suddenly all is commotion on board.

"Our orders have come from England, the Grecian is to relieve us, and we shall sail when she arrives."

With these words on his tongue, young Monk, one of our cadets, dashed into our mess-place, greatly to the astonishment of the inmates, who were sitting down to have a good growl at everything and everybody, on account of the paucity of letters.

"It's a fact," said Monk; "the captain has just received the orders, and I heard him tell the first lieutenant, so there can be no mistake."

"Three cheers for Old England!" roared one, and such cheers were given.

Nor did we rejoice alone. The news ran all over the ship like lightning, and every one seemed bent on making as much noise and being as happy as possible.

"If that Slope," said Downton (a brother mid) to me, "can refuse us leave to-day, he must be a harder-hearted old fellow than I gave him credit for."

"At all events," said I, "we will strike the iron while it is hot. You know old Gaigher gives a hop to night, and has invited us all. Digby, will you come?"

"I should rather think so," replied a tall, handsome youth. "Will she not be there?"

"Whew!" whistled Downton; "have you another 'she' here? It appears to me you get spoony wherever you go; whether it turned or not is another matter."

"Well, Downton, I believe I am rather susceptible," replied Digby; "but this time, upon honour, I'm head-over-heels in—"

"Bosh!" interrupted I; "we're home-ward bound. Think of the jolly little girls of Old England, and then go and make love to your sallow-complexioned, half-Spanish, half-Indian damsels if you can. Pah! the

MIDSHIPMEN AFLOAT.

very thought makes me savage. Why, they never rise till midday—that's quite enough."

"You're rather hard, Fred, but there's nothing like keeping one's hand in; besides, it improves one's Spanish so."

"Improves your Spanish?—well, that is a good one," broke in Downton. "Why, you impudent beggar! I heard you one day conversing, or, rather, trying to converse, and you never got farther than pointing to the fair one's eyes, saying, 'Buena negro,' and so on to the rest of her features, only omitting the 'negro;' and that's what you call speaking Spanish!"

"Anyhow," retorted Digby, "that's better than saying nothing at all, like some people; and I mean to make love to the señoritas while I can, and when I can't, I shall then turn my attention to the English lassies."

"And serve you jolly right if they will have nothing at all to say to you," said Downton; "but bother the girls! we're losing time; let's make hay while the sun shines, and get leave before old Slope regains his usual state."

"Agreed!" said I; "we will go for a ride first, taking our things with us, and then to old Galgher's in the evening."

"All right," said the others. "Now for leave."

"Oh, you dear old gentleman," said Downton, apostrophising an imaginary Slope, "soften your heart to us poor mids, and let us go. Youngster," (this to one of the cadets), "jump on deck, and report Slope's proceedings and general appearance."

The young fellow went on deck immediately, and, while he is finding out Slope's disposition, I may as well tell you who my messmates were. There were four mids—viz., Digby, Downton, Seymour, and myself, Bedington—generally called by my Christian name, "Fred," for shortness. Then we had two cadets, Cooper and Monk, both nice little fellows, whom we used to keep in good order; and we fancied we benefited the service and taught them their duty by making them run all our messages, &c. But, in justice to ourselves, I must say they were very seldom bullied: indeed, that sort of thing has nearly died out of the service. Our mess was completed by an old second master, called Parker, and an equally ancient clerk, called Quilla, but they could make

little way against the boisterous spirits of four mids. We had pretty much our own way, despite the periodical growls of the old buffers, who tried to impress on us that midshipmen in their days had not so much to say for themselves. But they were not bad old boys in the main, and long-deferred promotion is not the best thing for sweetening the temper.

"He's in a capital humour, Fred," cried young Monk, coming into the mess-place, "for I saw him talking and laughing with Mr. Sights, the master, who, you know, is his aversion."

"I'm not so sure if that is a good sign," said I, "for there is sure to be a relapse after. However, faint heart never won fair lady."

So saying, we all four ran up the ladder to the upper deck, each face assuming a decent appearance of gravity as it appeared above the hatchway. Slope was just finishing his conversation with the master; his smile gradually disappeared, and by the time we drew near he had regained his usual pleasant aspect.

"Allow me to go on shore, if you please, sir?"

The rascals had given me a push to the front, and I had to open the ball.

"You, sir!" said Slope sharply; "why, one would think you were born on shore. Shore, shore, from morning till night. What do you want to do? Where are you going? Who is to do your duty during your absence, oh?"

Saying this, he drew himself up, and looked very sour.

"I am invited to Mr. Galgher's dance at Lima to-night, sir," replied I as meekly as I could.

"Oh, bother Mr. Galgher! Midshipmen dancing! What next, I wonder? You're not so ready, to dance up to the maintop, my friend, when you are wanted."

"But, sir," remonstrated I, "I have not been ashore for the last month; and I was specially invited, besides——"

"Now, don't begin any of your saw-lawyering, young fellow"—a favourite way he had of cutting people short—"there is work to be done on board, and I don't intend to allow you young fellows to go gallivanting about the country. No!" he finished up with; "stop on board."

MIDSHIPMEN AFLOAT.

I fell back considerably abashed, and waited to hear if my brother mids should have better luck than myself. The others tried different tactics altogether, and walked boldly up in a body.

"Can we go on shore, sir, please?" said Downton.

"No, you cannot, sir," replied Slope.

"Thank you, sir," said Digby.

"Thank you, sir!" What for?" growled Slope. "I said 'No' as plain as I could speak."

"Well, sir," said Digby, "I thank you for that, knowing that whatever decision you come to will be for our good."

This was pretty cheeky, and I thought the game was all up, when Digby, turning to Seymour, said in a stage whisper—

"He's safe to be promoted when we arrive in England. Your father has got lots of interest, hasn't he?"

Slope had hardly recovered from the effects of Digby's first speech, and was meditating punishment dire and dread, when he caught the last, and, in spite of all his endeavours, broke into a smile. He made one more effort to preserve his gravity, and then gave in.

"You young rascals," said he, "you have all done me this time; you can go on shore, but mind you don't get into mischief. If you don't come off at the proper time, not one of you will go on shore again while the ship is in commission. Now be off."

We required no second telling, but bounded down the ladder, restraining ourselves until fairly in the mess-place; then we did have a good hearty laugh, and no mistake.

"We won't get into mischief, not we, not at all." At this we roared, and proceeded to get ready.

O the confusion of a midshipman's toilet! It would make a tidy mother's heart ache to see the state of those once carefully-packed chests—as the saying is, "everything on top and nothing at hand." With a bang, up goes the lid, and out come the tilla, the top one serving as a washing-stand. Then the things are scrambled out till what is wanted comes to hand, by which time there is generally a heap of boots, shirts, and other necessities piled up alongside. Mind, I am speaking of the generality of middies: there are some tidy ones, but

they are rare exceptions to the rule. There commonly remains a chaotic mass after our dressing to be cleared away by the attendant marine, which he performs with a running fire of growls, and declarations that "he won't stop no longer with such a one as his." (N.B.—Marine servants always speak of their young masters as their private property, and such speeches as, "I say, Bill, has *yours* made such a jolly uproar as mine?" are often heard.) If the ship has been long in commission on a foreign station where clothes are not easily got and very expensive, the lucky ones who have a good stock are beset by their less fortunate shipmates for assistance. I knew one—a jolly good fellow he was—who for three years had the most seedy collection of clothes I ever saw, and was in a continued state of borrowed plumes. We thought the ship was just going home, when lo! out came an order for us to remain another twelve months, and at this crisis my seedy friend received a large box from his tailor. The tables were now turned: the lenders became borrowers, and our lately shabby messmate had the satisfaction of knowing that no dinner or evening party could be attended where his clothes, at all events, did not play a prominent part. But this is a digression. To return to our midshipmen.

"I say, Fred, lend me a clean shirt," roared Digby from the other side of the steeage; "mine are all at the wash."

"All right; anything for a quiet life. Target" (that's the name of my marine), "lend Mr. Digby a shirt."

"Ay, ay, sir; but you aint got too many for yourself, mind."

"Why, you confounded — what's the mildest name for thief? for I suppose it won't be polite to call you that, Fred," cried Digby, "here's my name as large as life on the tail."

"Can't help it, sir," said the imperturbable Target; "it's the washerwoman's mistake. I always look out for the number I send."

"Catch me returning anything of yours, Fred," retorted Digby.

"I assure you, my dear fellow, it's my servant's fault. I am very particular about that sort of thing. Target," continued I furiously, "don't let this occur again."

"No, sir," replied he stolidly.

MIDSHIPMEN AFLOAT.

Look over my things as soon as possible," I resumed, "and see there is nothing in my chest but my own property."

"Werry good, sir. But," he added in a lower tone and somewhat maliciously, "I'm thinking there won't be much left in it."

"Hush!" said I; "you need not be very particular."

"I understand, sir." And so he ought, for this was not, I am now ashamed to say, the first time such a scene had taken place.

"Smith," said Downton to his marine, "where are my best trousers? Fred, you beggar! I should not be surprised if you had them."

"Upon my word, I am obliged to you," said I; "one would think my chest was a receptacle for stolen goods."

"Turn it out," cried Digby; "I'll help; he doesn't know what is in it himself, and that servant of his is a regular do."

With this speech they both proceeded, in spite of my resistance and protestations, to turn out my little all upon the deck. Target was unfortunately absent, or he would not have permitted such devastations. Now, I happened to have a new pair of trousers lately sent out from England, but, not having allowed for my growth, they were considerably too short and tight for me. I therefore pretended to help the two pilferers, and exclaimed in a surprised tone—

"By Jove! here is a pair of new trousers."

Downton made a grab at them, and, seeing they were new, pitched them to his servant, saying—

"Put them in the carpet-bag." Then turning to me, he continued, "I'll tell you what it is, Fred—honour among thieves. This is beyond a joke. One don't mind little things like handkerchiefs and socks, but when it comes to shirts and new trousers it is really too bad."

"Very sorry—my servant's fault, you know," was all the answer he got.

We agreed to dress at the hotel, and, taking our things with us, started for shore in one of the ship's boats. There must have been something very ludicrous in Slope's appearance as he watched us from the side with a kind of sardonic grin on his countenance, or perhaps it was the thoughts of how neatly we had got leave out of him. At all events, we broke into a hearty laugh as soon as we thought we were well clear of the ship—not before, I can assure you. Too soon, however, as it turned out, for Slope was heard to mutter as he walked aft—

"All right, my young shavers; I'll make you laugh on the wrong side of your mouth when I get you on board again."

But nothing of this reached our ears. We pulled to shore intent on pleasure, and how we carried out our ideas on that subject will be reserved for another chapter.

[Our series of sketches, entitled "Midshipmen Afloat," written by a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, will be illustrated by engravings most carefully and artistically rendered from drawings on wood from the pencil of Captain May. Without seeking to detract in any way from those artists who, in marine pictures, stand deservedly high, we think our readers—professional and otherwise—will indorse the opinion we hold, that Captain May's representations of the beautiful specimens of Naval Architecture, which will appear in this and succeeding volumes, are unsurpassed for accuracy and finish. These engravings will not always represent the particular vessels mentioned in the letter-press, nor the exact places described; but they will be always germane to the subject of *Midshipmen Afloat*.]

PUZZLE PAGES.

40.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A LARGE city, the capital of the country in which it stands. It contains a museum, one of the richest in Europe, has been twice unsuccessfully besieged by the Turks, and twice entered by the French. The third and fourth letters of each of the following give the name.

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|--|--|
| <p>1. A Scotch river, one of the tributaries of the Tweed.</p> <p>2. A French town, where Pontius Pilate is supposed to have died in banishment.</p> | <p>3. A large British possession, which was taken from the French in the eighteenth century.</p> |
|--|--|

41.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A noble Roman lady, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and mother of the Gracchi, so celebrated in Roman history; she was famed for her virtues and the nobility of her character. A Campanian lady, having displayed before this noble matron her splendid jewels, requested in turn that she might be allowed to see hers. She sent for her sons, and, as they entered, "Hæc," said she, "are my ornaments."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. A very ancient German town containing a splendid Gothic cathedral, which is alleged to contain the skulls of the three wise men of the East who went to Bethlehem!</p> <p>2. A French river, a tributary of the Garonne.</p> <p>3. The first part of the name of a mountain</p> | <p>in Asia. The whole name translated means, "Old man's mountain," and is said to be so called from its resemblance to the hoary head and beard of an old man.</p> <p>4. A Norwegian town named from its founder, who was the fourth monarch of his name.</p> |
|---|---|

Of the first name take the first and second letters, of the second the third and fourth, of the third the fifth and sixth, and of the fourth the seventh and eighth; connect these together, and you have the answer.

42.—TRANSPOSITION.

GHIATON.—The founder of the great wall which divides China from Tartary. Being desirous to make posterity believe that he was the first emperor who sat on the throne of China, he commanded all the historical records, books, and other monuments of antiquity to be destroyed, and thus obliterated all traces of its former history.

43.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A courtier of a tyrant, who so repeatedly congratulated his master on his happiness that he was induced to allow him the enjoyment of it for awhile. The flatterer was permitted to ascend the throne in regal state and receive the homage of the courtiers, but, while thus engaged, he looked up and saw a sword suspended over his head by a hair. Horrified, he quickly descended. "Dost thou, then," said his master, "consider that man happy who passes every moment in fear and danger?"

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1.
Now first find out his master's name
Who thus enjoyed this short-lived fame.</p> <p>2.
To whom did Hannibal for refuge flee;
When Rome defeated this great enemy?</p> <p>3.
A Spartan king, whose celebrated wife
Much bloodshed caused, as well as war and strife.</p> <p>4.
A King of Parthia, poisoned by his son,
So that he might himself a king become.</p> | <p>5.
What son of Cyrus after him did reign
In Persia? He was by his own sword slain.</p> <p>6.
What nation for its king did Croesus own?
This monarch was by Cyrus overthrown.</p> <p>7.
Of York now find the ancient Roman name.</p> <p>8.
Near where did Robert Bruce a battle gain?</p> |
|---|---|

From all these names the initials take,
The answer true you then will make.

PUZZLE PAGES.

44.—ENIGMA.

There is a certain natural production which exists from two to six feet above the surface of the earth. It is neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral; neither male nor female, but something between both. It has neither length, breadth, nor substance, is recorded in the Old Testament and often mentioned in the New, and it serves the purpose of both treachery and fidelity.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

45. On August 18th, 1862, I walked from Exford, in West Somerset, to North Molton, Devon, and then found that, by going one-third of a mile per hour slower, I might accomplish the remaining distance to Barnstaple, which was two miles more than I had already walked, in one hour more. By walking at my second rate throughout, I should have been one mile from Barnstaple at the time I actually reached it. I started at eleven A.M. When did I reach Barnstaple? what was my rate at first? and the distance from E. to N. M. and B.?

46. Next day I went from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, by coach, in a quarter of an hour longer than it took me the day following to go from Ilfracombe to Lynton by steamboat—a longer journey by two miles. Had the coach gone as fast as the boat, the first journey would have taken one-quarter less than the other; but, at the coach rate, the water journey would have taken thirty-five minutes longer. What are the distances from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, from Ilfracombe to Lynton, and the rates each way?

47. On Thursday I started at ten A.M., and walked from Lynton (L.), by the foot-path round the cliffs, to the Valley of Rocks (R.), where I remained an hour; then returned to L., and spent another hour in dining; and then went, by Countisbury and the foot-path overlooking the Bristol Channel and the Welsh coast to Glenthorne, resting at intervals another hour and a-half, and so returned by the Porlock-road to Exmouth, my rate throughout averaging two miles per hour; but, had I not rested, the walk from L. to R. and back, equal to one-seventh of the day's walk, would have taken only half the time it did. Find the distance L. to R. and L. to E. by Glenthorne.

F. J. L.

48.—TRANSPOSITION.

TYIASPH.—A Lydian merchant, who was so wealthy as to feast the whole numerous army of Xerxes, to present to him a plane-tree and a vine made of gold, and large sums besides, to aid him in his war against Greece.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c. (Pages c94, c95, and c96.)

12. Adrian—George I.—Hannibal—Titus—Cato—Wren (whose remains lie in St. Paul's Cathedral).

13. Richard III.—Addison. RICHARDSON.

14. The queen of Edward IV. of England. Her mother, Jacqueline of Luxembourg, married, first, the Duke of Bedford, and afterwards Sir Richard Woodville. This queen, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Woodville, married, first, Sir John Gray, who died of wounds received at the second battle of St. Albans. After the death of Edward IV. his queen was imprisoned in the convent of Bermondsey, where she died. Lille—Halle—Abo—Delhi—Valladolid.

15.
E V I L
V I L E
I L E V
L E V I

16.

Too great a cross that heart doth undergo
That's ruled by one whose tongue says, "No,
I fear to wed, lest afterward
My pierced heart find slight regard."

17. The letter R.

18. The attraction of gravitation.

19.

1. 1,075.

2. The area of a circle = 3·14159 r².

$\therefore r^2 = \frac{4840}{3 \cdot 14159}$, and $r = 39\frac{1}{2}$ yards, nearly.

3. Area = 3·14159 \times (19 $\frac{1}{2}$)² = 1 rood, or a quarter of the playground.

4. Let x and $17 - x$ be their ages.

Then $x(r - \frac{17-x}{2}) = 3 \times 17(17 - x) + 1$,
or $x^2 + 17x = 434$; and completing the square—

$$x^2 + 17x + \frac{289}{4} = \frac{2025}{4}$$

$$x + \frac{17}{2} = \frac{45}{2} \therefore x = \frac{-17 + 45}{2} = 14$$

And $17 - x = 3$.

5. Let r = length in yards of shorter side,
 $\therefore x + 1$ = longer, and $50^2 = x^2 + (r + 10)^2$;
or $x^2 + 10x = 1,200$ $\therefore r = 30$ yards,
and $x + 10 = 40$ yards.

\therefore area = $30 \times 40 = 1,200$ square yards, or nearly one rood.

6. 20 ladies, 10 gentlemen.

7. Height = $\frac{2v^2}{g} = \frac{10,000}{64 \cdot 4} = 155 \cdot 2$ feet
Distance = 2 h. sin. (2·45°)

and sin. 90° = 1.
 $\therefore = 2 \times 155 \cdot 2 = 310 \cdot 6$ feet.

Time = $\frac{2v}{g}$ sin. 45°

$$= \frac{2 \times 100}{32 \cdot 2} \times 7171068$$

$$= 4\frac{1}{2} \text{ seconds nearly.}$$

F. J. L.

20. Butt—butter—cup. Butlereup.

21. The proof of the pudding is in the eating,
To be read—THE P-proof OF the pudding IS
in THE eating.

22. Man—ning—tree. Manningtons.

PUZZLE PAGES.

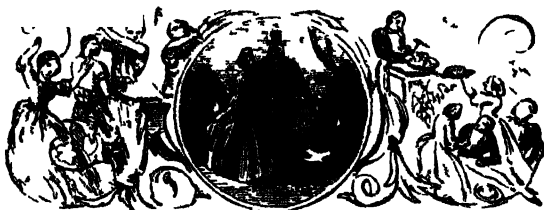
49.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



Twas with my first the maiden died,
 When lover false her heart had broken,
 As fondly pressing to her side,
 She held that fond affection's token;
 Beneath its shade, the hungry wolf
 In howling jacks his prey is seeling,
 While o'er the sea in bay or gulf,

Its prisoned length is lowly creaking;
 While thousands, rapt, enjoy the tones
 Which through the theatre are ringing,
 My whole and second through all ones
 Their mead of rich perfume are finging;
 The golden board of wealth adorning,
 The humble peasant's cot not scorning.

50.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



The half of my first, loud expresses affright,
 While its second, in spirits, a painful degree,
 Whole, 'tis a colour most dazzling and bright,
 Yet 'tis one which the eye is delighted to see.
 The half of my second's delicious to eat,
 At table or picnic an exquisite treat,

But cold and unshapely its whole, with a blow,
 The ductile can model, the mighty lay low
 Yet, joined to my first, a young damsel may hold
 In her delicate fingers my vesture of gold,
 And watch my gay gambols in hedgerow or grove,
 As she wanders at eve with the youth of her love

51.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



Bane of the sea, full many a ship
 Hath rued my ruthless greeting dread;
 While many a babe with smiling lip
 To me hath drooped its lovely head;
 And many a wife, with fingers skilled,
 Hath drawn the thread, the web hath wove;

And many a child, with pleasure thrilled,
 Hath pressed me to its lips of love.
 My third gives rest to weary man,
 And yields his back for his support;
 While of my whole, all they who can,
 My pleasing ease with raptures court.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

CHAPTER VI.

In which Tom Cox and I are hastily summoned to the presence of the pirate chief—Our conductors' singular behaviour towards us on the way—We are invited to lay our teeth at the feet of the chief—I am compelled to become a mechanical dentist—My apparent success in that business—Its woeful termination—I embark in another branch of Dyak industry.

AS almost all the savages were armed, and seeing that they seized me in a very threatening manner, Tom hesitated whether he should come ashore; but, on reflecting that drowning was the only alternative, he altered his mind and came, and was seized too, such being their hurry to march us somewhere that Tom was only allowed time to slip on his drawers, and walked along with his jacket and trousers slung over his shoulders.

Taking into consideration the evident eagerness of the messengers, together with their vehement gesticulation and excitement, it was impossible to avoid the suspicion that something had occurred sudden and unexpected, and which nearly concerned us. Whatever it was, certainly it was not of a secret character, for the fellows about us talked loudly one to the other, and made signs with their fingers, and addressed observations to us—all bearing, as it was easy enough to understand, on the business in hand, but of which neither Tom nor I could make either head or tail; so we could do no more than shut our ears to their unintelligible jargon, and discuss together where we were probably going and what our fate would be.

Tom's chief concern was his trousers. "I wish they would allow me just to slip my slacks on," said he; "pearances are everything, my boy, all over the world; and as now we are now on our road to the mayor or the magistrate, or something in the savage way that answers for one or the other, a pretty figure I shall cut!"

But our conductors seemed in no way inclined to slacken their pace for a quarter so long a time as it would have taken my companion to adjust his habiliments decently: a strong hand was on each of our shoulders, and there were men in front to show the pace, and men behind to hustle us along. This, however, only lasted just so long as we remained in view of the village—from the houses of which, especially from the middle and tallest house, we could see a great number of people beckoning with their hands, and waving scraps of cloth, as though to urge us to greater haste—but presently we came to a bend in the road that shut out the sight of the village, when, to our dismay, the whole party came suddenly to a dead stand, and all of them, ejaculating something that might easily have been "Now's the time!" clustered round us in a ring, and, while several hands seized us by the throat, the rest swarmed about, and elbowed each other, and craned their necks to see what was going on.

Now, indeed, we thought that our last moment had come. Even had we been possessed of weapons, their use would have availed us little against such a multitude; so, addressing to each other a hasty word of farewell, we slipped on to our knees, and would have prayed for forgiveness of our sins only that the ruffians

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squeezed our throats till we gasped again. Strangely enough, this was what it seemed to be their aim to make us do, for no sooner did our mouths involuntarily open than more dirty fingers than they would conveniently hold were thrust into them, and our teeth subjected to a most unaccountable pinching and pulling. Further than this, however, they attempted us no harm, but, lifting us to our legs again, set off at a brisker rate than before, as though to make up for the delay.

What could this mysterious proceeding mean? Tom Cox suggested that perhaps these barbarians judge of the age of animals as English horsedealers judge of their steeds—by an inspection of their teeth—and that they were anxious to try the same means to ascertain how old we were. Let this be how it might, two things were certain: firstly, that the inspection of our mouths had not been satisfactory, for since that performance they had done nothing but whisper ominously together, and shake their heads in a disappointed way; and, secondly, it was equally clear that they had no right to examine our jaws at all, for, on presently discovering that their rough handling had made my mouth to bleed, they all instantly stopped, evidently in great consternation, and ran about here and there, hunting along the wayside for certain leaves to eradicate the tell-tale. This was accomplished with great alacrity; but the stoppage was evidently suspected by the impatient ones at the village, for, before we could emerge from the bend, a gun was fired as a hint that a little more haste was desirable.

At length we came to the commencement of the high-perched row of huts, and, pointing to one of the notched logs before mentioned, and which were substitutes for ladders, we were motioned to ascend. This to Tom, although still incummoded by his misplaced trousers, was an easy matter, and he was aloft while I was painfully endeavouring to make with my lame leg good toe-hold for a second step; but the fellows behind, and who since the firing of the gun had been in a nightier hurry than ever, commenced pushing me in the rear, and hustling me in a manner, that would speedily have undone all the good the young doctor had effected, had it not happened that that identical worthy came hurrying up in a great rage, and, unluckily for my assaulters, with a thickish bamboo in his hand. With this he laid over the heads and shoulders of the fellows, abusing them at the same time in terms so hearty and indignant, that one might have suspected that I had been his nearest and dearest blood relation rather than a poor slave whom he had undertaken to cure for charity's sake; then, having laid about him till he was tired, he beckoned to a sturdy savage, and bade him take me on his back, and carry me up the notched log; which he did, and with as much freedom as though he had been a monkey, and I his kitten.

Escorted by the entire population, from the oldest to the little naked toddler of three or four years, we traversed half the length of the terrace, which was not pleasant to walk on, being composed of bamboo lashed together in parcels of about a foot in width, and laid down with a space of about five inches between. I may as well here mention that, at the time, we imagined that these openings in the flooring were for sanitary purposes merely, and, considering the large number of birds and animals herding on and about it, the inference was not unreasonable; but we afterwards found the real use of these openings was to afford a means of attacking any body of besiegers who might fall on the village. The most favourite mode of assault by an enemy was, under cover of their shields, to rush under the flooring of the elevated village, and then to make several great bonfires, first lugging

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away the ladders that the miserable inhabitants might not escape. By means, however, of the slits in the floor, the attackers could be thrust at with spears, and shot at with poisoned arrows from bows and sumpitans, or deluged with measures of scalding water.

In a little while we arrived at the centre hut of the row, which, as already mentioned, was somewhat taller than the rest, and further distinguished by a length of yellow stuff hung out from a hole near the roof, bannerwise. The doorway of this, the chief hut, was concealed by a great heavy mat of plaited grass, and before this stood two herculean fellows, naked but for several broad rings of metal worn about their elbows and ankles, and a short petticoat, made of some sort of tree-bark, about their waists. Each of these guards bore in his hand a curved sword, and with the handle and the flat of it did not scruple to push off such of the mob as pressed too hardly on them.

As we and our conductors approached, the people fell back, and the sentries drew back the mat screen, and in another instant we were introduced to a scene never to be forgotten, though I lived to be a hundred years old. The floor of the place was of the same material as that of the outer terrace, but plentifully strewn with green rushes, which were deliciously cool to the feet. The building itself was about thirty feet long, twenty broad, and fifteen high, and the walls on every side were plentifully decorated with curious shields, and bows, and arrows, and sumpitans, and krisses, and ranjows, and many other weapons of Dyak warfare, concerning which the reader will, by-and-by, hear further particulars. Neither were the samples of weapons of war confined to those of native manufacture; there were, besides, many English weapons—cutlasses, and muskets, and boarding pikes—polished bright as mirrors, and looking very familiar and homely with the English letters—the king's brand, G. R.—plainly to be seen. As well as decorating the walls, some of these war tools hung suspended from the beams overhead. Nor were these the only symbols of battle and bloodshed that hung there; and what else there was was of so repulsive a nature, that only my full determination to omit no fact of interest from this history should compel me to describe it. Full in view of all who entered at the door were hung by hooks nineteen human heads, in a double row. At first glance I fully expected to find among them the heads of our crew and passengers, but was much relieved to find that they were all even blacker than the living native heads about us, and were, moreover, as mummified as that of the New Zealander I used to see in the shop at Bloomsbury. Some of the hideous relics had the teeth dyed red, others wore them quite white and glistening, while others, again, were jetty black as ebony, showing distinctly behind the dusky narrow lips that clung to their bases. Had these heads, however, been those of their dearest friends, they could not have been better preserved; they were brushed, and polished, and, lacking eyes, were furnished each with a couple of shining white beans, painted in the centre, and making an imitation horribly true. No brush of fox, or antlers of stag, that ever graced the hall of a huntsman, could have been more carefully kept than were these ghastly trophies.

But, at the risk of offending my reader by making a very abrupt digression from the level passage of my story, I will give a few particulars of this head business; and this both for my credit's sake (for, doubtless, the reader, ignorant of the true state of the case, must begin to suspect me to be a person with a morbid inclination to linger about horrible matters), and for the sake of the character of

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my masters, the Dyaks. Really, there is nothing villanous in this one of their most singular customs, repulsive as it must appear to a Christian people. Head-getting is with them a very ancient and respectable institution, and its observance as honourably regarded as the capture of ordinary war trophies among ourselves. Nay, it has this advantage, that it has a religious, as well as a social, consequence. The Bornean implicitly believes that the head is the seat of man's spirit, and that, even after death, this fleshy tenancy is maintained until the habitation decays and perishes. Great, however, as is this barbarian's respect for "spirits," he has much more for his own cunning, and, in time of war, he sets this latter ruling quality of his against ghostly power, and seeks through it to make his advantage. For example, when a Dyak warrior brings in from the battle-field the head of an enemy, he takes it first of all to his family, and then the women-folk paint and otherwise decorate it, and the whole family proceed rejoicingly with the trophy to the council-house, where it is hung up, and addressed by the soldier whose property it is, something to the following effect:—"Oh, good spirit, do not be angry with us for removing you in your house" (the head) "to this our village; it was to your good that we did it. Had you been lain with your decaying body in a narrow hole in the earth, there you would have remained lonely and without a single companion; now you may look around, and see peeping from the windows of their houses the spirits of many of your countrymen, and, should you desire the society of an acquaintance—of a brother, or your father even—you have only to beguile him into our path, and we will surely bring his head here to you, and hang it so close that you can converse together and be comfortable."

Nor is a state of war necessary to the furnishing the house of council with heads. Should a man lose his son, or his daughter, or his wife, he will leave his house and never return till he has avenged the death by slaying one of his nation's enemies, whose head he brings home as indisputable evidence that he has conformed to the custom proper to be observed in such cases. Again, no young Dyak may take a wife until he has proved himself a worthy man and a warrior by robbing a fellow-creature of his head. He sets out on his errand with the blessings of his parents and the good wishes of his friends, and is regarded by all who know him much in the same light as the virtuous young Suffolk labourer who shoulders his bundle and sets out for London, that he may make his fortune and return and marry the ambitious grazier's daughter. The chances of both young men are about equal; for whereas he of Suffolk may haply miss the road to fortune, and, instead of picking up gold and silver, be brought to picking an uncertain crust from the city's byways, so may the young Dyak, lying down on the road to sleep away his fatigue, and dream that he is already in possession of the gory key to a life of happiness, be overtaken by the enemy—haply likewise in search of matrimonial credentials; then the business is settled in the flash of a kris, and the hand of the maid of Maginlano remains unclaimed.

To return, however, to the point of digression. At the farther end of the council-chamber into which Tom and I were ushered, and squatted on a pile of mattresses, which, without doubt, had seen service in the cabins of some honest European ship, was the old chief of the pirate fleet, and beside him an ugly old woman, withered with age, and bearing about her lean brown body a donkey-load almost of gold and precious stones. Her legs, from the ankles to the knees, were covered with bands of the precious metal, as were her arms, both below and

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above the elbow; while the lobes of her ears were dragged far down towards her shoulders by the weight of the clumsy rings they afforded hanging to. These latter were set with brilliant stones, as was a strange-looking circlet of gold about her forehead, her white hair sticking out in every direction from between its inner rim and a crimson velvet smoking-cap, with a golden tassel, that was perched jauntily on the summit of her cranium.

Her most conspicuous feature, however, has yet to be mentioned: it was her mouth. What made it conspicuous was a monstrous set of teeth—not monstrous from their crookedness or ill colour, but from their great size. Her mouth was filled to overflowing with them. They projected even beyond her lips, and their shape was visible through her thin cheeks. Both she and the old chief were most obsequiously attended by those in waiting; and while one of them was oiling the old woman's shoulders and arms, another was fanning off the flies attracted by the odoriferous process.

As soon as these two grandees observed us, they at once beckoned us forward, and forward we came, the crowd of courtiers falling into line on either side to make way; and seeing that it was expected that we should do homage in the customary manner, it occurred to us that this was no time to be fastidious, so down we floundered, and for a moment cooled our noses among the green rushes. So eager, however, were the chief and his mother (for such we afterwards discovered her to be) to proceed with the business in hand, that we were speedily lifted to our feet and made to kneel before the mattresses.

Still reclining, the chief addressed to us a few words in a quick and haughty tone, and which, no doubt, conveyed some command, of the nature of which we were, of course, no more aware than if he had not opened his mouth. Not to give more offence than necessary, we signified by dumb motions our ignorance of his language and our great sorrow that such should be the case, whereon the chief turned with a gesture of impatience to a man on his right hand, and, doubtless, bade him make known his commands to us. This minister was evidently a shrewd fellow, and discerning at once that it was no use addressing us in terms of speech, at once proceeded to a very lively correspondence in pantomime. He clapped both his hands to his jaws, made the motion of eating, put his fingers into his mouth, and made pretence to pull out all his teeth, and then commenced to nod his head very knowingly, and to point at our mouths, as though it was impossible that we could for another moment fail to comprehend his meaning.

As the reader may easily imagine, however, our former confusion was, by his antics, only worse confounded, especially when it flashed to our recollection that the messengers who had fetched us in such a hurry from the beach had manifested much the same sort of curiosity respecting our mouths.

"What on earth can they mean, Tom?" said I, turning in bewilderment to my companion.

But Tom, whose head was fairly in a maze, clung despairingly to his original notion that their inquisitiveness about our teeth all arose from a desire to ascertain our respective ages, and at once proceeded in the most energetic way to convince our interrogators that he quite understood them by holding up his fingers till he had exhibited a number corresponding with his age last birthday; at the same time earnestly advising me to lose no time in following his example, as it was evident that the old chief was growing each moment more angry. But, to my com-

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panion's infinite distress, this display of his digits seemed not at all to mollify the old gentleman; on the contrary, with a frown and a growl, he unsheathed his jewel-hilted kris, and made as though he would whip off Tom's head on the spot; but his mother, laying her hand on his arm, gently restrained him, and at the same moment put up her other hand to her mouth, and, drawing therefrom an entire double row of grinders, held them before our eyes, regarding us with a grin which, now that her jaws were allowed to close naturally together, was rather startling to contemplate. Indeed, it would have been difficult to decide which of the two was the most repulsive—the face of the old chief's mother or that of one of the unlucky passengers, whose head had hitherto been concealed in the folds of a cloth lying on the mattresses, and which the old woman now held up before our eyes, pointing, as she did so, at the mouth of it, that we might see its emptiness, and at once understand the source from which the artificial teeth were derived.

Tom, whose apprehension at best was not of a rapid character, at this terrible sight was plunged deeper than ever into the slough of perplexity, and could do nothing else but gaze bewilderedly about him, and wag his head in wonder. The true state of the case, however, at once flashed to my mind. It had been discovered that one of the heads captured from the Sultan was furnished with movable teeth, set cleverly in the gums, and provided with bands and springs of fine gold, and making altogether a remarkably neat specimen of English mechanism. It seemed, however, that it was not in this light that the prize was regarded. Although the Dyak chief's intercourse with Europeans had been of the most limited character, rumours of their wondrous attributes had, doubtless, reached him; and, therefore, he might be excused if his discovery had led him to jump to the conclusion that detachable teeth were a natural advantage pertaining to the favoured race. That it *was* an advantage he could not but believe, for had he not seen the beautifully sound and white teeth taken from a grey head, whilst he, with hair not nearly so venerable, had scarcely a stump left in his gums? True, the other heads had been most carefully examined, and the teeth in them found to be too firmly bedded for removal, except individually; but then it was possible that their setting might be affected by the rigidity of death, as was the rest of the body. This, as I was afterwards informed, was the line of argument adopted by the chief, and, combined with his vain old mother's unscrupulous appropriation of the splendid teeth, led to our hasty summons to attend before him.

Our position was a critical one. What was to be done? The chief had evidently fixed his mind on a new set of teeth, and seemed not at all inclined tamely to brook disappointment. There was nothing left but to put a bold face on the matter; so, affecting great meekness, I took the artificial teeth from the old woman's hand, and, approaching the chief, endeavoured to make him understand that they were but a substitute for real teeth, the handiwork of man, and a contrivance never resorted to except in cases of premature decay of the masticators originally supplied by nature; and, as a proof that I was telling him the truth, I opened my mouth to its widest, and invited him to inspect it, and to see that neither springs nor metal had a place in its conformation. He at once accepted the invitation, and, with his councillors, minutely inspected my open jaws; while Tom Cox, with his mouth stretched to its fullest capacity, formed a centre of attraction for another group.

The inspection seemed to mollify the chief somewhat; and when they had stared

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their fill, and satisfied themselves by all sorts of practical and painful experiments that the portable grinders differed in every particular from my own, I was allowed to shut my mouth while the chief and the fellows about him consulted together. Chief among his councillors was my friend the young doctor; and, after Tom and I had been kept in anxious suspense for several minutes, that worthy came over to where we stood, and by a few intelligible signs made me understand that it was the chief's desire that I should forthwith make him just such a set of teeth as his mother was the lucky possessor of.

This astonishing demand, as the reader may very readily understand, took me not a little aback; for I had never worked at any trade (with the exception of now and then basting a straight seam for my father) than stowing a ship's cargo; still, had it been any rough work that had been asked of me—a job at carpentry, or to build a wall, or even to cobble a pair of shoes—I should have gone at it readily enough, trusting to luck and industry to carry me through; but to be called on without a moment's warning to perform the work of a practised mechanical dentist, which would involve measuring and taking a cast of that dreadful old griffin's mouth, and, maybe, the extraction of a few obstinate tooth-stumps! I had better be beheaded immediately than prolong my miserable life by attempting it.

I shook my head vehemently, in token that I knew nothing at all about such work, on which my friend smiled, and put on a knowing air, as much as to say that that excuse would not avail me. I pointed at my wounded arm: he shrugged his shoulders impatiently. In despair, I showed him my empty hands, and again shook my head, meaning thereby to intimate that to make a set of artificial teeth without a single item of the requisite material was simply impossible; but at this he only laughed, and, laying his hand first on his own breast and then on mine, seemed to convey the intimation that he would see after minor details, and that between us we should, no doubt, make an excellent job of it. A little while after the doctor beckoned me to follow him; but, on Tom Cox attempting to accompany me, he was ordered to stay where he was; and so, to our mutual distress, he was obliged to remain while I went with the doctor.

The hut in which the doctor lived was at the extreme end of the terrace, and consisted of but a single apartment, the interior of which was perfectly clean; while several large and white mats hung against the walls, one specially large partly covered the floor. At one end of the place was a little platform on four legs, somewhat resembling the humble English stump bedstead, only that the hinder legs, which were about eighteen inches high, were nearly double the height of those in front, causing the structure to slant considerably; moreover, its upper part was of no softer material than rough planking. Nevertheless, it could be mistaken for nothing else than a bedstead, and such I afterwards found it to be. Besides this piece of furniture, the hut contained a sort of low square bench, on which was an iron pot, and before the pot squatted a woman, pounding away with a sort of miniature paviour's rammer at something the pot contained in the most vigorous way, leaving off only to stir or replenish a wood fire that burned in the middle of the room, the smoke finding its way out at a hole in the roof. The walls of the place were decorated with three or four copper and iron pans, a string of little bells, a shield, the ordinary Dyak weapons of war, and a couple of human skulls slung together and hanging from one string.

As soon as we entered, the doctor motioned me to be seated, and ordered his wife

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to give me something to eat. She complied by going to a corner before which hung a mat, and bringing out a wooden trencher containing things which from their shape were eggs, but which from their colour might have been black plums, and from their smell anything but human food. I could not forbear a gesture of disgust as the dish was presented to me, when my host, to reassure me, took up one and whipped it into his mouth, smacking his lips as though it was very delicious; however. I was not to be persuaded, and, peeping into the iron pot, and discovering



Our jaws are inspected in search of movable tooth.

it was rice the woman had been pounding, I expressed my preference for a little of that in a cooked state, if I might be served. In an instant it was yielded by the corner cupboard — cold, certainly, but not to be despised by a hungry man, especially when there came after it a hearty draught of a mild, sweet sort of wine which possessed the flavour of the cocoa-nut. After this breakfast he attended to my wounds, and, having dressed them with cool ointments, and bound them up as tenderly as on the preceding night, he showed me to the plank bedstead, and handed me a mat on which to recline. I did as he desired, and shortly after the doctor went out, leaving me to reflect on the sudden and favourable turn my prospects had taken, and to gaze at the outlandish things about me, including my fellow-tenant of the hut, who had returned to her pot, and was again pounding

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away with a monotonous and muffled clangour. But for my anxious thoughts respecting Tom Cox—where he was, and what he was doing—there was nothing in my situation—that is, for the time—that a reasonable man would have grumbled at. Truly, I was lucky in securing the patronage of a person of so exalted a position as the doctor evidently was; for I could but observe, as we passed through the village, that the people made haste to draw their children out of his path, and one man, whose pig obstinately refused to turn aside till he had consumed a rotten pumpkin he was engaged on, went on his knees almost to apologise to the doctor for the unlucky accident. And not only did this grandee condescend to honour me with his countenance; he seemed, even more from his manner than his actions, to be very anxious that I should understand his intention to be my friend. Did this arise from generosity and common humanity, or did he have a notion that I was a wonderfully clever fellow, and one whom it might be worth while to comfortably stall and tether, while he used me as a stepping-stone to the chief's favour? When this view of the matter occurred to me, it seemed that I had best make the most of my snug quarters while they lasted, as, without doubt, a day or two would serve to convince the doctor what a thorough ignoramus I was, and that it would be a saving to send me about my business.

I had no means of noting the passage of time, but the doctor must have been away four hours, at the very least, and I began to grow anxious to know what was going on outside. Was Tom Cox still in the village? The place was not a large one, and I had no doubt that my voice might be heard from one end of it to the other. Should I bawl out his name, and see if he answered me? But then I reflected, where would be the use? If he was safe and sound, well and good; and if he was in trouble, I might only add to it by interfering where I could give no aid. But, strangely enough, no sooner had I resolved not to call out for Tom Cox than I was startled to hear my poor companion calling out for me.

“Oh!—oh-h-h!—oh! Leave me alone, I tell you! Reuben! Reuben!—Oh-h-h!”

In an instant I started up from the bedstead, and, having no weapon of my own, darted to the wall, and, seizing a broad war-knife that hung against it, bounded to the door, despite my lame leg, and fairly leaped over the doctor's wife, who had dozed to sleep by the side of her pounded rice, and now rose to stop me. However, I got no farther than the door, for, dashing away the mat that hung before it, I was about to run, when I tripped over something, and came down heavily; the “something” turned out to be “somebody”—a man, in fact—who, I suspect, had been placed guard at the door, and, lying down, as the easiest way of performing his task, had fallen asleep. The kick in the ribs I had administered, however, effectually roused him, and before I could regain my legs he had pinned me with a grip like that of a vice, and, first twisting the knife out of my hand, hauled me back into the hut, and, laying me along with my face to the ground, sat himself on my back—a method of securing a prisoner for the efficacy of which I can vouch.

Although I listened most intently, I could not hear anything more of my unfortunate shipmate, and had little doubt in my own mind that I should never see him again—that he had been barbarously murdered, and that the cries I had heard were the last it was in his power to utter. This reflection so completely unnerved me, that, had it been an easy matter to shake off the fellow on my back, I should not

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have attempted it. My companion was dead, and, rather than exist among such bloodthirsty villains, I would prefer to die too! In the midst of my tribulation in came the doctor.

In a few words my guard explained how matters had arrived at their present condition; but the fellow, instead of receiving thanks, at least, for his vigilance, was fairly cuffed out of the hut by the doctor, who assisted me to rise, and, imagining that my grief had no deeper source than the violence of the man he had left sentry over me, endeavoured to comfort me.

But I was deaf to his soothing, and replied to all he did or said nothing but "Tom Cox." I wanted Tom Cox, and could listen to nothing until I was acquainted with that poor young fellow's fate. To my great surprise, when I had uttered Tom's name, the doctor repeated it, and in a way that convinced me that he knew perfectly well what the words signified—a circumstance I can only account for by supposing that he must have overheard me address my companion by name.

"Tomcox! Tomcox!—bisi! bisi!"

Being at the time perfectly ignorant of a single word of the Dyak tongue, I did not, of course, know that "bisi" was Sea Dyak for the simple word "yes;" and, taking the word at its English signification, I understood the doctor to intimate that Tom was "busy," and couldn't come. But, fearing that my poor friend had been put past all business, I was not to be put off so easily, and, covering my face with my hands, uttered Tom's name over and over again.

In hopes, as I suppose, to divert my thoughts, the doctor produced from a little pouch he wore at his side several little packets, which he placed on the low table. These packets, which were secured in shreds of cloth, he undid one by one, and, looking through my fingers, I spied the following articles:—A model of a human mouth in beeswax; a small coil of fine wire; a small ball of something the nature of which I could not make out; about a couple of dozen of human teeth, molars and incisors. Most of the teeth appeared to have been lately pulled, and filled me so full of wonder as to whence they were derived—nay, with such woeful foreboding—that I could not refrain from calling on poor Tom more lamentably than before.

In vain the doctor led me to the table, and by all sorts of eloquent gestures made me understand that here were all the requisite materials for a perfect set of artificial teeth for the chief, and that I had better set about their adjustment at once. "Tom Cox! Tom Cox!" was the only answer he obtained from me. He coaxed, he stamped, and presently, losing all patience, he snatched up the broad, razor-like knife, and threatened; but, finding that I was not to be moved from my resolution to see my companion before I consented to stir in his—the doctor's—business, he uttered an exclamation of rage, and hurried out of the hut—an example I was about to follow, but found the way barred by the same individual who had before hindered me, and who, moreover, was now armed with a formidable naked kris. Turning back, I flung myself on to the wooden bedstead in a very miserable mood, but was almost immediately roused by approaching footsteps. In another instant the mat was lifted, and beside the doctor, Tom Cox, alive and hearty, stood before me—that is, hearty in comparison with how, if alive at all, I expected to see him. In reality, however, he looked very savage and rueful, and carried his hand over his mouth as though afflicted with a bad toothache; indeed, from the thickness of his utterance while returning my congratulations on his safety, I came to the conclusion that such was his unlucky case.

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"There don't seem much amiss with you, Tom," said I. "What was it that made you pipe so loud a while ago?"

For a moment he did not reply, but his eyes, rolling with morose curiosity round the chamber, presently lighted on the pile of teeth yet lying on the bench. Hurriedly approaching them, he selected from the pile two sturdy molars, and held them up for my inspection, at the same time shaking his fist at the doctor in the most daring way.

"Ask him, the gallows rascal!" said he—"ask him what I piped about. I reckon *you'd* pipe, my hearty, if you had a couple of right and tight grinders scrowded out of your jaws."

And the poor fellow, with the wisp of coloured rag slouched over his sore ear, his lugubrious countenance, and the wistful way in which he gazed on his extracted teeth, combined to make such a ludicrous picture, that I could not forbear laughing, neither could the doctor, who stood looking on. Seeing, however, that Tom took my mirth amiss, I hastened to condole with him, though the best comfort I could give him was that it might have been worse.

As, indeed, it might, and very easily, as the reader will agree when he is made acquainted with the particulars of the case. In seems that, in his search for teeth (*where* he searched is too easy to guess) wherewith to fulfil the chief's order, he had come upon a set perfect but for two molars, and that, among all his dead stock, he failed to find a couple that would match either in size, shape, or quality; in this strait he had recollected that Tom's teeth were of the very sort he wanted. Nothing remained but to send one messenger for Tom, and another for a pair of pincers, and then followed the yelling I had heard, and which I supposed to be Tom's death-cries. So, you see, it might have been much worse; had three, or five, or a round half-dozen teeth been wanted to make up the proper number, the supply would, without doubt, have been drawn from Tom's mouth; nay, if, on inspection, his entire mouthful had seemed but a shade preferable to those in hand, I have not the least doubt that out they would have come.

Having gratified my desire for a sight of Tom, the doctor was evidently anxious to hurry him off again, so that I had little opportunity for conversation. I, however, learned from him that he was lodged at the farther end of the village, and that, an hour or so before his teeth were drawn, he had been taken to a shed and shown several sorts of tools, with a view, as he supposed, to his taking up a trade to which he had been used; and that, seeing some hammers, and some other such tools as might be used in a smithy, he intimated that he knew something of their use—as, indeed, he should, having been bound 'prentice to a blacksmith at Deptford, whom he served for two years, and then ran away to sea.

"But," added Tom, "they'll get no smith's work out of me unless they treat me better. I don't know how you have been getting on, Reuben, but I've had nothing to eat since that rice and fish last night. A pretty way to treat a fellow—pull out his teeth instead of giving him his breakfast!"

Knowing Tom's obstinate nature, especially in matters of eating, and fearing the consequences if he gave way to it just at present, I earnestly persuaded him to have patience, and by-and-by we should find ourselves comfortable enough. But in the midst of my exhortation, and thinking, no doubt, that we had whispered together long enough, the doctor called in his man, who conducted Tom out of the hut.

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Once more alone, my master—for so I suppose I must call him—called my attention to the business in hand, and invited me to inspect the material on the bench. He had provided himself with the properly made artificial set of teeth belonging to the chief's mother, and showed me that he had provided all the requisites—the wire, the teeth, and the grey resinous ball already mentioned, and which he designed to be used in making gums to set the teeth in. Now, ever since this precious job of dentistry had been proposed to me, I had resolved within myself to have nothing to do with it, and for the best of all reasons—I knew no more about it than of flying; but finding my gentleman so determined on believing that I knew all about it, it seemed my best course to let him have his way.

First of all, and with the most business-like air I could assume, I took up the model of our patient's mouth, and at once discovered that several projecting stumps had been allowed to retain their places, and at once pointed out to my patron that before anything could be done these obstacles to a correct fit must be removed; but at this suggestion my patron vigorously shook his head, and, to my great relief, proceeded to make me understand that the teeth were not required so much for use as for show, and that, no doubt, the chief would follow his mother's example, and take them out whenever he took his meals. This bit of information quite cheered me, and encouraged me to set about the business with much less timidity.

But I will not tire the reader with a circumstantial account of my first attempts as a mechanical dentist. I should rather have said *our* attempts, for my master busied himself fully as much about the matter as did I, and, after helping me all he could while daylight remained, took on himself the office of torch-holder, and kept me pottering at the distasteful job till late in the evening, encouraging me by the promise of a good supper. From my experience in the matter of the stale eggs, I felt little disposed to trust his judgment of what *was* good, but presently observed his wife bring in a couple of plump and ready-plucked chickens and pop them into the pot, and was comfortably reassured. Come bedtime, I slung the heaviest mat I could find over a rafter, and so parted off a snug corner from the rest of the apartment, and, rolling myself in another mat, with my jacket for a pillow, slept like a top.

By dint of rising at cockcrow, and sticking to our job, by about noon it was accomplished, and nothing remained but to colour the gums, for which purpose the doctor crushed some scarlet berries, and produced a dye which answered the purpose admirably. So delighted was he at the success of our undertaking that he embraced me very cordially, and then, beaming with pride, wrapped the teeth in a leaf, and strutted off to present them to the expectant chief, and thereby secure at once his lasting favour and a signal triumph over his rival, the old doctor.

To confess the truth, I, too, was not without sensations of self-gratulation. It was evident that I was much cleverer than I had ever supposed. Who but a born genius could have taken in hand a job so strange and ticklish, and successfully accomplished it? What might not be the result? I knew from story-books how generous savage potentates could be towards the gratifiers of their vanity. What if the pirate chief should take it into his head to honour me—to give me the command of a prahu, perhaps, or load me with gold and jewels, and make me his chief councillor?

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With such idle castle-building did I consume half-an-hour. The partime was interrupted by the sound of hastily-approaching footsteps. "Doubtless," thought I, "this is my friend the doctor hurrying to tell me my good fortune."

Never was I so miserably mistaken. The reader who has seen a full-blown soap-bubble radiant and lovely one moment, and the next forming nothing but an insignificant smirch on the dust, may realise my case. It was indeed the doctor, but no longer my "friend." His eyes, so lately flashing with pride, now burnt with fury, and as he entered he dashed to the ground the wreck of our joint handiwork. The false teeth had miscarried! The chief's delight at their appearance had been unbounded; they had fitted his mouth to a miracle; but on opening his jaws to laugh at the chagrin betrayed by the old doctor, the brittle gums were shattered to fragments, filling his potent mouth with dust and bitterness. This I learnt afterwards, as well as the fact that the chief was so enraged that my patron was lucky to have escaped with his head, which presented a fair chance for lopping as he stooped to gather up the rubbish the chief spat out of his mouth. As it was, he had suffered what to the Dyak is detestable next to death—derision: he had left the council-chamber amid the gibes and jeers of all there assembled.

Had I known all this I should have been inclined to make some allowance for the furious passion he exhibited. What had I to do with the failure of the gums? He himself had introduced the material, and well knew its properties, while I was ignorant of them. Nevertheless, he seemed resolved that I should share the indignity to which he had been subjected. Calling in his man, he bade him strip me of my jacket and shirt, and then, while the strong ruffian held my hands in front, the doctor gave me a most cruel flogging with a slim cane of bamboo, and which I believe was the more severe because my pride would not allow me to cry out and tell him how he was making me suffer.

Nor did his spite end with the flogging, for the condition of my back at last satisfying his bloodthirsty mind, he bade me take off my shoes, and, without allowing me even the covering of my shirt for my wealed shoulders, led me out, naked but for my trousers. When we had descended from the terrace and walked towards the woods, we met a gang of slaves, marshalled by an overseer, who carried a whip of raw hide. The slaves were each heavily laden with rough planks, and were hurrying towards the beach, so that I imagined the wood was for use in ship-building. Bidding me stand where I was, the doctor threw himself under a tree, and there lay in the shade—no doubt chewing the bitter curl of reflection—while I stood scorching in the sun. After some time the slave-gang came trotting back again, and when they came up to us the doctor called the overseer and gave him certain directions; whereon I was ordered to fall in with the rest, and marched into the woods to work.

As may be easily imagined, this sudden alteration of my prospects cast me down not a little, and it was with a heavy heart that I tailed on to the string of slaves, and shambled along as fast as I could to keep pace with them, and save my already smarting shoulders a visit from the ugly whip which the driver was so handily smacking and whisking just behind me.

From dentistry to tree-felling! True, I knew as much of the latter business as of the former, and from its character it should be easier to perform. But I had but to cast my eyes about me to discover what promised to be a very formidable difficulty in the way of my success as a woodman—the sort of tools the men had to

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work with! The man trotting on before me had the implements of his craft over his shoulder, and when I looked on them—on the axe, scarcely fit to chop billets for a kitchen fire—on the adze (for so I suppose the thing was called), with its blade no wider than a broad chisel—when I looked on these toy-like things, and then on the mighty trees which surrounded us, I could not help reflecting that my chances of a taste of the overseer's whip were considerably greater than that I should give satisfaction by my tree-felling.

My fears, however, only lasted just so long as it took us to jog from the entrance to the wood to the place where the men were working. Working, I have said but certainly my impression, on first catching a glimpse of them, was that they were idling, for every man was sitting down. I thought to myself, "My lads, you don't know how close the man with the whip is; you'll be made to jump up presently in double-quick time." But, although we continued to approach them, they still remained squatting, and then I found, to my amazement, that, although in that position, they really were at work. There was a great company of them—a hundred or more; some perched on great boughs, peck, peck, pecking at them with their little choppers; others—generally in gangs of four—were squatting at the stems of the lightest of the trees, chipping at them from opposite sides; while several more were sitting down with logs before them, wielding their tiny adzes, and working away evidently with the hope of ultimately reducing the rough, heavy tree-trunks to the dimensions of a plank.

Ludicrous, however, as was this method of felling and preparing timber, it luckily was nicely adapted to my lame condition; and when one of the drivers came and put an axe in my hand, and motioned me that my business was to cut down a certain tree (about eighteen inches through), I was very glad to squat down like the rest; and even then, although I took care not to punish my tree a bit more than the others were doing, the jarring of the axe against the hard wood gave me such pains in my wounded arm, that it made me grind my teeth at every stroke. By-and-by, however, a good-tempered-looking little black man, with a woolly head and monstrously thick lips (evidences that he was no more a native-born Dyak than I was), having finished his long task of lopping off a bough about as thick as the calf of my leg, took his seat opposite to me, and likewise commenced chopping at it. I at once saw that his method of holding and swinging his axe was very different from mine, and he, making the discovery as soon as myself, politely showed me the way, grinning round the trunk at me, and setting me right over and over again, till I chopped to his satisfaction and to my own, for I now could hack away without jarring my idle arm in the least.

So I continued to work till it began to grow dark, when the banging of a gong was heard, and the wood-choppers ceased their work and hurried in a body deeper into the wood, and my companion (who by this time had, I believe, confided to me his entire history, had I only been able to understand him) took me by the hand, and beckoned me to come too. After a little while we came on about a dozen huts of the very roughest sort, and in front of them was a man with a sack of rice, which he was measuring out to the wood-cutters at the rate of about a pint to each man. When my turn came, I had nothing to hold my ration, and should, doubtless, have been passed over, had not the little Papuan (for such I afterwards discovered my friendly fellow-slave to be) kindly allowed me to mingle my allowance with his in the same pot.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER X.

ELIZABETH'S NAVAL OFFICERS.—SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

WITH his admixture of faults—those of the ready hand and the strong arm—a temper sharpened by Arctic blasts and much endurance—an audacity reduced to a kind of subordination by his British phlegm, and the “thorough” spirit his wild, roving sea life had so much contributed to form, Sir Martin Frobisher loses little or nothing in comparison with those daring sea-captains—comrades of his—who so dauntlessly and so fearlessly carried the flag of England across the great seas, for he made, in his turn, too, many a haughty head bend down to do him homage.

Martin Frobisher was a “canny” Yorkshireman; and, coming from the suggestive neighbourhood of Doncaster, we may give him credit for “knowing a thing or two.” Doncaster had, even then, a reputation for sagacity under a horse-fleshy condition of things; and although it is alleged of the race given to equine pursuits that it is adept at the borrowing of horses which are not often returned, but “discovered” at remote country fairs; and although it is added, as an additional—slander, let us call it, that if you “put a halter on a Yorkshireman’s grave, he will get up and *steal a horse*,” this seems but a tribute to a noble taste, a nimble calling, a popular vocation, but one not affecting Frobisher, since his bent was to the sea from very early years. Of these early years, the history is vague, and the material of their data uncertain; but as Hull and the Humber were at hand, and the Greenland seas were already forming a school for our best and hardiest seamen—and the whaling trade, now sadly fallen off, then laying the foundation of many substantial fortunes, it is presumed that Martin soon familiarised himself with the navigation of that perilous region of the North. He had already acquired a large amount of experience, was an accomplished seaman, brave to rashness, only stopping short at the moment when

precipitation would be ruin. Then the vexed question of the North-East passage, solved so terribly in after-times, was a matter already in trial when he stepped forward, adding his own experience, and proved it an utter impossibility, as a *fact*, to be rendered of any practical utility. He made, it would seem, many fruitless endeavours among the “merchant adventurers” of the day, as they were termed, and for a long period was unsuccessful; repeated failures, not without their utility in other forms of discovery, tending to discourage the project in a direct way. By untiring perseverance, however, through the reputation he must have already acquired, and by application to the statesmen and persons in favour who formed Elizabeth’s court, he was able to fit out a private enterprise. But the whole of his efforts resulted in his procuring only two barks of not more than five-and-twenty tons each, with a pinnace, or sort of decked long-boat, of ten tons. This did not give much promise; but the man meant to *do it*, and sailed gaily enough from Deptford in the month of June, 1576, and in the following July made West Greenland in lat. 62 deg. He here made some skirmishing explorations, as if to feel his way and get some knowledge of his ground, and finally entered into the strait, since called after his name, in lat. 62 deg. 50 min., and sailed about sixty leagues through its tortuous and difficult waters. On the map this inlet will be found to lie north of Hudson’s Strait, on the eastern continent of what is termed New Greenland, terminating south of Cape Farewell. This, in fact, was something to have done; for the whole aspect of this dismal place, so oppressive with its sense of desolation and inhuman aspect, might have daunted a stouter heart than Frobisher’s. He had some vague form of intercommunication with the weird creatures who inhabit it, and who, when removed from its bleak and howling shores, suffer nostalgia, or homo-

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sickness, and pine for the leafless wastes that form their home. Following the customary formulas of his time, he took possession of the territory in the name of his sovereign, which somehow makes one marvel at the spirit of appropriation displayed by our early navigators; in which, indeed, they received excellent teaching from the examples of the Spaniards and Portuguese through Peru and Potosi. The Spice Islands and Peninsular India would seem to have been prizes really worth trying for, in comparison to a place where the walrus and the seal divided empire with creatures scarcely human, and where the icy *Inferno* of Dante might have found a fitting location.

By way of a "sample of the country," he brought back with him a piece of *black stone*. The Greek in the old fable carried one of the bricks of a house he wished to dispose of about him, as a specimen, with a similar ulterior purpose. It is asserted that the stone was a kind of pyrites, and suggested the vicinity of gold; in fact, the earth everywhere was then supposed to be auriferous throughout. The nation leaped at this notable discovery with an avidity we may fairly denominate as characteristic without doing much detriment to our talents for acquisition. A mineralogist of the day would laugh at this "black stone" as a popular delusion, but it served its purpose, whether it originated in ignorance or in design; and a second Mexico, rich in gold and gems, by tons and by millions, was looming in the rosy dawn which hope and cupidity, sudden greed, and a rapacity that so often overreached itself, had created for those who now eagerly contributed to a second expedition.

The queen herself—let us admit that "good Queen Bess" loved full coffers as well as any, and that she was no niggard in its spending; that she was willing also to add all unappropriated lands under the sun to her dominions, and to rule with a high and a heavy hand—the queen led the way by *lending* Frobisher a ship of two hundred tons belonging to the Royal Navy, and thoroughly equipped, manned, and armed. It may be proper to remark that royal ships being thus put at the disposal of adventurers, a sort of prestige or licence to act under royal authority as under sign-manual ac-

companied the same, and the stricter rule and severer discipline of the navy (with official ceremonials and the like, out of which grew the code and etiquette of the quarter-deck), had greater weight upon those who either formed the bulk of the crew or who manned the consorts in smaller vessels. To this ship of two hundred tons, therefore, Frobisher added two smaller barks, and he was now incommoded and encumbered on all sides by the crowds of volunteers who sought to join the expedition. Knowing the value of decision and inflexibility, Frobisher limited the number of volunteers he intended to take with him to one hundred and forty persons, and of course as many were bitterly reproachful, and some hundreds more were disappointed. He sailed in the May of 1577, and made at once for his old cruising-ground off West Greenland. What Frobisher really proposed to himself by this second expedition cannot be very clearly made out, and conjecture can scarcely fathom his design. The terms of his *commission* for this voyage directed him to *search for one only, and to remit discovery to another time*. Elizabeth's dictation seems pretty apparent in this, for that a true virgin wished to realise like any other speculator, and did not care that her navigators should go "meandering" about the seas looking for straits and channels; when at hand and within reach was the prize which universal man has toiled and panted for from the beginning of time, and will continue to do so by sheer force of acquisitive instinct unto its final end. That Frobisher reserved a point or two in his own favour there can be no doubt about. A man whose whole life was an eager exploration, and a wild-goose chase in some instances, he doubted not that the chances of his hazardous profession *might*, when least expected, direct his ship right into the very channel it was now his passion to find, and so shorten the great lengths of time taken up by voyages to the Indies and back. Accepting, however, the character and spirit of the charge put upon him, when he got to his former strait he began assiduously to grope about the coasts, islets, and bays. He landed on many small islands, where quantities of this ridiculous ore were collected by his men, and the South Sea Bubble speculators were little less silly than those men of

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gigantic purposes and daring who stowed away the rubbish a Newcastle collier would scarcely take in as ballast, notwithstanding that our mineralogists do now know what can be extracted out of every ore yet found. Their credulous simplicity hitherto may say something for their earnestness, and shows what dependence really could be placed upon them in matters of more emergency. To see young gallants taken from the silken dalliance of the town and transported at once to chilly regions of thick-ribbed ice; to behold men accustomed to the warm

comforts of home, the blazing logs on the broad hearth in the winter, when storms were howling without, now facing the full rigours of the Northern seas; to gaze with them along dismal, endless plains, destitute of all the outer graces of nature; to find places which were denominated from time to time "Point Misery," "Cape Terror," the "Plain of Desolation," "Mount Horrible;" to wander darkly in a region of everlasting frost; to gaze on those wondrous Boreal lights, whose very beauty, being so unearthly, must have an unnatural, almost



Sir Francis Walsingham, Minister of Elizabeth.

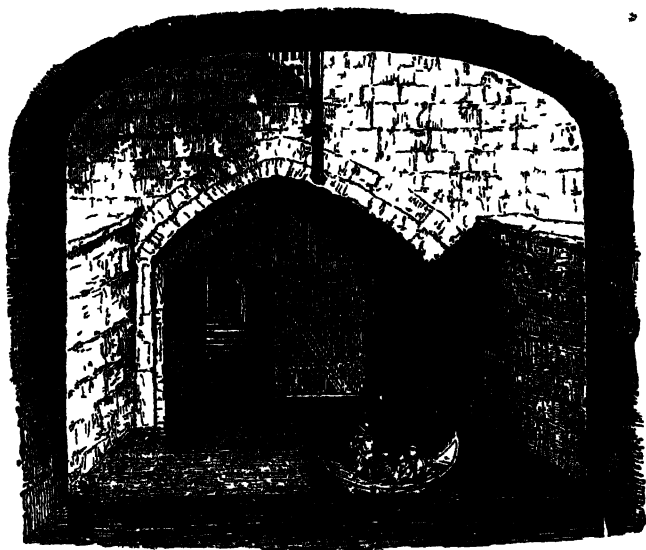
a ghastly aspect—all these conditions, events, and phenomena must have tested their endurance and their courage to the utmost. And even on returning to England in the following September, with their precious cargo of useless lumber, his followers were not daunted. His cargo was examined by commissioners, and *judged to promise great riches!* though upon what premises they came to such a conclusion there is no evidence to show. It might have been thought injudicious to check the spirit of discovery. It might have made some of the most influential of them pause before waking up the wrath of the slumbering lioness by telling her that the whole was worse than a delusion. But no—another expedition was resolved upon, this time on a plan more extended and complete than any of former time. The

efforts of Frobisher were, in this third expedition, on a scale evidently calculated to revive the expiring hopes of the speculators, and to make the sanguine contemplate a triumphal return which would put to the blush the boasted but valuable cargoes of the great *Plata* fleets which every year bore their treasures into the ports of Spain. Frobisher proposed to spend a complete winter in that appalling region, surrounded by a howling waste, liable to all the casualties of the season, and to dare all the rigours of a still more appalling climate. So greatly had public expectation been aroused by the magnitude of the preparations made, that his small fleet of the second occasion now took, on his *third* attempt, the proportions of a squadron. Three ships were assigned to him for the purposes of discovery alone.

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Twelve were fitted out for the sole purpose of being laden with *gold ore*! To accomplish this latter, a band of miners, of refiners, and other assistants was engaged. Machinery, tools, furniture, furnaces, and the like were among the items. To shelter and protect them, while on shore, from the inclemency of the weather, materials for the erection of a wooden house and fort, mining sheds, enthouses, and the like were liberally

added to the outward-bound cargo, and to crown all, as with a finish of rich embroidery, a *guard of soldiers* was added to his forces, which was to protect the treasures yet in *futuro*, but which only waited for their arrival to yield a royal return! In the May of 1578, therefore, the fleet sailed from the Thames amidst plaudits and cheers, and in due time arrived at its destination, and the scene of fruitless labour.



The Traitors' Gate, Tower of London

It is true, in the way of enlarging the field of discovery, more was naturally done this time than before. Frobisher added a new strait to the chart of that forlorn sea. He traced the coast farther north and west, discovered other islands; but his expedition met with fearful weather, and, as their wooden edifices were destroyed by furious storms, and the season threatened to be one of unexampled severity, he decided not to leave any to stay the winter there. He returned to England, accordingly, without any casualty of importance. But alas for the golden lands they were to mine!—alas for the hopes of the Arctic El Dorado! He brought home some cargoes of the black metal, or mineral, and we can understand what a collapse the whole design sustained, for never after do we see mention made of the venture. It was not

safe, we may surely swear, to approach the indignant queen for the first few days after a failure so utter and so deplorable. Frobisher, nevertheless, from this time takes a higher rank in his profession, and henceforth appears before us as a commander in the Royal Navy of Elizabeth, who could not be blind to his merits as a sea-captain, however much he might be the dupe of his own folly, or of the expectations of others more exacting than his own royal mistress turned out to be. Before closing this part of his life, it must be said that Frobisher did not escape, from those whose cupidity had been disappointed, reproaches, which he bore with much philosophical indifference. In the year 1585 he accompanied Drake on an expedition to the West Indies, in command of the ship *Aid*. As their joint purpose was to intercept

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some of the treasure-ships of the Spaniards, they unfortunately differed in opinion, and the more than partial failure of the adventure was really a sharp blow to both. This, however, will be found more fully detailed in our sketch of Drake. When the Spanish Armada put forth to flaunt it so gaudily and insolently at sea, Frobisher was in command of her Majesty's ship the *Triumph*, one of the three largest of the English fleet. In this he conducted himself like a consummate seaman and a brilliant officer, and for his good services in that business he was among the few but honoured number of officers knighted on the occasion by the Lord High Admiral, Charles Howard of Effingham. In 1590 Frobisher was in command of a squadron on the shores of Spain, intended to prevent the return of the Plate fleet. In 1592 he was put in charge of a fleet just fitted out by Raleigh for making a descent upon the coast of Spain, and, although his forces amounted but to three ships, he succeeded in burning one great galloon and in bringing home a second richly laden. In 1594, as restless and as active as ever, he was on the coast of France at the taking of Brext, the port of which he blocked up from the sea while Sir John Norris attacked it on the land side with 3,000 men. The garrison showed desperate fight, and, seeing this, Sir Martin landed his lads, in order to storm the place, and take it with their teeth, if they might not otherwise. Making a desperate dash, he carried it with a rush, but he, nevertheless, lost many of his bravest men, and he himself received a shot in the side of which he only lingered sufficiently long to die in Plymouth, with an English sky over his head, the British seas singing his dirges, and the dust of his country to cover his remains, and make him an honourable grave. He was of a blunt, imperious nature, frank and hasty; one of the "most able seamen" of his time, of most "undaunted courage," capable of any undertaking, strict in discipline, even to severity; and, although he is accused of possessing the "roughness and the violence which long characterised his profession," he is allowed also by another authority to have been a "brave and able commander." So much—and it is much—for Martin Frobisher.

CHAPTER XL

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earl of Essex, is the next name which we have to take up in our "Story of the British Navy," and it is a name which bears some interest in the pages of the history of Elizabeth's reign. He was born, in 1567, at Netherwood—an ancient seat of the Earls of Essex, in Herefordshire—and on his father's death he was recommended to the protection of the Earl of Sussex, and the great Lord Burleigh (whose wonderful powers of "shaking his head" and meaning so much have descended to us in classic traditions) became his guardian, and it is not difficult to imagine what sort of a governor *he* would be.

In 1578 Lord Burleigh placed him at Cambridge, where the young lad soon began to show parts and an aptitude for learning up to a certain limit, as a good many of us do or have done. In 1582 he was dubbed M.A., and in the seventeenth year of his age made his first appearance at court, brilliant, beautiful, in some things highly accomplished, and the queen looked on him with eyes of liking and even of love—so the scandal-bearers say. His high rank, his own mother's companionship to the queen herself, and the favour of Leicester, who was then in the heyday of power, all contributed to back the rising fortunes of the young courtier and aspirant; and although Essex, at the outset, showed some reluctance to accept Leicester's countenance (perhaps to display a pretty piece of jealous pique to the queen, who was always delighted when she thought that the heart of any handsome, but not brainless, coxcomb about the court was wounded by her unkindness, or when a mere smiling glance of her grey-green, cat-like eyes could send them into raptures, cherished the flattery thus conveyed, and the sham sufferer fared none the worse that he made the most of his dolor), Essex at length accepted the prime favourite's aid, accompanied Leicester to Holland, where he had the appointment of General of Horse given him. In the following year, 1586, he exhibited every proof of personal courage even to a hardihood bordering on arrogance, for he had a habit of sending challenges to single combat to governors of towns, to

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

officers, and others, which must have made many a grey and grizzly head wag with laughter at reading the cartel of the beardless young Englishman. For his gallant conduct on the bloody field of Zutphen, Leicester dubbed him knight; and so beginning to reap his warrior's honours early, and as yet being unchocked and unchastised, the foundation of that petulant, capricious, and insolent temper was laid which was doomed in early days to stoop his lofty head to that ghastly block with which kings and queens, in the "good old English times," were wont to "square" off many an unsettled account. These royal personages, failing to pay in one kind for services done and duties unrewarded, settled the whole with a cut of a much less kindly order—a "little more than kin and less than kind," as Hamlet says—and there's a speedy end. Returning to England in 1587, with his "brows crowned with victorious wreaths," the queen elected Essex "Master of the Horse;" and in the great year of the Armada, when Elizabeth mounted horse at Tilbury, and went like a general, through her work, marshalling squadrons, with pious, trusting words and haughtily defiant air against the foe, she appointed the younger favourite General of the Horse, Leicester being appointed General of the Army on land. For Essex was added the honour of being made a Knight of the Garter, and his promotions were rapid indeed. In 1589, when Elizabeth and her captains were following up their advantages against the humbled Spaniard—who, by-the-bye, was not humble at all, but sullen and discontented—Essex went as a volunteer in the expedition to Portugal. This was headed by Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, and had for its object the restoration of Don Antonio to the Portuguese crown. While in the vicinity of Lisbon our present hero vauntingly challenged the governor, by sound of trumpet, or any other person of quality, to single combat; and though the expedition was successful, and the queen had forgiven him for departing without direct leave, he almost fatally committed himself by privately marrying, without Elizabeth's knowledge or sanction, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, widow of the glorious Sir Philip Sidney. Elizabeth could not spare her beaux, her sighing lovers,

her handsome *soupirants*, and the rest of it; and, not marrying herself, betrayed the old Tudor selfishness in being enraged with those who did, so long as they were of those who flattered her vanity or shed a lustre, however unsubstantial, if it was showy, upon her court. This trouble soon blew over, for if she was irascible she was magnanimous, and had a great deal to submit to from the capricious jealousies of those who dubbed themselves her "knights," her "servants," her "adorers;" and, indeed, the good queen did not care much from what depth these cried out "*Miserimus!*" and "*Mæa culpa!*" to her, so long as they cried out loudly enough; and in 1591 Essex went, with a force of four thousand men, to help Henry IV. of France, who was busied in the wars of the League. He challenged the governor of Rouen after his pretty, braggart fashion, though he would have fought like a Paladin, as, indeed, his contemporaries admit; but he carried himself too high, as we may easily judge. In this instance he gave Elizabeth deep offence, the which she resented in a few pithy words far more pungent than pleasing. He took upon him to confer knighthood upon a number of officers, and the queen, when rebuking him for it, significantly hinted at his "copper captains and vaunting soldadoes—" "Before Heaven, my lord!" she said, "you would have done well to have builded them *almshouses to lodge in!*" From which we may judge that their fortunes, at least, were not equal to the honours granted them; and he had certainly not shown the same discrimination possessed by his shrewd and shrewish mistress—that must be fairly owned.

In the year 1596 he was made joint commander with Lord Howard, Admiral of England, in an undertaking bent against Spain, in which we find Raleigh, with other eminent commanders of the day, taking a prominent part; and it may be added that the fleet was one of the most numerous, and, in point of armament and munition, one of the most thoroughly effective, that had over yet left the shores of England. It consisted of 150 sail, out of which 126 were men-of-war. Of this number, however, only 17 were ships of the Royal Navy—the rest being merchantmen and privateers, hired and fitted out for the expedition in hand. The

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

number of men on board amounted to 7,000, commanded, as already mentioned, by Essex and the High Admiral, Howard; and both had expended large sums out of their private fortunes to further their designs against the capital of Spain. Their preparations took them some time, for the fleet lay at Plymouth until their fitting up, their armaments, and men were fully "told;" but it finally sailed for its destination on the 1st of June, having a favourable wind for the coast of Spain, the consequence of which was that it arrived before Cadiz by the 20th of the month. The town was strongly fortified, and defended by a sturdy castle, with fifty-nine Spanish treasure-ships in the bay, and some score of well armed, well-mounted galleys in addition. On board the English fleet it was debated in a council of war whether they should not land at St. Sebastian; but this being impracticable, Sir Walter Raleigh proposed to enter the bay, and attack the galleons and galleases; and, although this plan was held to be hazardous, Essex defended the motion with such energy that it was carried. In his exultation he flung his jewelled hat into the sea, and, reckless of the promise he had given to the admiral—extorted on behalf of the queen for her noisy favourite—which promise was that he should not join in the attack, on account of his headstrong and impetuous temper—that he should not lead the van, a duty performed by Raleigh and by the admiral himself—he broke through the fleet, and pressed into the hottest of the engagement. The fury of the attack was so resistless that it succeeded at once, and two galleons were captured before the rest could be fired by the Spaniards, as they slipped their cables and stood farther into the bay. Many of the Spanish ships were burnt, and here Essex showed some humanity and good discretion, even in hot blood, for he checked the indiscriminate slaughter which was going on even after the town had been captured, while his kind treatment of the prisoners is lauded no less than his impetuous bravery. The city yielded an immense plunder, while the Spaniards contributed to their own loss by firing their ships and their cargo, in order that these might not become the property of the conquerors. It was one of the young leader's moments of prudence

when he proposed to keep possession of the port, but a higher authority than his overruled the plan; and, though he placed several other plans before the admiral and his captains, through which further advantages might have followed upon their victory, the admiral, being fully satisfied, declined to adopt them, and stood again to sea. The capture of the city, the seizing as prizes of two big ships of great value, the taking of more than a hundred pieces of brass cannon, the sinking of more than *twelve hundred* more, their best and most strongly fortified cities rendered, as it were, untenable, the utter ruin menacing their West Indian trading for the next year to come—all culminated in a blow that, after the loss inflicted in the destruction of the Armada, shook the power of Spain to its very centre. It thus followed that a nation which had prepared for the proud English, scourge, and rack, and faggot, beheld them revelling in Spain's richest spoils, and derisively waving their flag at every port. It was indeed a sore pill for the haughtiest potentate in the world to swallow, which he did, however, perforce, as Pistol, the braggart, swallowed the Welshman's leek—with an oak sapling for sauce. Essex, in the flush of his acquired honours, all panting to distinguish himself still more, was struck with the idea—not a baseless one—that to keep possession of Cadiz would be of infinite advantage to England, to the queen, to himself, naturally, as the more glory would thus accrue to him. He insisted that, with 400 men and three months' provisions, he would hold it against all Spain until substantial help came to him from England. His admiral did not see the matter as being quite so feasible. The commanders, of whom it is somewhat sarcastically said that "they were little disposed to any new enterprises"—and, in fact, they must have gone through not a little of fire and water to do what they had done—demurred to what really seemed rhodomontade, and, having a fair share of plunder to gild the laurels they had already gained, were anxious to see England and tread the Hoe at Plymouth once more. Having decided to return, they decided also to do as much mischief as they could, and began to destroy the public edifices—except the churches—by fire, and

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otherwise devastate and demolish the port, and, this done, the fleet put out again to sea.

On its passage from Cadiz the fleet came to Faro, in Portugal, which was a bishop's see. The entrance to this unpromising place was blocked by rocky channels at once shallow and deep, and the town being situate about a league from the sea (a narrow creek alone connecting it therewith), it was arranged to attempt it by land, and accordingly some forces were put ashore three leagues from Faro. They marched to the town, pillaged it—the inhabitants having fled in terror, pillage being the order of the day—and a good store of fresh provisions gladdened the exhausted invaders. A large quantity of artillery was found there, which, with other plunder, they conveyed to the ships; and, after ransacking the place for a week, they returned the way they came. Essex, for his share of the *loot*, took a valuable library, which had once belonged to Osorio, a bishop of Algarvé, and which subsequently formed portion of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Still more satisfied with this additional advantage gained by the way, the fleet sailed triumphantly into Plymouth. Essex, on his return to court, found himself high in favour with the queen, and, from his youth and gallant manner, quite a popular favourite. Who does not feel a generous liking and enthusiasm for a brave and handsome youth who in the sea-fight has borne himself like a veteran—who in the tented field has shown himself a soldier—who is lavish and open-handed—who may have acted follies, but has his character untainted—who may have been indiscreet, but never base in mind or act? Even Alcibiades, with his glaring iniquities, was the darling of the Athenian populace, for he was young, beautiful as Apollo, and as brave and hardy as a Spartan. Do we not like, at times, to share in that investiture? and, if we lavish our liking on the youthful hero of the hour, a portion of that glory is reciprocated by ourselves in turn; and what wonder if Essex had it all his own way now, though he found in Sir Walter Raleigh a rival in most things personal and glorious? But Raleigh was not "in the sun" just then, and its full blaze fell on the Apollonian locks of Essex. But all this homage, this flattery, this "mouth-

honour," perhaps only fed the vanity that was the enemy of all his goodly gifts. Almost beside himself while basking in the smiles of Elizabeth—he did not yet know how she could frown—the impetuous temperament of a vain, hot-headed lad—he died at *thirty-four*—for they lived fast and died off rapidly in those days—but we are told that those "whom the gods love die young!" only the gods leave it for king and queens to take their victims to Tower-hill—Essex's temper, we repeat, could not, or would not, calmly endure the queen's capricious whims. She had been to the earl a generous mistress, and he had presumed upon it, and uttered bitter taunts upon her age, her looks, and her person; and his malice, in this respect, was as mean as her awful revenge. She forgave him many a time and oft. She gave him a command in Ireland against Tyrone, where he sadly compromised himself; and his kind *friends* at court did not spare him, you may be sure; and returning from Ireland without leave—he being then in the position of governor there—returning to justify himself to the queen, and to confront his enemies—it was construed into a grave offence, resulting in his being committed to the Tower, tried for treason, and executed on Tower hill in February, 1601. A story of a woman's hate and inveterate malignancy is mixed up with this latter portion of his life. He wore a ring which the queen had given him, and, on his sending it to her as a token of the past which might awaken her pity for him, it was intercepted by the woman in question—no less a person than the wife of his "capital enemy" the admiral, and his execution followed as a matter of course. But the queen from that day is said never to have smiled again. The character of the Earl of Essex is discussed by several writers of taste and judgment. Sir Horace Walpole says of him that "he was gallant, romantic, and ostentatious; his shooting matches, in the eye of the city, gained him great popularity; the ladies and the people never ceased to adore him. His genius for shows and those pleasures that carry an image of war was as remarkable as his spirit in the profession itself."

One of his masques, which was exhibited in the latter end of the year 1593, is de-

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scribed by a contemporary, an extract from whose account will present the reader with some idea of the amusements of that age. "My Lord of Essex's device," says Rowland White, "is much commended in these late triumphs. Some pretty while before he came in himself to the tilt, he sent his page with some message to the queen, who returned with her majesty's glove. And when he came himself he was met by an old hermit, a secretary of state, a brave soldier, and an esquire. The first presented him with a book of meditations, the second with political discourses, the third with orations of brave-fought battles; the fourth was but his own follower, to whom the other three imputed much of their purpose before the earl's entry. In short, each of these eudea-

voured to win him over to their profession, and to persuade him to leave his vain following of love, and to betake him to heavenly meditation. But the esquire answered them all, and told them plainly, 'That this knight would never forsake his mistress's love, whose virtue made all his thoughts divine—whose wisdom taught him all true policy—whose beauty and worth were at all times able to make him sit to command armies.' He pointed out all the defects of their several pursuits, and, therefore, thought his own course of life to be the best in serving his mistress. The queen said that, 'if she had thought there would have been so much said of her, she would not have been there that night.'" Thus did Devereux, Earl of Essex, live and die.

(To be continued)



The Tower of London.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.
EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

V.

GRAVITY (*continued*).

TO BALANCE A PENCIL ON ITS POINT.

The arrangement of the pencil and the knife, the blade of which is buried in the wood, is held in equilibrium at the point of the finger, because the centre of gravity of the arrangement is situated in the vertical, beneath the point of contact (Fig. 24).

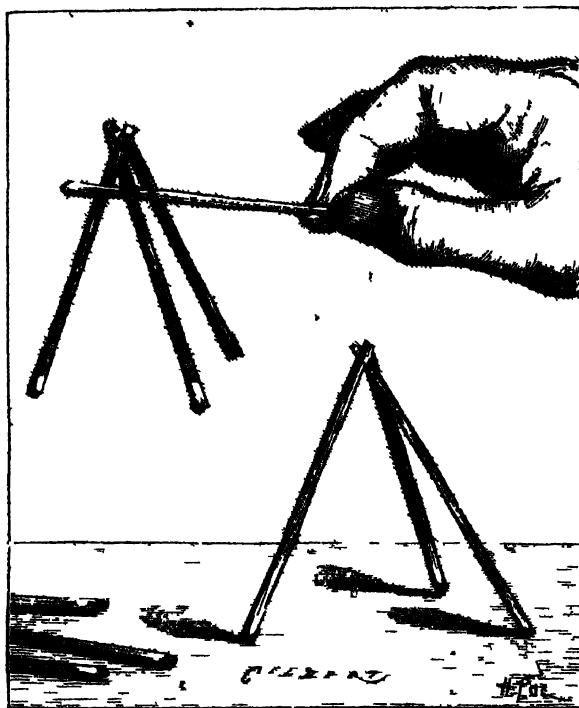


Fig 25. Problem of the Four Matches.

THE MATCH PUZZLE.

Slit a match at one end, and insert into the groove another, so that the pair shall form a certain angle. Place them on a table, angle upwards, tent fashion; and let a third match rest against them as in Fig. 25. Now all is ready for the experiment. Take a fourth match, and handing it to one of your audience, request him to lift the three others with it.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

If the *Seeker*, the interesting paper from which we borrow this pleasing problem, be correct, the solution of the puzzle will test the patience of many an architect or builder who is not previously acquainted with the experiment.

The upper diagram in the illustration explains the mode of proceeding. The way the trick is performed is to allow the third match to fall



Fig. 26. The Tumbler and the Sticks.

lightly against the match you hold, and then lower the hand until this third match enters within the angle formed by the first pair; then lift your fourth match and you will find that the other matches will rest crosswise on your match. No. 1 and 2 on one side, and No. 3 on the other.

EQUILIBRIUM OF BODIES.

TO POISE A TUMBLER UPON THREE STICKS, EACH ONE OF WHICH HAS ONE END IN THE AIR.

Ozanam, in his "Mathematical and Physical Recreations in the 16th Century," laid down the following problem. "Place three sticks on a

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

horizontal plane, so that each one shall have one end resting on the plane and the other end unsupported."

To perform this experiment, and even to place a weight on the sticks thus poised, you must carefully proceed as follows:—Place in a sloping position one stick with one end resting on the table and the other elevated. Put another in a similar fashion above, and resting on the first. Then form a triangle by means of the third stick poised in the same way but passing *under* one and *above* the other of the two sticks

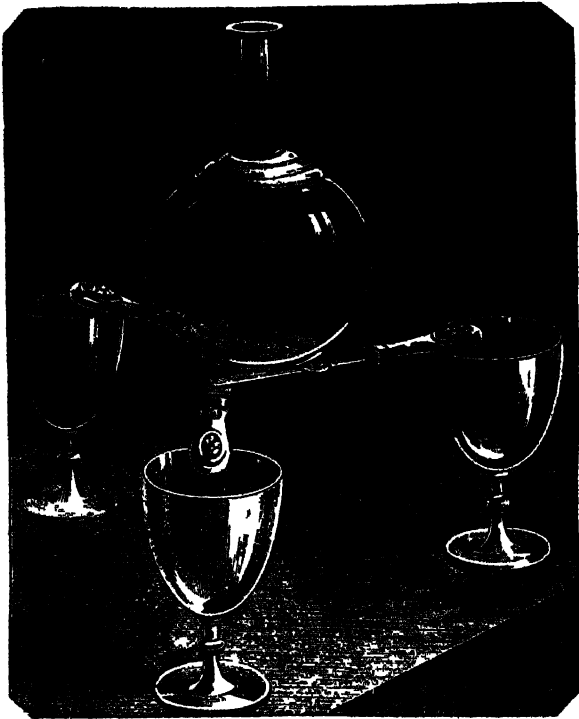


Fig. 27. The Glasses and the Knives Trick.

already laid down. The three sticks will in this manner prove of mutual support to each other, and will not give way even if a tumbler or other weight be placed upon them over the points of contact as in Fig. 28.

THE WATER-BOTTLE AND THE THREE KNIVES.

In almost the same manner as above illustrated, we can place three knives upon three wine-glasses as represented in Fig. 27. The knives

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

not only support each other blade to blade, but they will sustain as heavy an object as a filled water-carafe upon the triangle at their intersections (Fig. 27).

TO SUSPEND A BUCKET OF WATER FROM A STICK RESTING ON A TABLE.

Here is another very old-fashioned experiment on the "centre of gravity" which consists in suspending by the handle a bucket filled with water passed over the stick *A B*, which is laid on the table. To

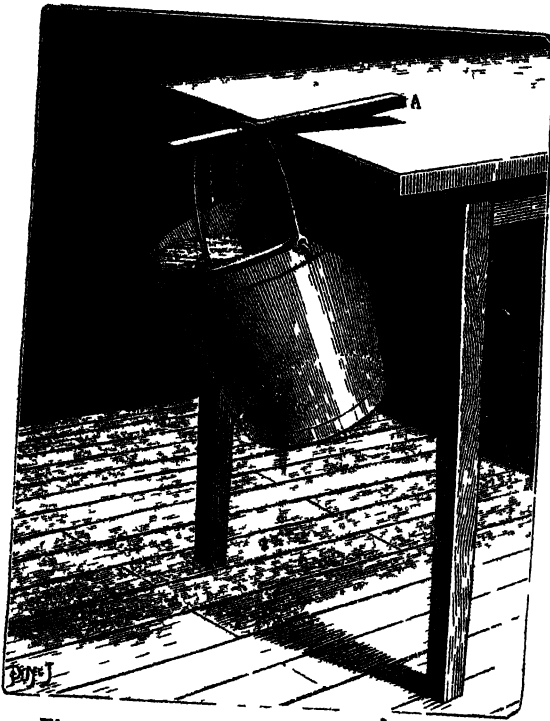


Fig. 28. Pail of Water suspended from a Stick

succeed in this experiment, which appears almost impossible to perform, we must fix a switch *C D* of convenient length between the point *B* of suspension and the bottom of the pail. The arrangement thus consolidated forms, virtually, one object—a whole, and the pail or bucket is easily maintained in the position shown in the illustration, because the centre of gravity of the whole mass is beneath the point of suspension situated almost at the centre of the stick *A B* (Fig. 29).

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE FORKS AND THE COIN.

Place two forks with their prongs one set *over* the other, and slip a coin—a five franc piece or a half crown—between the middle prongs of the forks. Then place the coin flat on the rim of a wine glass or tumbler, pushing it outwards until the two circumferences shall be touching externally. In this position, as shown in the accompanying engraving, the forks will remain *in equilibrio*, and the water may be poured steadily from the glass into another without disturbing the coin or the two forks. (See Fig. 29.)



Fig. 29. Experiment of Equilibrium on the Centre of Gravity.

We have now indicated almost all the recreative experiments connected with the centre of gravity and the laws of equilibrium. We will, however, explain another problem requiring skill which can be worked out with a box of dominoes.

EXPERIMENT WITH DOMINOES.

The illustration shows how the contents of a box of dominoes can be supported upon one of their number. We must begin by placing three of the pieces on the table so as to form a solid base; the first domino being laid upon three supports. When the edifice is finished, as in the illustration, the two outside dominoes must be withdrawn and very gently placed upon the top of the construction. The erection will re-

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

main *in equilibrio* provided that the perpendicular drawn from the centre of gravity of the system passes through the base of sustentation of the lowest domino (Fig. 80).

This experiment should only be attempted upon a perfectly firm and level table.

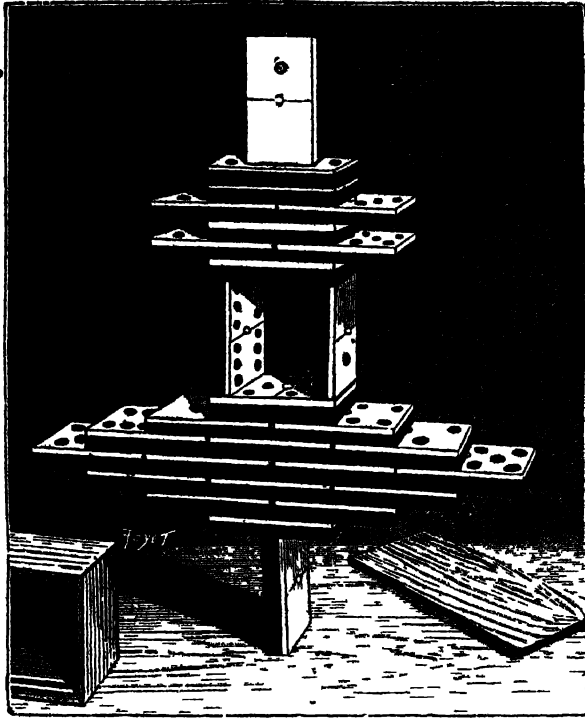


Fig. 30. Experiment on the Centre of Gravity with Dominoes.

In our next section we shall deal with Density and the Movements of Gases.

(To be continued)

PUZZLE PAGES.

52.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A LARGE island which was once a powerful state. One of its kings was engaged in one of the most celebrated contests of antiquity, and on a mountain in the island its inhabitants used to boast that Jupiter was educated. They were such skilful archers and slingers that frequently they were engaged in the armies of other nations. This large and fertile island produces excellent fruits and wine, and is recorded to have contained above a hundred cities; of these many curious vestiges still remain. It is 160 miles long. The initials of the following give the name.

1. A king who acknowledged that "the titles of lord and master belong only to Him whom earth and seas are ready to obey."

2. A good and great English monarch before the Conquest, in whose will was this remarkable expression:—"It is just the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts."

3. The father of that King of Babylon of whose history such interesting events are re-

corded in the book of the prophet Daniel, and who began his reign B.C. 601.

4. The second King of Macedon after the death of Alexander the Great.

5. A King of the Vandals, grandson of Genseric.

6. A King of the Huns, whose devastations procured for him the title of "The Scourge of God."

53.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

NNHOA.—A Carthaginian who sailed round Africa with a considerable fleet by command of the Senate, and wrote an account of his voyage.

SOCYLPO.—Enormous giants, which, according to the ancient poets, first inhabited the fertile island of Sicily.

CHARADES.

54.

"Observe yon fine vessel come out of the bay;
See! from her outwater she dashes the spray;
With stunsails aloft she proceeds on her way;
But why did she sail on a Friday?"

On dashed the ship with a favouring gale;
All hands were employed increasing the sail;
"We shall soon reach my first," said the mate,
"without fail,

Although we have sailed on a Friday."

But Bill, an old salt up aloft, shook his head;
"My lads, he may say so, but don't be misled;
She'll come to my second before that," he said,
"Because she has sailed on a Friday."

A week had just passed, all was going on well,
When without any warning, most woeful to tell,
She struck on a rock, with a crash the masts fell,
And thus she was wrecked on a Friday.

With her side all laid open, the ship gave a roll,
And the wild waters rushed through the wide-
gaping hole;

Alas! it came true, as old Bill did my *whole*,
She sank—and she sailed on a Friday.

55.

An elderly gentleman, taking a stroll,
With the heat of the day was oppress'd;

O'ercome with fatigue, after walking a league,
He thought he would have a short rest.

So he sat himself down on the top of a mound
That happened just then to be near;
When beneath and around a most curious
sound

Struck his first—and he heard it with fear.

The place he was sitting on crumbled and fell;
Alas! 'twas my second of bees;
O'er hill and o'er dell there arose such a yell,
Far and wide it was borne by the breeze.

For a moment or two he scarce knew what to do,
Then he suddenly made up his mind;
Like an arrow he flew, but the bees still pursue;
He could feel they still followed behind.

It was what a sailor would term a "stern
chase;"

Every sting was as sharp as a knife;
You'd have thought by his pace he was
running a race,
In any whole—so he was—for his life.

We know the effect of a spur on a steed:
Of a sting much the same may be said;
Soon he reached his inn-door, then he fell
on the floor,
And, half-fainting, was carried to bed.

PUZZLE PAGES.

56.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

The name of an ancient tribunal, famed for the impartiality and justice of its decrees, to which the gods themselves are said to have submitted their quarrels. The second and third letters of each of the following, except the last (from which take only the second letter), give the name.

1. The name given to the poets among the ancient Gauls and Britons, who were not only poets, but biographers, genealogists, and historians of those countries and ages.

2. A Spanish division, also the name of a Spanish island and an American town.

3. The chief city of ancient Phrygia.

4. A town of Mexico. Its name means "Hot Springs."

5. A celebrated antiquary and natural philosopher. He founded a museum at Oxford, and lived in the seventeenth century.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

57.—Ernest and Herbert have each a certain number of pence allowed them weekly for pocket-money, such that the squares of the numbers, together with their product, are exactly equal to 13 times the sum, and amount to 208. What are their pocket-moneys?

58.—Prove that in any number consisting of 2 digits, if the second digit be double of the first, the number divided by the sum of the digits is equal to 4; but if the digits be inverted the number so given divided by the sum of the digits is equal to 7.

59.—The seller of a piece of land of 12 acres asked 1 farthing for the 1st acre, 4 for the 2nd, 16 for the 3rd, and so on. The buyer would not give so much, but offered £100 for the 1st, £150 for the 2nd, £200 for the 3rd, and so on,

increasing by £50 for each acre. How much less did he offer than the seller wanted?

60.—If two boys on opposite sides of a river, pulling a boat along by means of a cord with equal forces, send it onward with a momentum equal to one of their forces, at what angle are their cords inclined to each other?

61.—If a cannon-ball could be discharged vertically upwards with an initial velocity of 10,000 feet per second, to what height would it ascend, on the parabolic theory of projectiles?

62.—Two boys, B, C, weighing 70lb. each, cling to the ends of a uniform beam, 10 feet long and of 10lb. weight, which is suspended from a hook, A, by 2 cords, AB, AC, 15 and 10 feet long respectively. Find the amount of tension on each cord.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c. (Pages 171, 175, and 176)

23. Cranmer—Didius—Constantine—Raleigh—Julius Caesar—Addison. MURRIS.

24. Way-ward—Wayward.

25. Van-guard—Vanguard.

26. Disc-on-so-late—Disconsolate.

27. Strata-gem—Stratagem.

28. Swan and head-gear—Swan and Edgar.

29. Surenas, general of Orodes, King of Parthia.

30. $107\frac{1}{10}$ lbs. very nearly.

31. 522,962 persons.

32. 10,269,965 females; 9,776,259 males.

33. Let x and y be their ages.

Then $7x = 10y$

and $x + 2 : y + 2 :: 4 : 3$; $\therefore x = \frac{4y}{3} + \frac{2}{3}$

$7\left(\frac{4y}{3} + \frac{2}{3}\right) = 10y$

$28y + 14 = 30y$

$\therefore y = 7$ and $x = 10$.

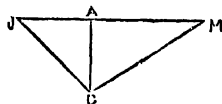
34. If x = Maurice's number, $x + 10$ = Johnny's, and $(x + 10) + 10 = 2(x - 10)$, by question;

$\therefore x = 40$, and $x + 10 = 50$.

35. Mean between 1 farthing and 1s. 4d. = 2d. Therefore the stamps were worth £1 12s. 2d., and he gave £1 7s. 2d. too much.

36. Let J and M be the position of Johnny's and

Maurice's hands; then B A drawn perpendicular from the bag to J M = 6 inches, and J B = 10;



B M = 11.662. Since J A D, B A M, are right angles,

\therefore (Euc. I. 47) $J A = \sqrt{10^2 - 6^2} = 8$;

and $M A = \sqrt{11.662^2 - 6^2} = 10$.

Now, J's burden : M's burden,

$:: \sin. \angle A B M : \sin. \angle A B J$

$:: \frac{A M}{B M} : \frac{A J}{B J} :: \frac{10}{11.662} : \frac{8}{10}$

\therefore J's burden = $\frac{10}{11.662} \times \frac{10}{8} = \frac{25}{23.324}$

\therefore J. carries 25lbs, and M. 23.324lbs.

F. J. L.

37. Waller—Singapore—Dunham (from the Anglo-Saxon words *deor*, "a wild animal," and *ham*, "abode"). WALSHINGHAM (Sir Francis, minister of Queen Elizabeth).

38. A quiet tongue shows a wise head. To be read—A quiet—Tongue shows A—Y's head.

39. Fabricius—Agincourt—Charles I.—Vespasian. *Flas.*

PUZZLE PAGES.

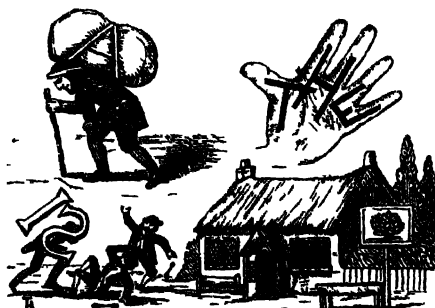
63.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



Oh, save me from a woman's tongue,
When with my first its harp is strung,
Yet which, encircling round about,
Keeps all things in and all things out.
My second leads from pole to pole,
Where mountains rise or waters roll;
My first and second where'er laid

Expands the mind and fosters trade
My third to beauty lends a grace,
And dignity to mincing pace;
My whole combined, with regal pride
Doth, ruthless, class from class divide
Then scatters them north, south, or west
Or east, as each conceives it best.

64.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB



65.—PICTORIAL CHARADE.



My first is a revolver, though
Others with it roundly go,
Circles making one by one,
Ending where they first begun;
Ever turning, never changing,
Steadiest when widest ranging;
Recipient of mighty shocks,

Secret home of cunning fox.
My second makes the spirits flow
Through its lengthy windings slow;
Like a serpent twisting round
Curled cylinders 'tis found;
Creeping up at eventides
My whole in silence slowly glides.

The Black Man's Ghost.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS' BURIED TREASURE
OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

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CHAPTER I.

OFF THE TUSKAR LIGHT.

"ALL hands take in sail!"
"Stand by y'r tops'l halliards!"

"Let go!"

Sharply shouted out in quick succession came these orders from Captain Snaggs, the hoarse words of command ringing through the ship fore and aft, and making even the ringbolts in the deck jingle—albeit they were uttered in a sort of drawling voice, that had a strong nasal twang, as if the skipper made as much use of his nose as of his mouth in speaking. This impression his thin and, now, tightly compressed lips tended to confirm; while, his hard, angular features and long, pointed, sallow face, closely shaven, saving as to the projecting chin, which a sandy-coloured billygoat beard made project all the more, gave him the appearance of a man who had a will of his own, aye, and a temper of his own, too, should any one attempt to smooth him down the wrong way, or, in sea parlance, "run foul of his hawse!"

Captain Snaggs did not look particularly amiable at the present moment.

Standing by the break of the poop, with his lean, lanky body half bent over the rail, he was keeping one eye out to windward, whence he had just caught sight in time of the coming squall, looking down below the while at the hands in the waist jumping briskly to their stations and casting off the halliards with a will, almost before the last echo of his shout "let go!" had ceased to roar in their ears; and, yet, the captain's gaze seemed to gleam beyond these, over their heads and away forwards, to where Jan Steenbock, the second-mate, a dark-haired Dane, was engaged rousing out the port watch, banging away at the fo'c's'le hatchway and likewise shouting, in feeble imitation of the skipper's roar,—

"All ha-ands, ahoy! Toomble oop, my mans, and take in de sail! Toorable oop!"

But, the men, who had only been relieved a short time before by

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the starboard watch, and had gone below for their dinner when "eight bells" were struck, seemed rather loth at turning out again so soon for duty, the more especially as their caterer had just brought from the cook's galley the mess kid, full of some savoury compound, the appetizing odour of which filled the air, and, being wafted upwards from below, made even the swarthy second-mate feel hungry, as he peered down the hatchway and called out to the laggards to come on deck.

"It is goot, ja!" murmured Jan Steenbock to himself, wiping his watering mouth with the back of his jacket sleeve and sniffing up a prolonged sniff of the odorous stew. "It is goot, ja, and hart to leaf de grub; but de sheeps cannot wait, my mans; so toomble oop dere! Toomble oop!"

Captain Snaggs, however, his watchful weather eye and quick intelligence taking in everything at a glance, liked the second-mate's slowness of speech and action as little as he relished the men's evident reluctance at hurrying up again on deck; for, although barely a second or two had elapsed from his first order to the crew, he grew as angry as if it had been a "month of Sundays," his sallow face flushing with red streaks and his sandy billygoat beard bristling like wire, every hair on end, just as a cat's tail swells at the sight of a strange dog in its immediate vicinity when it puts up its back.

"Avast thaar, ye durned fool!" he screamed in his passion, dancing about the poop and bringing his fist down with a resounding thump on the brass rail, as if the inanimate material represented for the nonce the back of the mate, whom he longed to belabour. "Guess one'd think ye wer coaxin' a lot o' wummen folk to come to a prayer-meetin'! Why don't ye go down in the fo'c's'le an' drive 'em up, if they won't come on deck when they're hailed? Below thaar, d'ye haar?—all hands reef tops'ls!"

This shout, which the captain yelled out in a voice of thunder, finally fetched the dawdlers on deck, first one and then another crawling up the hatchway with lingering feet, in that half-hearted, dilatory, aggravating way that sailors—and some shore people, too, for that matter—know well how to put on when setting to a task that runs against their grain and which they do not relish; though they can be spry enough, and with ten times the smartness of any landsmen, when cheerfully disposed for the work they have in hand, or in the face of some real emergency or imminent peril, forgetting then their past grievances, and buckling to the job right manfully, in true "shellback" fashion, as if many-handed, like Briareus, with every hand a dozen fingers on it, and each finger a hook!

So it could be seen now.

The *Denver City*, a ship-rigged vessel of about thirteen hundred tons

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burthen, bound from Liverpool to San Francisco with a general cargo, had been two days out from the Mersey, battling against bad weather all the way from the start, with a foul wind, that shifted from the west to south-west and back again to the west, dead in her teeth, as she essayed to shape her course down St. George's Channel to the Atlantic.

First, beating to the westward with the ebb tide, so as to give Great Orme's Head a wide berth, and then making a short board south when she had cleared Anglesey; what with the currents and the thick fog, accompanied with driving rain, that she met on nearing the Welsh coast, she nearly came to grief on the Skerries, the water shoaling rapidly on the lead being hove, shortly before the bright fixed light showing above the red on the Platters rocks loomed close in on the starboard bow. This made it a case of 'bout ship at once, Captain Snaggs thenceforth hugging the Irish side of the channel way and keeping it well on board on the port tack; and so on this second morning after leaving Liverpool, the ship was some six miles south of the Tuskar Light, with a forty-fathom bottom under her and the wind still to the southward and westward, right ahead of her true course, but shifting and veering from one point to another, and with a sudden sharp squall coming every now and then, by way of a change, to increase the labour of the men, already pretty well worn out by forty-eight hours tacking to and fro in the captain's endeavours to beat to windward in the face of the foul weather.

As the *Denver City*, too, reached the more open seaway, the water got rougher, a northern stream setting up the Irish Sea from Scilly meeting the incoming tide round Carnaro Point, and causing a nasty chopping sea; which, save in the sullen green hollows of the waves, was dead and lead coloured as far as the eye could reach, as leaden, indeed, as the heavy grey sky overhead, where some fleecy floating clouds of lighter wrack, rapidly drifting across the darker background that lined the horizon all round, made the latter of a deeper tone by contrast, besides acting as the *avant courier* of a fresh squall—the wind just then tearing and shrieking through the rigging in short angry gusts and then sighing as it veiled away to leeward, like the spirit of some lost mariner chaunting the requiem of those drowned in the remorseless deep!

When the port watch had gone below at "eight bells," as mentioned before, to have their dinner, the weather had looked a little brighter, a small patch of blue sky, not quite as big as the Dutchman's proverbial pair of breeches, showing right overhead at the zenith as the ship's bell struck the midday hour, giving a slight promise of better things to come; and so, as Captain Snaggs had been trying to "carry on" all he could from the time the vessel left the Mersey, working the hands

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to death, as they imagined, unnecessarily in tacking and beating about in his attempt to make a fair wind out of a foul one, instead of waiting more sensibly for a more favourable breeze, such as might reasonably be expected in another day or two at most—judging by those signs sailors know so well, as do farmers, but which are inexplicable according to any natural meteorological laws—the hands now thought, on being so suddenly summoned again on deck, and forced to leave their untasted meal just as they were in the very act, so to speak, of putting it into their mouths, and with its tantalizing taste and smell vexing them all the more, that the “old man” only roused them out again from sheer malice and devilry, to make another fresh tack or short board, with the object of “hazing,” or driving them, as only slaves and sailors can be driven in these days by a brutal captain and hard taskmaster!

This it was that made them loth to leave their snug and warm fo’c’s’le, filled as it was with the grateful odour of the appetizing lobsouse which Sam Jedfoot, the negro cook, a great favourite with the crew by reason of his careful attention to their creature comforts, had so thoughtfully compounded for them; and thus it was that they crawled up the hatchway from below so laggardly, in response to the second-mate’s pleading order and Captain Snazgs’ second sententorian hail, as if they were ascending a mountain, and each man had a couple of half-hundred weights tied to his legs, so as to make his movements the slower.

“Hoo-ry oop, mans!” cried the second-mate, in his queer foreign lingo. “Hoo-ry oop, or you will have ze skipper after yous! He vas look as if he vas comin’ down ze poop ladder joost now!”

“Durn the skipper! He ain’t got more feelin’ in his old carkiss than a Rock Island clam!” muttered the leading man of the disturbed watch, as he stepped out over the coaming of the hatchway on to the deck, as leisurely as if he were executing a step in the sword dance; but, the next moment, as his eye took in the position of the ship and the scene around, the wind catching him at the moment, and almost knocking him backwards down the hatchway, as it met him full butt, he made a dash for the weather rigging, shouting out to his companions behind, who were coming up out of the fo’c’s’le just as slowly as he had done:—“Look alive, mates! Ther’s a reg’lar screamer blowin’ up, an’ no mistake. We’ll be took aback, if we don’t get in our rags in time. Look smart; an’ let’s show the skipper how spry we ken be when we chooses!”

The captain, or “skipper,” soon supplemented this advice by another of his roaring commands, yelled out at a pitch of voice that defied alike the shriek of the wind, and the noise of the sea, and the slatting of the huge topsails as they bellied out into balloons one moment and then

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flapped back flat again with a bang against the swaying masts, that quivered again and again with the shock, as if the next blow would knock them out of the ship.

"Forrard there! Away aloft, ye lazy skunks!" cried Captain Snaggs, when he saw the watch at last turn out, gripping the brass poop rail in front of him with both hands, so as to steady himself and prevent his taking a header into the waist below, as he seemed to be on the point of doing every minute, in his excitement. "Lay out, thaar, on the yards, ye skulking lubbers! Lay out-thaar, d'ye hear? Thaar's no time to lose! Sharp's the word an' quick the motion!"

The starboard watch, which had been waiting for the others, at once rounded the weather braces, so as to take the wind out of the sails as the men raced aloft, each anxious now to be first out on the yard; and, the reef tackle being hauled out, the spilling lines were clutched hold of, and the heavy folds of the canvas gathered up, the men at the yard-arms seeing to the carring being clear and ready for passing, with the hands facing to leeward, so as to lighten the sail and assist the weather carring being hauled out, as they held the reefline, and, again facing to windward and lightening the sail there in the same fashion, so as to haul out the lee-carring before the signal was given by those out at the end of the yard-arms to "toggle away!"

It was risky work, especially as the ship was rather shorthanded, to attempt reefing the three topsails all at once, but the job was at last accomplished to the captain's apparent satisfaction, for he sang out for them to come down from aloft; when the topsail halliards being brought to the capstan, the yards were bowsed again, the slack of the ropes coiled down, and everything made comfortable.

Captain Snaggs, however, had not done with them yet.

"Clew up an' furl the mainsail!"

"Man the jib down-haul!"

"Brail up the spanker!"

He shouted out these several orders as quickly as he could bawl them, the creaking of the cordage and rattling of the clew-garnet blocks forming a fitting accompaniment to his twangy voice; while the plaintive "Yo—ho—ho—e! Yo—ho—hai—e!" of the men, as they hauled upon the clewlines and leech and buntlines of the heavy main course, chimed in musically with the wash of the waves as they broke over the bows, dashing high over the yard-arms in a cataract of spray, and wetting to the skin those out on the fo'c's'le furling the jib—these having the benefit also of a second bath below the surface as well, when the ship dived under as they got on to the footrope of the jib-boom, plunging them into the water up to their middles and more.

"I guess, we're going to hev it rougher yet," said the captain

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presently, when the second-mate came aft, after seeing all snug forward, to ask whether he might now dismiss the port watch to their long delayed dinner. "Thet thaar squall wer a buster, but thaar's worse comin', to my reck'nin'. We'd best take another reef in them topsails, an' have one in the foresail, too."

"Verra goot, sir!" replied Jan Steenbock, the mate, respectfully, as he made his way forward again to where the men were waiting, anxious to go below to their lobsconce—cold, alas! by now. "Verra goot!"

Captain Snaggs smiled contemptuously after him, and then broke into a laugh, which was shared in by the first-mate, an American like himself, but one of a stouter and coarser stamp and build, albeit he boasted of a more romantic sort of name—Jefferson Flinders, to wit. This worthy now sniggering in sympathy, as he came up the after companion and took his place by the captain's side, having been roused out before his time by the commotion on deck.

"A rum coon thet, sn," said he to the captain, in response to his laugh. "He'll be the death of me some day, I reckon, with thet durned 'verra goot' of his'n, you bet, sir!"

"We've a rum lot o' hands altogether aboard, Flinders—chaps as thinks they've only come to sea to eat an' enjy themselves, an' don't want to work for thaar grub; but, I guess I'll haze 'em, Flinders, I'll haze 'em!" snapped out Captain Snaggs, in reply, his wily billygoat beard bristling again as he yelled out in a louder tone,—"*Foriud* there! Mister Steenbock; what air ye about, man—didn't I tell ye I want another reef taken in them topsails? Away aloft with ye again; lay out thaar, an' look spry about it!"

The halliards were therefore again let go, and the same performance gone through as before, with the addition of the men having to go up on the fore yard after they had finished with the topsails, and take a reef as well in the foresail—another piece of tough work.

As the ship was then found not to steer so well closehauled, without any headsail, on account of the jib being lowered down, the foretopmost staysail was hoisted in its place and the bunt of the spanker loosened, to show a sort of goose-wing aft,—this little additional fore and aft sail now giving her just the steadying power she wanted for her helm, and enabling her to lie a bit closer to the wind.

"Thet will do, the port watch!" cried Captain Snaggs at length, and the men were scampering back to the fo'c's'le in high glee, glad of being released at last, when, as if he'd only been playing with them—as a cat plays with a mouse—he arrested their rush below with another shout,—

"Belay thaar! All hands 'bout ship!"

"Ha! ha!" sniggered Jefferson Flinders, the first-mate, behind him,

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enjoying the joke amazingly; "guess you had 'em thaar, cap. Them coons 'll catch a weasel asleep, I reckon, when they try working a traverse on a man of the grit of yourn!"

"Bully for ye," ochoed the captain, grinning and showing his yellow teeth, while his pointed beard wagged out. "Say, Flinders, I'll fix 'em!"

The men, though, did not relish the joke; nor did they think it such an amusing one! It might, certainly, have been necessary to put the ship about, for the leeway she was making, coupled with the set of the cross tides, was causing her to hug the Irish coast too much, so that she was now bearing right on to the Saltee rocks, the vessel having covered the intervening twenty odd miles of water that lay between the Tuskar and this point since the hands had been first called up; but Captain Snaggs could have done this just as well offhand after the topsails were reefed, without waiting until the men were ready to go below again before giving the fresh order.

It was only part and parcel of his tyrannical nature, that never seemed satisfied unless when giving pain and annoyance to those forced to serve under him.

And so, the men grumbled audibly as they came back once more from the fore hatch, manning the sheets and braces, when the skipper's warning shout was heard,—

"Helm's a-lee!"

"Tacks and sheets!" the next order followed; when the head sails were flattened and the ship brought up to the wind.

Then came,—

"Mainsail haul!" and the ponderous yards were swung round as the *Denver City* payed off handsomely, close reefed as she was, on the star-board tack, shaping a course at a good right angle to her former one, so as now to weather the Smalls light, off the Pembroke shore, at the entrance to the Bristol Channel—a course that required a stiff lee helm, and plenty of it, as the wind had now fetched round almost due south, well before the beam.

"Thet will do, the watch!" then called out Captain Snaggs once more; but the men were not to be taken in a second time, and waited, grouped about the hatchway, to see whether he would call them back again.

He did not, however.

So, their stopping there made him angry.

"Thet'll do, the watch! D'ye haar?" he shouted a second time. "If ye want to go below for your grub, ye'd better go now, for, I guess I won't give ye another chance, an' yer spell in the fo'c's'le 'll soon be up. Be off with ye sharp, ye fools, or I'll send ye up agen to reef tops'ls!"

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This started them, and they disappeared down the hatchway in "a brace of shakes," the skipper turning round to the first-mate then, as if waiting for him to suggest some further little amusement for the afternoon.

Mr. Jefferson Flinders was quite equal to the occasion.

"Didn't you call all hands, cap, jist now?" asked he, with suspicious innocence; "I thought I kinder heerd you."

"Guess so," replied Captain Snaggs. "Why?"

"'Cause I didn't see thet precious nigger rascal, Sam Jedfoot. The stooard and thet swab of a Britisher boy you fetched aboard at Liverpool wer thaar, sir, an' every blessed soul on deck but thet lazy nigger."

"Deed, an' so it wer, I guess," said the captain musingly, as if to himself; and then he slipped back from the binnacle, where he had been talking to the first-mate, to his original position on the break of the poop, when, catching hold of the brass rail as before, he leant over and shouted forward at the pitch of his twangy voice; "Sam Jedfoot, ye durned nigger! ahoy thaar! Show a leg, or ye'll lump it!"

CHAPTER II.

"A GEN'LEMAN OB COLOUR."

"THEt swab of a Britisher boy," so opprobriously designated by the first-mate as having been "fetched aboard at Liverpool" by the captain, as if he were the sweepings of the gutter, was really no less a personage, if I may be allowed to use that term, than myself, the narrator of the following strange story.

I happened, as luck would have it, to be standing just at his elbow when he made the remark, having come up the companion way from the cabin below the poop by the steward's directions to tell Captain Snaggs that his dinner was ready; and, as may be imagined, I was mightily pleased with his complimentary language, although wondering that he gave me the credit of pulling and hauling with the others in taking in sail on "all hands" being summoned, when every idler on board ship, as I had learnt in a previous voyage to New York and back, is supposed to help the rest of the crew; and so, of course, I lent my little aid too, doing as much as a boy could, as Mr. Jefferson Flinders, the captain's toady and fellow bully, although he only played second fiddle in that line when the skipper was on deck, could have seen for himself with half an eye.

Oh, yes, I heard what he said; and I believe he not only called me a "swab," but an ugly one as well!

Indeed, I heard every thing, pretty nearly everything, that is, and

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was able to see most of what occurred from the time when we where off the Tuskar Light until Captain Snaggs hailed the cook to come aft; for I was in and out of the cuddy and under the break of the poop all the while, except now that I went up the companion, and stood by the booby hatch over it, waiting for the captain to turn round, so that I could give him the steward's message.

But the skipper wasn't in any hurry to turn round at first, sticking there grasping the rail tightly, and working himself up into a regular fury because poor Sam didn't jump out of his galley at the sound of his voice and answer his summons; when, if he'd reflected, he would have known that the wind carried away his threatening words to leeward, preventing them from reaching the negro cook's ears, albeit these were as big and broad as the bell-mouth of a speaking trumpet.

The captain, though, did not think of this.

Not he; and, naturally, not recognising the reason for the negro's non-appearance immediately on his calling him, he became all the more angry and excited.

"Sam—Sambo—Sam Jedfoot!" he roared, raising his shrill voice a pitch higher in each case, as he thus successively rang the changes on the cook's name in his queer way, making the first-mate snigger behind him, and even I could not help laughing, the captain spoke so funnily through his nose; while Jan Steenbock, the second-mate, who was standing by the mainmast bitts, I could see, had a grim smile on his face. "Sam, ye scoundrel! Come aft hyar at once when I hail, or by thunder I'll keelhaul ye, as safe as me name's Ephraim O. Snaggs!"

The bathos of this peroration was too much for Jan Steenbock, and he burst into a loud "ho! ho!"

It was the last straw that broke the camel's—I mean the captain's—back, and he got as mad as a harter.

"Ye durned Dutch skunk!" he flamed out, the red veins cross-hatching his face in his passion. "What the blue blazes d'ye mean by making fun of yer captain? Snakes an' alligator, I'll disrate ye, I'll send ye forrud; I'll—I'll——"

"I not means no harms, capt'n," apologised the other, on the skipper stopping in his outburst for want of breath, the words appearing to be choking in his mouth, coming out too quick for utterance, so that they all got jumbled together. "I vas hab no bad respect of yous, sare. I vas only lafs mit myselfs."

"Then I'd kinder hev ye ter know, Mister Steenbock, thet ye'd better not laugh with yerself or anybody else when I'm on the poop," retorted Captain Snaggs, not believing a word of this lucid explanation, although he did not like seemingly to tell him so, and quarrel right out. "I guess though, as ye're so precious merry, ye might hev a

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pull taken at the lee mainbrace. If ye wer anything of a seamen ye'd hev done it without me telling ye."

Having administered this "flea in the ear" to the second-mate, the captain turned round abruptly on his heel, with a muttered objur-gation, having some reference to Jan Steenbock's eyes; and, as he looked aft, he caught sight of me.

"Jee-rusalem, b'y!" he exclaimed; "what in thunder air ye doin' hyar? The poop ain't no place fur cabin b'ys, I reckon."

"The steward sent me up, sir," I replied, trembling; for he looked as fierce as if he could eat me up without salt, his bristly beard sticking out and wagging in the air, as he spoke in that snarling voice of his. "He t-t-old me to tell you, sir, that dinner is ready in the cabin, sir."

The ship at the moment giving a lurch to port, as a fresh blast of wind caught her weather side, sending a big sea over the waint, I rolled up against him as I answered his question.

"Then ye ken go right away an' tell him that I guess I'm boss hyar," cried he, after shoving me back with an oath against the cabin skylight, which I almost tumbled over. "I'm goin' to hev my meals when I chooses, I say, younker, an' not when anybody else likes, stooard or no stooard!"

With this return message, I retreated nimbly down the companion, glad to get out of his reach, he looked so savage when he shoved me; but I had hardly descended two steps, when he called after me with a loud shout, that echoed down the passage way and made my flesh creep.

"B'y!" he yelled, making a jump, as if to grab hold of me. "B'y!"

"Ye-e-e-yes, sir," I stammered, in mortal terror, looking back up the hatchway, though too frightened to return to nearer quarters with him again. "Ye-e-yes, sir."

My alarm amused him. It was a sort of implied compliment to his bullying powers; and he laughed harshly, nodding his head.

"What in thunder air ye afeard on?" he said. "I ain't goin' to kill ye this time, b'y; it's another cuss I'm after, a kinder sort o' skunk of a different colour, I guess. Look hyar, b'y, jest ye make tracks forrard when ye've told the stooard what I've said, an' see whether thet tarnation black nigger's asleep in his galley, or what? Won't I give him fits when I catch him, thet's all! Thaar, be off with ye, smart!"

I did not need any second intimation to go, but plunged down the companion stairway as if a wild bull was after me; and, telling the Welshman, Morris Jones, who acted as steward, a poor, cowardly sort of creature, that the captain did not want his dinner yet, hastened through the cuddy, and on to the maindeck beyond, coming out by the sliding door under the break of the poop, that was the "back entrance," as it were, to the cabin.

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The ship being closehauled, heeled over so much to leeward that her port side was almost under water, the waves that broke over the fo'c's'le running down in a cataract into the waist and forming a regular river inside the bulwarks, right flush up with the top of the gunwale, which slushed backwards and forwards as the vessel pitched and rose again, one moment with her bows in the air, and the next diving her nose deep down into the rocking seas; so, I had to scramble along towards the galley on the weather side, holding on to every rope I could clutch to secure my footing, the deck slanting so much, as the *Denver City* lay over to the wind, even under the reduced canvas she had spread. To add to my difficulties, also, in getting forwards, the sheets of foam and spindrift that were carried along by the fierce gusts—that came now and again between the lulls, when it blew more steadily, cutting off the tops of the billows and hurling the spray over the mainyard—drenched me almost to the skin before I arrived within hail of the fo'c's'le.

However, I reached the galley all right at last, if dripping; when, as I looked in over the half door that barred all admittance to the cook's domain except to a privileged few, what did I see but Sam Jedfoot sitting down quite cosily in front of a blazing fire he had made up under the coppers containing the men's tea, which would be served out at "four bells," enjoying himself as comfortably as you please, and actually playing the banjo—just as if he had nothing else to do, and there was no such person as Captain Snaggs in existence!

He had his back turned to me, and so could not notice that I was there, listening to him as he twanged the strings of the instrument, and struck up that "tink-a-tink a tong-tong" accompaniment familiar to all acquainted with the Christy Minstrels, the cook also humming away serenely to himself an old ditty dear to the darkey's heart, and which I had heard the negroes often sing when I was over in New York, on the previous voyage I had taken a few months before, to which I have already alluded—when I ran away to sea, and shipped as a cabin boy on board one of the Liverpool liners, occupying a similar position to that I now held in the *Denver City*.

This was the song the cook chaunted, with that sad intonation of voice for which, somehow or other, the light-hearted African race always seem to have such a strange predilection, Sam touching the strings of the banjo in harmonious chords to a sort of running arpeggio movement:—

"Oh, down in Alabama, 'fore I wer sot free,
I lubbed a p'ooty yaller gal, an' t'ought dat she lubbed me;
But she am probb unconstant, an' leff me hyar to tell
How my pore hart am breakin' fur dat croo-el Nancy Bell!"

He wound up with a resounding "twang" at the end of the bar,

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before giving the chorus—

“Den cheer up, Sam! don’ let yer sperrits go down;
Dere’s many a gal dat you knows wal am waitin’ fur you in de town!”

“I fancy you do want cheering up, Sam,” said I, waiting till he had finished the verse. “The skipper’s in a regular tantrum about you, and says you’re to come aft at once.”

“My golly, sonny!” cried he, turning round, with a grin on his ebony face, that showed all his ivories, and looking in no whit alarmed, as I expected, at the captain’s summons, proceeding to reach up one of his long arms, which were like those of a monkey, and hang the banjo on to a cleft close to the roof of the galley, out of harin’s way. “What am de muss about?”

“Because you didn’t turn out on deck when all hands were called just now to reef topsails,” I explained. “The ‘old man’ ’s in a fine passion, I can tell you, though he didn’t notice your not being there at first. It was that mean sneak, the first-mate, that told him, on purpose to get you into a row.”

“Ah-ha! Jess so, I sabby,” said Sam, getting up from his seat; although he did not look any the taller for standing, being a little man and having short legs, which, however, were compensated for by his long arms and broad shoulders, denoting great strength. “I’s know what dat mean cuss do it fo’—’cause I wouldn’t bring no hot coffee to um cabin fo’ him dis mornin’. Me tell him dat lazy stooa’d’s place do dat; me ship’s cook, not one black niggah slabe!”

“He’s always at me, too,” I chorussed, in sympathy with this complaint. “Mr. Flinders is harder on me than even Captain Snaggs, and he’s bad enough, in all conscience.”

“Dat am true,” replied the cook, who had been my only friend since I had been on board, none of the others, officers or men, having a kind word for me, save the carpenter, a sturdy Englishman, named Tom Bullover, and one of the Yankee sailors, Hiram Bangs, who seemed rather good-natured, and told me he came from some place “down Chicopee way,” wherever that might be. “But, never you mind, sonny; needer de cap’n nor dat brute ob a mate can kill us nohow; so ‘Cheer up, Sam.’ Guess, though, I’s better go aft at once, or Cap’n Snaggs ’ll bust his biler!”

And so, humming away still at the refrain of his favourite ditty, he clambered along the weather bulwarks, making his way to the poop, where the captain, I could see, as I peered round the corner of the galley, was still waiting for him at the top of the ladder on the weather side, holding on to the brass rail with one hand, and clutching hold of a stay with the other.

I pitied the negro; but of course I couldn’t help him. All I could do

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was to look on, by no means an uninterested spectator, though keeping cautiously out of sight of Captain Snaggs' watchful eye

The wind was not making such a noise through the shrouds now, for one could distinguish above its moaning whistle the wash of the waves as they broke with a rippling roar and splashed against the side like the measured strokes of a sledge hammer on the ship breasting them with her bluff bows, and contemptuously sailing on, spurning them beneath her fore foot; so, I was able to hear and see nearly all that passed, albeit I had to strain my ears occasionally to catch a word here and there.

He had waited so long that perhaps his anger had cooled down a bit by this time, for Captain Snaggs began on Sammy much more quietly than I expected from his outburst against him when I was up on the poop.

He was quite mild, indeed for him, as I had learnt already, to my cost, during the short acquaintance I had of his temper since we had left the Mersey: as mild as a sucking dove, with a vengeance.

"Ye durned nigger!" he commenced; "what d'ye mean by not answerin' when I hailed ye?"

"Me no hear you, mass' cap'n"

"Not haar me, by thunder!" screeched the other, raising his voice. "Ye aren't deaf, are ye?"

"Golly, yeth, massa," said Sam eagerly. "I se def as post"

"Ye can haar, though, when glog time comes round, I guess," retorted the captain; "what wei ye when 'all hands' wer called just now?"

"Down in de bread room, gettin' out de men's grub wid de stoowid," answered the cook, with much coolness; "me no hear 'all hands' call."

"That's a lie," said Captain Snaggs furiously. "The stoowid wer up hyar on deck, so ye couldn't hev been down below with him, ye durned nigger! T'is a damnation good mind to seize ye up an' give ye four dozen right away"

"Me no niggah slabe," said Sam proudly, drawing himself up and looking up at the captain, as if daring him to do his worst. "I se one 'spectable culled gentleman, sah!"

"Ho! ho! that's prime!" laughed out the skipper, astounded at his cheek; while the first-mate sniggered his aggravating "he! he!" behind him. "Oh, ye're 'a respectable coloured gentleman,' air ye?"

"Yeth, massa; me free Jamaica born, an' no slabe," repeated Sam courageously, the first-mate's chuckle having put him on his mettle more than the captain's sneer. "I se a free man!"

"Guess ye've come to the wrong shop then, my bo'," said Captain

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Snaggs; "ye'll find ye ain't free hyar, fur I'm boss aboard this air ship, an' want all hands to know it. Ye shipped as cook, hey?"

"Yeth, massa," replied Sam, as sturdily as ever. "I'se jine as cook fo' de v'yage to 'Friseo at ten dollars de month."

"Then, Master Sam, Sammy, Sambo Clubfoot, ye'll be kinder good enuff to take yer traps out of the galley an' go furrud into the fo'c's'le, as one of the foremast hands. As ye wouldn't turn out when all hands wer called jist now, ye'll hev the advantage of doin' so right through now, watch in and watch out all the v'yage! D'ye hear thet, Sam Clubfoot?"

"Dat not my name," said the other indignantly. "I'se chris'en' Sam Jedfoot."

"Well then, d'ye underconstabbe what I've sed, Mister Jedfoot, if ye like thet better—that ye're cook no longer, an' will hev to muster with the rest of the crew in the port watch? I'll put him with ye, Flinders, I know ye hev a hankerin' arter him," observed the skipper, in a stage whisper, to the first-mate, who sniggered his approval of this arrangement. "D'ye understand thet, ye durned nigger! or, hev yer ears got frizzed agen, makin' ye feel kinder deaf?"

"I'se heah, cap'n," replied Sam sullenly, as he turned away from under the break of the poop, and made his way forward again to where I stood watching his now changed face, all the mirth and merriment having gone out of it, making him look quite savage—an ugly customer, I thought, for any one to tackle with whom he might have enmity. "I'se heah fo' suah, an' won't forget noider, you bet."

CHAPTER III.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

"I'm very sorry for you, Sam," I said, when he came up again to the galley, making his way forward much more slowly than he had scrambled aft to interview the skipper. "Captain Snaggs is a regular tyrant to treat you so; but, never mind, Sam, we'll soon have you back in your old place here, for I don't think there's any fellow in the ship that knows anything about cooking like you!"

"Dunno spec dere's am," he replied disconsolately, speaking in a melancholy tone of voice, as if overcome at the idea of surrendering his regal post of king of the caboose—the cook's berth on board a merchant vessel being one of authority, as well as having a good deal of licence attached to it; besides giving the holder thereof an importance in the eyes of the crew, only second to that of the skipper, or his deputy, the first-mate. The next moment, however, the darkey's face

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brightened, from some happy thought or other that apparently crossed his mind; and, his mouth gradually opening with a broad grin, that displayed a double row of beautifully even white teeth, which would have aroused the envy of a fashionable dentist, he broke into a huge guffaw, that I was almost afraid the captain would hear away on the poop.

"Hoo-hoo! Yah-yah!" he laughed, with all that hearty abandon of his race, bending his body and slapping his hands to his shins, as if to hold himself up. "Golly! me nebber t'ought ob dat afore! Hoo-hoo! Yah-yah! I'se most ready to die wid laffin! Hoo-hoo!"

"Why, Sam," I cried, "what's the matter now?"

"Hoo-hoo! Cholly," he at last managed to get out between his convulsive fits of laughter. "You jess wait till cap'n want um grub; an' den—hoo-hoo!—you see one fine joke! My gosh! Cholly, I'se one big fool not tink ob dat afore! Guess it'll do prime. Yah-yah! Won't de 'ole man' squirm! Hoo-hoo!"

"Oh, Sam!" I exclaimed, a horrid thought occurring to me all at once. "You wouldn't poison him?"

The little negro drew himself up with a native sort of dignity, that made him appear quite tall.

"I'se hab black 'kin, an' no white like yourn, Cholly," said he gravely, wiping away the tears that had run down his cheeks in the exuberance of his recent merriment. "But, b'y, yer may beleeb de troot, dat if I'se hab black 'kin, my hart ain't ob dat colour; an' I wouldn't pizen no man, if he was the delbel hisself. No, Cholly, I'se fight fair, an' dunno wish ter go ahint no man's back!"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said I, seeing that I had insulted him by my suspicion; "but, what are you going to do to pay the skipper out?"

This set him off again with a fresh paroxysm of laughter.

"My golly! Hoo-hoo! I'se goin' hab one fine joke," he spluttered out, his face seemingly all mouth, and his woolly hair crinkling, as if electrified by his inward feelings. "I'se goin'—hoo-hoo!—I'se goin'—yah-yah!—"

But, what he was about to tell me remained for the present a mystery; for, just then, the squalls ceasing and the wind shifting to the northward of west, the captain ordered the lee braces to be slacked off, and we hauled round more to starboard, still keeping on the same tack though. Our course now was pretty nearly south-west by south, and thus, instead of barely just weathering the Smalls, as we should only have been able to do if it had kept on blowing from the same quarter right in our teeth, we managed to give the Pembrokeshire, coast a good wide berth, keeping into the open seaway right across the

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entrance to the Bristol Channel, the ship heading towards Scilly well out from the land.

She made better weather, too, not rolling or pitching so much, going a bit free, as she did when closehauled, the wind drawing more abeam as it veered north; and Captain Snaggs was not the last to notice this, you may be sure. He thought he might just as well take advantage of it, as not being one of your soft-hearted sailors, but a "beggar to carry on when he had the chance," at least, so said Hiram Bangs, who had sailed with him before.

No sooner, therefore, were the yards braced round than he roared out again to the watch, keeping them busy on their legs,—

"Hands, make sail!"

"Let go y'r tops'l halliards!"

"Away aloft thaar, men!" he cried, when the yards came down on the caps; "lay out sharp an' shake out them reefs!"

Then, it was all hoist away with the halliards and belay, the main-sail being set again shortly afterwards and the jib rehoisted, with the foretopmost staysail stowed and the reef let out of the foresail.

Later on, the top-gallants were set, as well as the spanker; and the *Denver City*, under a good spread of canvas, began to show us how she could go through the water on a bowline; for, the sea having gone down a bit, besides running the same way we were going, she did not take in so much wet nor heel over half so much as she did an hour before, when beating to windward, while every stitch she had on drew, sending her along a good eight knots or more, with a wake behind her like a mill race.

During the commotion that ensued when we were bracing the yards and letting out reefs and setting more sail, I had lost sight of Sam Jedfoot, the men bustling about so much forward that I retreated under the break of the poop, out of their way; but, from here, I noticed that Sam made himself very busy when the clew-garnet blocks were hauled aft, on the mainsail being dropped, his powerful arms being as good as any two men tailed on to a rope, for there was "plenty of heef" in him, if he were not up to much in the matter of size.

After the bustle, however, I was called in to the cabin by the steward, to help wait at table, as the captain had come down to dinner at last, now that everything was going well with the ship and we were fairly out at sea, the first-mate accompanying him, while Jan Steenbock was left in charge of the deck, with strict orders to keep the same course, west sou'-west, and call Captain Snaggs if any change should take place in the wind.

"I guess the stoopid cuss can't make no durned mistake about that," I heard the captain say to Mr. Flinders, as he came down the companion

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hatchway, rubbing his hands, as if in anticipation of his dinner; "an', by thunder, I do feel all powerful hungry!"

"So do I, sir," chimed in the first-mate. "I hope the stooard hez somethin' good for us to eat. I feel raal peckish, I dew!"

"Hope ye ain't too partick'ler" rejoined Captain Snaggs; "fur this 'll be the last dinner thet air conceited darkey, Sam, 'll cook fur ye, Flinders. He goes in the fo'c's'le to-morrow, an' this yer lout of a stooard shall take his place in the galley."

"Changey for changey, black dog for white monkey," observed the first-mate with a snigger. "Eh, cap?"

"Ye've hit it, Flinders, I reckon," said the other; and, as he gave a look round the cabin before taking his seat, which the Welsh steward stood behind obsequiously, although he could not draw it out, as it was lashed down to the deck and a fixture, the captain added: "Ye'd better see about gettin' the deadlight up to those stern ports, Flinders, afore nightfall. They look rayther shaky, an' if a followin' sea should catch us astern we'd be all swamped in hyar, I guess."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the first mate, seating himself, too; that is, as soon as he noticed that the steward, who had instantly rushed forward to the galley for the dinner, which was keeping hot there, had returned with a smoking dish, which he placed in front of the captain, dexterously removing the cover almost at the same instant—"I'll see to it the first thing when I go on deck again."

"An', Flinders," continued Captain Snaggs, ladling out a good portion of the contents of the dish into a plate, which the steward passed on to the first-mate, "I see a rope's end hangin' down thaar, too, like a bight of the signal halliards or the boomsheet, which some lubber hez let tow overboard. Hev it made fast an' shipshape. I hate slovenliness like pizen."

"So do I, sir, you bet," answered the mate, with his mouth full. "I'll watch it when I go on the poop ag'en; but, ain't this fowl and rice jist galuptious, cap!"

"Pretty so so," said Captain Snaggs, who seemed somewhat critical, in spite of his assertion of being ravenous and "a reg'ler whale on poultry," as he had observed when Jones took off the dish cover. "Strikes me, thaar's a rum sort o' taste about it thet ain't quite fowlish!"

"M-yum, m-yum; I dew taste sunthin' bitterish," agreed Mr. Flinders, smacking his lips and deliberating apparently over the flavour of the fowl; "p'raps the critter's gall bladder got busted; hey?"

"P'raps so, Flinders," rejoined the skipper; "but I hope thet durned nigger hasn't been meddlin' with it! Them darkeys air awful vengeful, an' when I hed him up jist now, an' told him he'd hov ter

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go forrüd, I heard him mutter sunthin' about not forgettin'—guess I did, so."

Captain Snaggs looked so solemn as he said this, with his face bent down into his plate to examine what was on it the more closely, and his billygoat beard almost touching the gravy, that I had to cough to prevent myself from laughing, for I was standing just by him, handing round a dish of potatoes at the time.

"Hillo!" he exclaimed, looking up and staring at me so that I flushed up as red as a turkey cock, "what's the matter with yo, b'y?"

"N-n-othing, sir," I stammered. "I-I couldn't help it, sir; I have got a sort of tickling in my throat."

"Guess a ticklin' on yer back would kinder teach ye better manners when ye're a-waitin' at table," he said grimly. "Go an' tell the stooard to fetch the rum bottle out of my bunk, with a couple of tumblers, an' then ye can claar out right away. I don't want no b'ys a-hangin' round when I'm feedin'!"

Glad enough was I to get away without any further questioning; and, after giving Jones the captain's message, I went out from the pantry on to the maindeck, and so forward to the galley, where I expected to find Sam.

He wasn't there, however; but, hearing his voice on the fo'c's'le, I looked up, and saw him there, in the centre of a little knot of men, consisting of Tom Bullover, the carpenter, Hiram Bangs, and another American sailor, to whom, as I quickly learnt, from a stray word here and there, the darkey cook was laying down the law anent the skipper and his doings.

"De ole man's a hard row to hoe, you bet," I heard him say, "but he don't get over dis chile noliow! I'se heer tell ob him afore I shipst as how he wer the hardest cap'n as sailed out ob Libberpool."

"Then, why did you jine?" asked Hiram Bangs; "good cooks ain't so common as you couldn't git another vessel."

"Why did you jine, Mass' Hiram, when you sailed wid him afore an' knowed he was de bery dobbel?"

"'Cause I wants ter go to 'Frisco," replied the other; "and, 'sides, I ain't afeared of the old skunk. He's more jaw nor actin', an' a good sailor too, an' no mistake, spite of his bad temper an' hard words."

"Golly, Hiram, nor ain't I'se afeared ob him neider! My fader in Jamaikay he one big feti-sh man; an' I not 'fra'd ob Captain Snaggs, or de dobbel, or any odder man; an' I wants go ter 'Frisco too, and dat's de reason I'se h'ar."

Presently, when I had the chance of speaking to him, I told him of the captain's suspicions; but he only laughed when I begged him to tell me if he had put anything into the cabin dinner, and what it was.

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"Yah-yah! sonny; I'se tole yer so, I'se tole yer so—hoo-hoo!" he cried, doubling himself up and yelling with mirth. "I'se tell yer, 'jiss wait till bymeby, an' you see one big joke;' but, chile, yer'd better know nuffin about it; fo', den you ken tell de troot if de cap'n ax, an' say yer knows nuffin."

This was no doubt sound advice; still, it did not satisfy my curiosity, and I was rather indignant at his not confiding in me. Of course, I was not going to tell the captain or anybody, for I wasn't a sneak, at all events, if I was only a cabin boy!

Vexed at his not confiding in me, I turned to look over the side at the scene around.

The sun had not long set, and a bit of the afterglow yet lingered over the western horizon, warming up that portion of the sky; but, above, although the leaden clouds had all disappeared, being driven away to leeward long since, the shades of evening were gradually creeping up, and the sea and everything was covered with a purple haze, save where the racing waves rushed over each other in a mass of seething foam, that scintillated out coruscations of light—little oases of brightness in the desert of the deep.

As for the ship, she was a beauty, and sailed on, behaving like a clipper, rising and falling with a gentle rocking motion, when she met and passed the rollers that she overtook in her course, as they raced before her, trying to outvie her speed, and tossing up a shower of spray occasionally over her weather bow, which the fading gleams of crimson and gold of the sunset touched up and turned into so many little rainbows, that hovered over the water in front for a moment and then disappeared, as the vessel crushed them out of life with her cutwater.

The wind still whistled through the rigging, but it was more like, now, the musical sound of an Æolian harp, whose chords vibrated rhythmically with the breeze; while the big sails bellying out from the yards above emitted a gentle hum, as that of bees in the distance, from the rushing air that expanded their folds, which, with the wash and break, break, break of the sea, sounded like a sad lullaby.

All was quietness on deck: some of the late hands having their tea below, where one or two had already turned in to gain a few winks of sleep before being called on duty to keep the first watch. Others again, as I've already said, were chatting and yarning on the fo'c's'le, as sailors love to chat and yarn of an evening, when the ship is sailing free with a fair wind, and there's nothing much doing, save to mind the helm and take an occasional pull at the braces to keep her "full and by."

All was quiet; but, not for long!

It was just beginning to grow dark, although still light enough to

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see every thing that was going on fore and aft, when Captain Snaggs staggered out from the cuddy, coming through the doorway underneath the break of the poop, and not going up the companion hatch, as was his usual habit when he came out on deck.

He looked as if he had been drinking pretty heavily from the bottle of rum the steward had brought in as I left the cabin, an impression which his thick speech confirmed, when, after fetching up against the mainmast bitts, in a vain attempt to work to windward and reach the poop ladder, he began to roar out my name.

"B'y! I wants thot b'y, Chawley Hills! Hillo. Chaw-ley! Chaw-ley Hills!—Hills!—Hills! on deck thaar! where are ye? By thunder! I'll 'spif-spif-splicate ye, b'y, when I catch ye! Come hyar!"

I was rather terrified at this summons, the more especially from his being drunk; but, I went all the same towards him.

He clutched hold of me the moment I came near.

"Ye d-d-durned young reptile!" he roared, more soberly than he had spoken before; and, from a sort of agonized look in his face, I could see that something more than mere drink affected him, having noticed him before under the influence of intoxicating liquors. "Tell me wha-a-t thet infarnal nigger put into the grub. Ye know ye knows all about it, fur ye looked guilty when the mate an' I wer talkin' about it at table; an' he's been pizened, an' so am I; an' he sez ye knows all about it, an' so does I; an' what is more, b'y, I'll squeeze the life out of ye if yer don't tell!"

"Oh, please, sir," I cried out, as well as the pressure of his hands on my throat would permit, "I don't know. I don't know anything."

"Cus you, b'y! Ye dew know; an', if chokin' won't get it out of ye, we'll try what larrupin' will do!"

So saying, he ordered a couple of the hands standing by to seize me up to the weather rigging; and taking hold of a thick piece of rope, which he had brought with him out of the cabin, he proceeded to deliver blows about my back and shoulders that made me howl again, the strokes seeming to tear my flesh from my bones.

"Won't ye tell, hey?" he exclaimed between each stroke of the improvised cat, which lashed as well, I can answer, as if it had nine tails; "won't ye tell, hey?"

At the third stroke, however, he himself fell upon the deck, putting his hands to his stomach and rolling about doubled up almost in two in his agony; although, when the paroxysm of pain had ceased for the moment, he got up on his feet once more and began lashing away at me again.

But, my deliverer was at hand.

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Just as he raised his arm to deliver a fourth stripe across my back, and I shrank back in expectation of it, I heard Sam Jedfoot's voice,—

"'Top dat, mass' cap'n," he called out. "What fur yer lick dat b'y fur?"

"Oh, it's ye, is it?" roared the skipper, turning on him with a snarl. "I wer comin' fur ye presently, ye durned cuss! But, as ye air hyar, why, ye scoundrel! what did ye make thet b'y do to me dinner? Me an' the mate is both pizened."

"De b'y didn't do nuffin, an' you ain't pizened, nor Mass' Flinders, neider," said Sam calmly, interrupting the captain before he could scream out another word; "I'se dun it alone. I'se pūt jalap in de fowl a puppose!"

"Ye did, did ye!" yelled the captain fiercely; and there was a savage vindictiveness in his voice that I had not noticed previously, as he turned round to address the second-mate and a number of the men, who had gathered round at the noise made by the altercation, those that had turned in turning out, and even the look-out coming from off the "fo'c's'le away aft to see what was going on. "Men, ye've heard this tarnation villain confess that he's tried to pizen Mr. Flinders an' myself. Now ye'll see me punish him!"

With these words, which he spoke quite calmly, without a trace of passion, he drew out a revolver from the pocket of his jacket, cocking it with a click that struck a cold chill to my heart, and made me shudder more convulsively than even the brute's lashes had done the moment before.

"Bress de Lor'! don' shoot me, cap'n!" cried poor Sam, edging away from the fatal weapon, as Captain Snaggs raised it; "don' shoot, fo' de Lor's sake!"

"I'm going to kill ye like a dog!" rejoined the other, taking aim; but Sam, quick as lightning darted into the weather rigging, making his way forward along the channels, the captain jumping after him and repeating,—"It's no use. Ye won't escape me, I tell ye, darkey; ye won't escape me! I'll kill ye as dead as a dog! Like a dog, d'ye haar?"

As he uttered the last words a second time, as if the repetition of the phrase pleased his cruel ear, there was another "click," followed by a bright flash and a sharp report; and then, uttering a wild, despairing cry, which was echoed by the men standing around, poor Sam dropped into the sea alongside, his body splashing up the water right inboard into my face as it fell!

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER XII

ELIZABETH AND HER ADMIRALS.—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

A STRANGE and novel phase in the story of the British Navy during the stirring era of Elizabeth now begins to open before us; it is wondrous, indeed, in its myriad forms of adventure. For the first time to European eyes Flora disclosed herself in such glowing and odorously brilliancy as, in the Old World, had never yet been known. Both the wonderful and the beautiful unite, and the wildest dreamings of romance never yet arrived at the stirring depth of interest which is couched under the names of Drake, Cavendish, Dampier, and the BUCCANEERS! though these uproarious rovers of the brine do not, as yet, make their appearance on our stage. And, to allay impatience if this wild period is not brightened with the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, it is because his time has not come. Let us thus have our cast of characters complete, so that it may be known or judged what part each one may have to play, in order to become a little intimate with their several characteristics—for they are great men all—and the curtain shall speedily be drawn up for the great drama of the Armada in its countless scenes and innumerable acts.

After the discoveries of Columbus, Cabot, Magellan, Frobisher, and the like, a passion for shortening the passage to the spice islands of Ind, and the gorgeous gem-land of Ophir—the gum and frankincense yielding “Trapobare”—seized the navigators, one and all. From Labrador to Florida, from Florida to La Plata, from La Plata to the stormy Horn, and even through the frozen inlets of the Arctic Sea, the hardy adventurers felt their way daily, hourly, with a patience, an assiduity, and endurance which so often brought their own reward by the accidental discoveries thus made. Columbus had himself dreamed of a western or north-western way to the Indian islands; and those lying in the Gulf of Mexico, or lining the North American seaboard, he took to be

new islands contiguous to the Indian peninsula. Cuba was to him at first a part of Asia, but sailing farther west the American continent lay in his path, and then he knew there was another sea to cross, and hence the Isthmus of Darien rose into importance, not because it was of any help to navigation, but because it might serve like a sign-post to point out a way. Some day, perhaps, this difficulty, hitherto so insuperable, will be obviated, and a navigable canal with locks will unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; for engineering difficulties are matters meant to test the mechanical ability of the day, which has shown itself equal to draw lightning out of heaven, and to converse, as it were, man with man, *through leagues of bounding ocean!*

Portugal and Spain had, by art and partnership, appropriated the Brazils, the islands of the gulf, and leagues of coast north and south of the line. In fact, Pope Alexander VI.—that terrible head of the terrible Borgia family, that added a new horror to the “sensation” of mankind—had settled the geography of the New World. By a bull of donation he had determined as limits of partition a meridian drawn one hundred leagues west of the Azores and the Cape Verd Islands. He thus made over to Spain domination and possession of all lands already discovered, or those to be hereafter discovered, as far as 180 degrees west of this meridional line. To Portugal, on the other hand, was assigned all that lay within the same extent eastward of the limit decided upon. There were nations of Europe, however, that looked with mingled amazement and contempt on this preposterous assumption. England, France, and Holland paid little attention to the complacent partition. For the former troubled itself but little about Alexander's decrees, while the French monarch said, in the true spirit of a French *mot*, that he “should like to see the will of the *Sieur Adam* before he chose to believe that

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have told him that any open or violent forms of treachery would be unavailing, and the motive, from first to last, rests so suspiciously on Drake himself, that his criminality is almost to be taken for granted. A certain Portuguese prize had parted or "strayed" from the fleet in a violent tempest, and Doughty was accused of having taken bribes, and wandered away with his charge in a manner calculated to awaken the suspicions of Drake, and the prize was accordingly burnt to prevent accidents. At the same time, this might have afforded Drake an excellent handle for prosecuting a scheme on his own part. Some ostentatious parade was made it is true, of allegements against Mr Doughty by Drake as to treasonous words spoken, and words written also, and forty of Drake's associates adjudged the criminal to death. But the charges were chiefly made by Drake and the supposititious allegations of others prove but little except Drake's influence and power. On the other hand, Doughty, who had served with Drake in Ireland, under the command of Essex, had spoken his mind pretty openly about the

deadly plot the Earl of Leicester had formed against the life of Essex, and thus Drake was urged to get rid of a man who might be dangerous to that nobleman's reputation. Yet it is contended that our captain-general was too noble minded to become an agent in the villainies of Leicester, if we give them no milder term. And yet, again, Essex was Drake's direct patron, and thus we get more befogged than ever. If Drake was not worked upon by a jealousy of Doughty's abilities—which was a feeling quite unworthy of him—it is a matter of great difficulty to solve the matter, and this writer confesses that he is very much in the dark. Doughty was beheaded and buried with a Mr Winter (who died of some wounds received in a "chance medley" fray with the Patagonians) and with a gunner of the ship on a small island in the harbour and the chaplain, Mr Fletcher, erected a stone, rudely carving the names and dates of death in commemoration of the event. So much for this blot on Drake's escutcheon. And here we leave Mr Doughty and his difficulties. Peace to his *manes*!

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO

CHAPTER VII.

My first day of forest slavery—I make a discovery which greatly comforts me—I engage in a match at woodcraft and am accused of witchcraft—Am restored to favour by means of my magic bracelet—I introduce the art of writing to the chief, Lubat Lum at

ALTHOUGH I had not eaten since noon, and then not over plentifully, the fussing and eagerness manifested by my fellow slaves to light fires and fetch water wherewith to cook their dole of rice failed to inspire me with emulation, and, since my Papuan friend had obliged me by affording room in his iron pot for my supper as well as his own, I was content to leave the matter in his hands entirely, and, retiring to some distance from the noise and clatter, sat under a bush to indulge in the melancholy pastime of reflection.

And truly, if my mind's appetite for misery had been as voracious as that of the parched ground for rain, there was food enough for it and to spare. What was I? A slave of the lowest sort, "a hewer of wood," kept alive for the profit of my heathen masters, as a packhorse is kept alive or a mill in motion. Had fortune, indeed, done with me? Was this the finish to my romantic dreaming—this death of heart and hope? Had I for any space of time been acquainted with all luck and good, alternately swimming and sinking in the stream I had ventured in, I might have regarded my present ignominy as but a transient thing—a mere

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stranding that would, in natural course, be remedied when the tide turned; but, after knowing but one short day's tolerable comfort, to be so suddenly reduced to the very less of misery—plunged and fast stuck in it beyond hope of escape! All these thoughts brought me to so wretched a state that I wept more plentifully than I should have cared the savages about me to have witnessed, and uttered aloud my regret that I had not perished on the raft, or that my arm had saved my heart from the thrust of the pirate's spear.

In the midst of my lamenting, the little Papuan came forward with the mess of rice smoking on a dish made of a great green leaf. It was evident from his expressive features that he interpreted my distress as arising from doubt of his honesty, and he very generously set down the dish before me and stepped away a little that I might eat what I pleased, and leave him the rest. But, even had I been in cue for eating, I could not have touched the smoking mess, for the Papuan had dressed it to please his own palate, and had so saturated it with oil and pepper, that was rancid and stinking, that the very smell of it caused me to shudder with disgust. This involuntary expression of my feelings did not escape the Papuan, who, poor fellow, never having in the course of his life experienced a trouble that fat and rice could not assuage, was at once impressed with the notion that I must indeed be ill, and, hurrying off, found the taskmaster, with whom he was in favour, and who gave him permission to show me to the hut where I was to sleep.

I have before remarked on the appearance these paltry hovels presented, but I was agreeably surprised to find them—at least, the one I was shown to—much more commodious than I imagined. True, there was nothing in the shape of bed-clothes or of bedding either, except from a horse's view; but with the former it is easy to dispense in such a climate as Borneo, and as to the latter my recent experiences had taught me not to be over-nice; so down I flung myself, hoping to escape my misery in sleep.

And, despite the humming and clicking of the great beetles in the thatch, and the tormenting stings of the mosquitoes, I was on the point of succeeding, when, to my astonishment, the hut I lay in was boisterously entered by at least a dozen fellows, so that there was not more than fair standing room for them, and who deliberately began to squat and huddle down on the rushes, pillowing their heads on each other's haunches, and evidently bent on staying all night. Luckily, I had previously edged close to the wall by the doorway for coolness' sake, and was not in a convenient position for pillowing. Evidently it was a common thing for the slaves to sleep in this way; indeed, had I taken the trouble to compare the number of huts with the number of wood-choppers, I might easily have avoided my erroneous conclusion that the hut was for my separate accommodation.

But, although I saw the necessity for resignation, sleep was quite out of the question. In a little while the heat and evil odour became intolerable, while the beetles seemed to regard the snoring of my companions as a challenge, and commenced to click, and chirp, and buzz at a harder rate than ever, while the mosquitoes warmed to their work, and set to with a vengeance. I can hardly believe that the rest were bitten as cruelly as I was, for, beyond an occasional tossing of arms or a more emphatic snort than ordinary, not one of the sleepers betrayed the slightest inconvenience. Perhaps the tiny demons thought it their duty to pay me, as a stranger, special attention.

At last I became so frightfully stung that I resolved to stay in the hut no

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longer, and, crawling out at the doorway as stealthily as I could, gained the outside without disturbing any one of my bedfellows. I should have liked a walk to the beach and a good look at the sea, but I neither knew the way nor what might be the penalty if I were discovered attempting it, so I did the next best thing—I climbed a high tree, and, the night being clear and bright, my eyes were speedily refreshed by a sight of the wide-spreading ocean, which, though it had served me so unkindly, I was still faithful to—nay, yearned to it more than ever, I think, and not without reason, for, when it had first attracted me, it was but as a speculative path, leading, perhaps, to riches and things curious and desirable, and perhaps to peril and hazardous adventure. It was, doubtless, this very uncertainty that constituted the chief charm; now, however, there was the charm without the uncertainty—I *knew* what the sea parted me from, and I knew to the utmost grain the value of the treasures on the far-away other side—treasures which I had deliberately abandoned. Should I ever get back to reclaim them? Should I find the custodian of the choicest casket—my mother, with her heart so full of love for me?—should I find her alive, or dead and buried, perhaps without a message or ever so trifling a token left behind that she died thinking of me?

And here I would tender my advice alike to young boys and elderly lads not to regard sneeringly or with impatience what I have just said or may have to say concerning this milkopishness of mine. Don't be too hard on it unless your determination or some insurmountable obstacle precludes the possibility of your running away to sea. Sure as ever you do so run away—and remember it is old, grey-haired Reuben Davidger, and not the harum-scarum young fellow who climbed into the tree at Borneo who writes this—thoughts of “mother” will cause you more choking sensations than anything else you are likely to meet with. In my opinion, that peculiar little bump in the throat known as “Eve’s apple” was not so called because of the original apple of sin Adam was beguiled into swallowing, but because it is symbolic of the bitter fruit of remorse which rises to rebuke us when we inflict on those dear Eves, our mothers, wanton grief and anxiety. So it happened that, as I nestled among the green boughs, and gazed over the great sea, homeward, I thought—

But there—out of my thoughts, and vows, and good resolutions nothing came, so I will not repeat them. Suffice it I stayed up in my tree till the cold morning breeze sprang up and effectually allayed the burning irritation the mosquitoes had caused. I became so chilled, indeed, that, when I descended, I was glad to find that one of the fires made overnight to boil the rice-pots was still smouldering, so I piled on some wood and sat by the side of it. As I sat I reached a forked stick, and, thinking of anything but what I was doing, stirred the red-hot embers in a listless way.

Who can tell when his luck may change, or, indeed, what is good luck and what bad? The threshold to the Temple of Fame is not always of a piece with the inner splendour, but oftentimes so unpromising that we unconsciously pass the door that would open readily by a push. But there—one can do no more than avail himself of fair opportunities as far as he may see them; if they extend beyond his range of vision—as he afterwards discovers—let him console himself with the reflection that a blind man would have been thankful to have seen only half as far as he, the short-sighted one, saw himself.

I, sitting on the dewy grass, and cowering over a smoky, spitting fire, with a

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bare back and an empty belly, was as nigh the threshold of fame and of vast wealth as any man who ever lived. As I sat stirring the red embers, I held in my hand a wand more potent than ever yet was wielded by enchanter. The said wand was the forked bough.

As I poked at the fire there oozed from the jagged end of the stick a gummy whity-brown substance, which, as I indolently watched it, trickled on to the embers, and, there melting, died away; when, however, I held up my stick, the gum seemed to harden as it cooled, and hung from the stick as birdlime would. I idly gathered a pendent string of the stuff in my hand and rolled it into a ball, and speedily it became as hard as leather and as tough, for I could not indent it with my finger-nail. I stuck the ball on the crook of the stick, and toasted it till it fell flat and soft, and then I moulded it round my wrist bracelet fashion, kneading the ends together. Then for the first time I began to think with some degree of seriousness of what I was doing, for the stuff had become a hard, tight ring round my wrist, and try as I might I could not break it away. I had no knife to cut it, so I took to biting it, and, hurting my teeth, was reminded of my late disastrous failure, and no sooner were the two subjects—the gum ring round my wrist and the dentistry business—brought together in my mind than they seemed to fit each other so exactly that it seemed a pity to disturb them, so I let them alone and quietly brooded over them. And this was what was hatched from my brooding. Here was a vegetable substance hard as wood, light as cork, tough as whalebone, and, under the influence of heat, ductile as dough. What an excellent material wherewith to make artificial gums!

To regain the eminence from which I had slipped—to escape from my present mean condition—was my chief desire; and, since this new and curious substance promised to help me to this, it was all I hoped of it. Knowing what I now know—what all the world knows—how ridiculously modest my ambition seems! What might I not have demanded of the good genius who had placed round my wrist that magic bracelet! The reader will be able himself to make the calculation when I inform him that the dingy bracelet was gutta-percha!

Never doubting but that the substance must be well known to the natives, when I had fully made up my mind to open fresh negotiations with the disappointed young doctor at the very earliest opportunity, I returned to the hut without troubling to remove the ring from my wrist, and, as the morning air had by this time ventilated the hovel and caused the mosquitoes to retire, I lay down in the place I had previously vacated and fell into a sound sleep, which was only broken by the clanging of the same gong which had given notice the previous evening that work was over, and now announced that it was time to begin again.

On waking and locking round I was disposed to fall at once into my former melancholy state, but no sooner did my eyes light on the wrist-ring than I became at once reassured, and ate my breakfast of rice with a gusto that delighted the good-natured little Papuan, who, as on the previous night, acted as cook, refraining, however, at my earnest desire, from adding to my share any of the highly-scented oil. The ring seemed to have quite a talismanic effect on my spirits, and the condition of my arm and leg being much improved, I set out for the work-ground as cheerful as the rest, certain in my mind that, though I might not chance to see the young doctor that day or even the next, as soon as I should meet him there would be on the instant an end to my forest slavery.

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When we arrived at the scene of yesterday's labours, it came into my head that I would show them the English method of felling a tree, and how superior it was to their tinkerish mode. The axe, to be sure, was but a sorry substitute for the axe of the English woodman, as well as I was a sorry substitute for the woodman himself; but when I had selected a not over-large tree, and swinging the axe over my shoulder, commenced making the splinters fly, the rest of the choppers,



My match at woodcraft with the driver.

who were, as usual, squatted on their hams, desisted from work, and stared aghast, especially when presently they saw the tree fall. Attracted by their wondering ejaculations, up came the taskmaster, and he, seeing how matters stood, to my astonishment, began to look angry, and to regard me with glances which were anything but friendly; but when I came to understand that he had risen to the position of driver solely on his merits as a skilful woodman, my surprise ceased. It was not to his interest that one of his fellows should chop timber faster than he could.

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In a moment, however, he masked his anger by a forced laugh of contempt, and, looking about him, selected two trees, and, taking an axe from a slave, motioned me to one tree (the largest by some inches), squatted at the foot of the other, and invited me to test my skill against his. Had I been allowed time for consideration, I should have foreseen the danger of beating my master, and taken pains to have lost the match; but, luckily, pride of country stepped before the meaner sentiment, and I straightened my back and went to work with a will—England against Borneo.

Borneo didn't have a chance after the first half-a-dozen strokes. Considering his tailor-like position, he chopped with marvellous dexterity; but his blows were weak, and took but slow effect; while I exerted myself to the very top of my strength—so much so that, about midway in the job, the axe was broken in the middle of the handle, and I had to provide myself with another, and the result was that my tree was brought with its crown to the earth while the marrow of his had not yet felt the axe. The taskmaster was signally defeated on his own challenge, and the slaves, who bore him about as much good-will as might be expected, clapped their hands to see it.

The taskmaster's copper-coloured face turned ash-colour with rage, and, starting to his feet with his axe still in his hand, he rushed towards me. Whether it had been his intention to cut me down with it I can't exactly tell; I only know that he raised the weapon very suspiciously, and I, too, raised mine. In an instant, however, his axe was lowered. His eye had caught the ring about my wrist, and his tactics were altered with the swiftness of thought. Pointing at my wrist, he started back with real or well-assumed horror, exclaiming—

“Antu! antu!”

Now “antu,” in the language of these people, means a “charm,” or a “spirit;” and, though I was at that time quite ignorant of the Sea Dyak dialect, it was impossible to observe the consternation which so suddenly overtook the savages as he uttered the words and not give a guess at their import.

“If you think there is any virtue in this simple thing,” said I, laughing, “you had better come and examine it.”

And I threw down my axe and walked open-handed towards them. As a return for my candour, they sprang at me from all sides and held me fast, and commenced examining the ring on my wrist with every expression of awe, without, however, once touching it with their hands.

The conversation which then transpired was, as I afterwards made out, pretty much as follows:—

“See how we have been deceived!” said the driver; “this is not a man, but a spirit—a spirit of the Devil! See, his arm is strengthened by a charm, the like of which was never before seen. Come here, Lunak Sada, and you, Kara Tiku, and tell us whether, from your old memories, you have a knowledge of this strange thing.”

So Lunak Sada (the “fat fish”) and Kara Tiku (“monkey tail”) stepped forward, and, handling my fingers as fearfully as though they had been the tails of venomous serpents, examined the ring long and curiously.

“It is neither iron, nor brass, nor any sort of metal,” pronounced Lunak Sada gravely.

“Nor wood, nor stone, nor anything that grows on the face of the earth,” was the equally emphatic decision of Kara Tiku.

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"*Iain antu! bunoh iya! bunoh iya!*" shouted the slaves in one voice; and, though their vengeful emphasis alone made the foreign words very terrible, they would have been even more so had I known their import, which was, "A bad spirit! kill him! kill him!"

But the driver, while he evidently regarded my death as a consummation by no means undesirable, was withheld, as it would seem, by certain directions he had received from the young doctor when the latter had given me over to the task-master's custody.

"Nay," said he, "it would be of no use for such as us to try and kill him; his body, destroyed by us, would only spring up in another shape—in shape of a son or a daughter of ours, perhaps, for these white devils are very malicious. The way of putting him altogether out of the world is known only to our priests. Let us take him to *Anakraja*, that he may deal with him."

I must once more remind the reader that, at the time, this was to me not intelligible talk, but mere gibberish, accompanied by all sorts of violent and threatening gestures. Nevertheless, I found myself listening as attentively when one and the other spoke as though able to understand every word; and, at the end of the discourse, as the savages unanimously repeated, "*Anakraja!*" and, after binding my arms, began, in a body to move, taking me with them, I had little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that to "*Anakraja*" I was about to be taken, though what sort of person or thing "*Anakraja*" was I could not even give a guess.

They led me out of the forest and towards the village, shouting and clapping their hands as they went; and when we had arrived very nearly to the outer palisading, to my delight I spied Tom Cox, squatted before an anvil, and hammering away at a piece of hot iron, whilst his assistant was blowing the forge-fire out of an instrument that looked more like a Highlander's bagpipe than a blacksmith's bellows. I lost no time in shouting Tom's name, and in an instant he jumped to his feet and came running up, and, in his rough way, pushed aside the fellows who would have hindered him, and took me by the hands.

"Why, what's up now, shipmate?" exclaimed he in astonishment. "What do they mean by tying you in this way? Show me the fellow who did it."

"Hush, Tom," said I seriously; "I'm glad to have met you, not that you can help me, but that you may see the last of me, for I much fear they mean killing me this time, Tom. If *Anakraja*, or some such word, means killing, my time is short, without doubt."

"*Anakraja!*" repeated Tom; "why, that's the scoundrel who pulled out my grinders! I've heard his name a dozen times."

"Well, if that is it, Tom," replied I, brightening up, "my case is not so bad as I thought, for, if there is a man who can save my life, the one you speak of is he. Just you get back to your work quietly; I shall see you again before long, you may depend."

So off Tom went after shaking hands with me, and our procession started again with me in its midst, much relieved by what Master Cox had told me. And, sure enough, he was right in his information; for when we came to that part of the village where the doctor lived we halted, and, accompanied by the driver and two other fellows, mounted to the terrace and approached *Anakraja's* hut.

Luckily, he was at home and gave us audience. What the terms of the accusations were I did not understand, but I could see that the doctor listened with

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much more curiosity than indignation, eyeing me from time to time with a puzzled expression, to which I believe my confident demeanour contributed not a little. When they came to speak of the bracelet—as I knew by their motions—he came up and examined it eagerly, and then, cutting short the slave-driver's harangue, ordered him and his companions out of the place, and Anakraja and I were left alone.

His first act was to endeavour to remove the ring from my wrist, but, finding that he could not, he cut the withe that bound my hands and signed for me to take it off; but this I could do no better than himself, as far as pulling it over my hand went. Finding this, he handed me his knife, but the blade, like all I ever saw there, was of poor stuff, and the edge of it turned back from the tough ring as soon as it touched it. At this, Anakraja's face began to assume an expression something of a character with that I had seen on the faces of the slaves in the forest when the driver first announced to them his discovery of my true nature. Anakraja couldn't make out how the little ring could have been drawn over the broad hand; neither, as it was easy to see, could he divine of what material the ring was composed; and, as he firmly believed himself less cunning only than the Devil himself, he began to smell brimstone about the business, as the saying is. How to remove the bracelet was at first a puzzle to me, till I recollected how fire would soften it, when—the doctor all the time looking on in amazement—I thrust the point of the knife into the fire, and then applying the hot edge to the gutta-percha, divided it easily enough, creating, however, during the process a fume and a smell that evidently went far to confirm the doctor's brimstone suspicions. After a little hesitation, however, he took the severed ring in his hands and examined it minutely, but he could make nothing of it. I begged it back, and, holding it on the point of the knife till it was quite soft, drew it out to a longish string, and, waiting a moment till it cooled and hardened, twisted it into a sort of fancy knot and placed it in his hands. Again he took it to the light and tried its strength, and smelt at it, but all his manœuvres failed to make the thing less inexplicable. I took it again, and, once more softening it, picked a chip of wood from the ground and stuck it into the putty-like mass, and when it had cooled the chip was fast fixed, so that, in trying to release it, the doctor broke it short off. Instantly a light seemed to dawn on him. He uttered a cry of joy, and, clapping his hand to his mouth, intimated at once his appreciation of the happy discovery and his desire that it should be kept a profound secret from every one else.

Going to the door, he dismissed the driver and his attendants in terms, as was evident from his tone, of banter and ridicule at the war's-nest they had discovered. Then he pulled the mat close over the entrance, and, sitting down, invited me with great cordiality to seat myself at his side. Producing the little cake of gutta-percha, which he had thrust in his girdle, he again examined it, and began to ask me a long string of questions respecting it, to all of which, for the best of all possible reasons, I could only shake my head. I might have made him understand easily enough how and where I had discovered the singular substance, but it occurred to me that to do so would be to throw away the better part of the lucky chance that presented itself; should the newly-discovered material prove valuable, my importance, while I held the secret of its source, was secured. Little, however, did I suspect the manner in which the doctor accounted for my possession of it; despite his pretended ridicule of the tale brought him by the slave-driver, Anakraja was not so wise but that he, too, regarded the bracelet as a

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"witch thing," a gift to myself from the Prince of Darkness, whom I had exhorted to help me out of my difficulties; indeed, Anakrja afterwards told me so himself, and when I expostulated with him on the rashness of meddling with goods he had believed came direct from Satan, he laughingly replied that that was no concern of his—that the white man's "Great Spirit of Bad" was not the black man's, and that any reckoning I had incurred by the transaction it would be my business to settle.

Certainly, any scruples he may have entertained as to the source of the "*liein-besi*," or *iron war*, as he chose to term it, did not stand in the way of his setting about applying it to his pet project—the fixing of the chief's artificial teeth—with the most cheerful alacrity. It happened, too, that, since the failure of our first experiment, it had occurred to me that if the tops of the teeth could be drilled, and securely threaded with fine gold wire, they could be formed into a sort of chain, and admit of much more secure setting than if fixed individually. The doctor caught at the suggestion very readily, and undertook to get the job done. The drilling of the teeth and weaving them together occupied nine days, and, though I saw nothing of them meanwhile, I was convinced that the work was progressing satisfactorily, because day after day my patron's kindness increased so, that the end of a week found me quite set up by good feeding, and with my shoes returned to me, which was a great convenience, as in those regions the ants that swarm about the ground are very apt to attack the feet, depositing their eggs under the toe-nails, and causing them to swell and ulcerate in a very painful manner. As for my jacket, the doctor, with many apologies, declared his inability to return it, as he had given the buttons belonging to it to his wife's sister to make a necklace, and the garment itself to another female relative, who had converted the body of it into a sort of petticoat, and the sleeves into a headdress; however, in compensation, he procured the skins of two goats, and out of these his wife contrived as comfortable a cloak as I would wish to wear. While aboard ship I had learned to smoke, and I had but to express the desire, to find a pipe and a handful of native-grown tobacco at my disposal. Indeed, it seemed that nothing was denied me but liberty; on this point the doctor was very particular, and whenever he himself went out gave me the strictest injunctions to remain within the house.

At length the teeth came home, and a most excellent job was made of them; so good a job indeed, that I could scarcely believe it was native work, not knowing at the time that, as a worker in wire, the Dyak is second only to the Chinese, of whom he probably learnt the art. Prepared as they were, to fit the teeth into the plastic "*liein-besi*" was an easy task enough; and by the morning of the eleventh day of my release from wood-chopping my master again set out on his dentistry mission, on the success of which depended what he held most dear in life, while in my case liberty, and perhaps life itself, was at stake.

On this occasion, however, fortune was less unkind. Scarcely more than half-an-hour could have elapsed from the time of his setting out when he returned, and at a single glance I saw that it was all right. His face was radiant with joy; he wept, he laughed, and, throwing his arms about my neck, kissed me on both cheeks—a favour which, as the reader may easily understand, I should have preferred to have avoided. It is common enough, however, for the men of this country to kiss each other. He called me his "dear brother," his "heart's pulse," and several other extravagant things; and at the termination of his tiresome

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endearments bade me put on my cloak (for, the morning being hot, I had been lying on a mat smoking my pipe without it) and come with him.

We approached the centre hut where the two sentries, with their bark petticoats and drawn krisses, kept guard, and were speedily ushered into the presence of the chief, who, as on the occasion of my first introduction to him, was seated at the upper end surrounded by his councillors, among whom I observed the old doctor, whose lips were compressed, and his eyes flashing with ill-concealed fury. As for the chief, he wore his new teeth, and, without doubt, his appearance was much improved by them—a fact he himself, with the vanity of a girl of seventeen, was verifying by the aid of a small mirror as we entered. As soon as the chief saw us he kindly beckoned us forward.

Of Anakraja's conduct on this occasion I have no reason to complain; indeed, whenever I reflect on the deep villany he afterwards practised towards me, this generosity of his the more amazes me. One thing, however, should not be forgotten; he had promised to cure my ailments in the space of a month, and here I was (thanks to my luck rather than to his kindness) hale and hearty in little over a fortnight. Moreover, he had, more, I believe, by way of inducing the chief to intrust me to his care than that such was his actual belief, expatiated on the cunning and ingenuity of white men, which made them so much more valuable as slaves than any other sort. Here, then, was an opportunity of convincing the chief at once of his skill as a physician, of his wisdom as a councillor, and of his profound knowledge of mankind.

"Here is this wondrous white man whom I have cured after my elder brother (the old doctor) had pronounced him incurable; and here is a specimen of the cunning work I bespoke him capable of performing."

This, as nearly as I could make out (for, as I should before have stated, during the eleven days I had been confined to Anakraja's house I had mastered a goodish many words of the Dyak tongue), was the address of Anakraja to the chief, who was thus made to understand (what really was not the fact) that the work which had so pleased him was solely mine; and that all he (Anakraja) claimed was the merit of skill in curing me and of shrewdness in foreseeing what a clever fellow I was. This address was graciously received, and Ribut Bungat (or "the hurricane"), for such was the chief's name, gave us his hands to kiss—an act which so infuriated the old doctor, that, forgetful of the etiquette of the council-house, he stamped his foot and rushed out of the place, without the least respectful salutation to his chief. This, according to Sea Dyak law, is an unpardonable offence, and may be visited by death.

Ribut Bungat, however, whatever were his thoughts on his late physician's strange behaviour, only smiled scornfully, and motioned Anakraja to the place vacated. As for myself, I was fairly bewildered when the old fellow turned to me and bade me name the reward I desired. On account of his new teeth he spoke the words very indistinctly, but "reward" happened to be one of the very words for which I had been at pains to learn the Dyak equivalent.

Now, like all ardent and inexperienced young fellows, my mind was susceptible of the most insignificant influences, and the turn of a straw, as one may say, would plunge me to the depths of despair, or raise me to the topmost pinnacle of expectation. Therefore it came about that, while in the latter mood, I had asked myself this very question:—"Suppose you should find such favour with the chief that he

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would promise to grant any request you chose to make?" To this my immediate reply was, "I would ask for my liberty." But it instantly occurred to me that, if the chief valued my services, this would be the very last favour he would be inclined to grant, and that, indeed, by asking it I might give him such offence as to forfeit his good-will altogether. It would be better to observe a little patience—to further please him, and advance another step towards my ultimate aim by an affectation of modesty. It was as well that I had thought the matter over, for when it now became my good fortune "to name the reward I desired," I, with much promptitude, intimated, by signs and words, that I desired nothing better than to be placed in a position to be of such use to the chief as my ability might permit and his wisdom suggest, only stipulating for the company of my companion, Tom Cox.

My answer, which was interpreted to the chief by Anakraja, so pleased him that he at once despatched an officer to the treasure-house, and presently that functionary returned, accompanied by two slaves, who were loaded with fine mats and native made cloth, while the officer himself bore half-a-dozen rings, as large as those used for curtains, and as thick as my thumb. From their weight and general appearance it was plain that they were of solid gold, and Ribut Bungat, taking them in his hand, slipped three on to each of my wrists, at the same time uttering certain words which, though they certainly did not seem so at the time, were much more valuable than the six gold rings, inasmuch as they conferred on me the rank of an officer of his household, with certain pay and privileges. No doubt he would likewise have granted my application for Tom Cox's company, but, seeing him about to do so one or two of his grey-headed councillors commenced whispering with him, and I was finally given to understand that Ribut Bungat, although a liberal chief, and ever anxious to reward merit, could not confer favour on any one who did not in some way distinguish himself, and that, until Tom Cox did "distinguish" himself we could not be allowed to meet even.

This decision, arbitrary and unaccountable as it seemed at the time, was by-and-by, rendered intelligible enough. It seems that the councillors had advised Ribut Bungat that, though the wisdom and cunning of white people was unbounded they were very jealous of their knowledge, and could never be brought to impart it to strangers unless compelled, at the same time broadly hinting that the chief had already been too ready to reward me for the trifling service I had performed, and that if he had held back and treated my handiwork lightly, I might have been induced to make a much more extensive and useful display of my ingenuity; and I regretted to see that, although Anakraja did his best for my cause in a long and energetic speech, Ribut Bungat's avarice nearly overtopped his good-nature, and he shook his head dubiously, and was evidently inwardly resolved not to let my unlucky fellow-countryman escape so easily.

Finding how the case stood, and being very anxious that Tom should, at least be made acquainted with my safety and fair prospects I begged permission to write to him; but, though I made the most graphic signs—forming words on the palm of my hand with my forefinger and reading them off audibly—I could obtain no other answer than a look of bewilderment from every one present, including even the learned Anakraja, to whom the chief naturally turned for an explanation.

"Look about you," said Anakraja to me, as the readiest way out of the difficulty—"Look about you and touch the thing you want, that we may understand."

Provided I could have seen in any part of the council-house a pen, a pencil, or

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even a scrap of paper, Anakraja's hint would have been the exact thing to have acted on; but nothing in the way of writing material was visible, which was no great wonder, considering that the art of writing was utterly unknown in Magindano. Of this, however, I was unaware at the time, and, marvelling in my mind at their thickheadedness, I begged a slip of bark from the petticoat of a gentleman standing by, and a knife from another, and on the smooth side of the bark scratched in big letters—

“DEAR TOM,—I am safe and sound. They have given me presents and made an officer of me. The same honours await you. Make them something new and novel in blacksmithery and your fortune is made. Try and accomplish this, for they won't let me see you, even, till you do.—REUBEN.”

When I had finished I gave it to Anakraja, at the same time begging him to send it to “Tomcox,” as he was here called. But Ribut Bungat snatched it from his hand, and for the space of a minute examined the scrawl with the greatest wonder, turning it sideways and upside-down, but could make nothing of it, so he returned it to Anakraja, directing him to question me about it. He commenced by asking “Why?” meaning why did I wish the slip of bark to be carried to Tom. I replied, “To tell him I was well and kindly treated.” This reply Anakraja interpreted to the chief, whom the notion of the bit of bark being able to “tell” anything seemed to tickle amazingly. He laughed outright, as, of course, did the entire assembly, and said it was impossible, adding that mine must indeed be a marvellous country if speech was given to the very trees; but I maintained my seriousness, and did my best to make them understand that the words on the bark, and not the bark itself, were what would acquaint Tom with my condition; but my attempts at explanation were anything but successful, and seemed but to lead Ribut Bungat to the conclusion that with the point of the knife I had cut the “tongue” of the bark, and so let free its powers of speech, in some such sort of way as the ignorant among English folk cut the tongues of their starlings. The end of the business, however, was that a messenger was despatched with the bark letter, with instructions to bring Tom Cox back with him.

In a little while the messenger returned, bringing Tom fresh from his smithy, with his shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, and his face and hands within a shade of the colour of those about him. At first he did not perceive me, and when he did, what with the goatskin cloak and the golden rings on my arms, he stared as though he could scarcely trust his eyes. No sooner, however, was he quite convinced that it was me, than, with no regard for court etiquette, he bowed his way towards me. Before he could approach me, however, he was stopped by command of Ribut Bungat and led to the farther end of the hall. There was no objection to our holding a conversation, the chief said, but it must be through the “talking bark,” as he was particularly anxious to witness the process. At the same time we were both furnished with slips of bark and knives.

By way of easing Tom's bewilderment (for of course he knew not a word of the writing controversy), I first of all sent him a few lines of an explanatory character, to which he replied in such an uncomplimentary strain as regarded the chief and his councillors, that it was a mercy that “bark talk” was a secret known only to ourselves.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.
EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

VI.

DENSITY.

THERE is no necessity to dwell upon the density of bodies here: it is well known that, considered as possessing the same volume, bodies have different weights. We shall consider this subject at greater length in the subsequent part of the work, when dealing with the properties of metals.



Fig. 31. Experiment on the Density of Liquids.

The principles of hydrostatics which we intend to consider now can be easily explained. It is very easy to understand the principle of Archimedes. Take any body of irregular form,—a stone will do,—and having attached to it a thread, let it dip into a vessel filled to the brim with water. The water will overflow in volume equivalent to the bulk of the stone; as can readily be proved by weighing the glass partly emptied of water and the stone against another similar glass, full of water.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

ASCENT OF WINE IN AN INVERTED GLASS OF WATER.

Dip two wine-glasses into a basin of water, and before taking them out, place the brims together, so that they may remain full, but one over the other. Then move them slightly, so that a very small space may intervene between the rims. Take a third glass and drip from it some wine in such a manner as it may spread slowly over the surface of the inverted glass, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 31). When the wine has trickled down to the line of separation, you will perceive the ruddy drops filtering into the glasses and ascending into the upper one, in consequence of the difference in the densities of wine and water.



Fig. 32. The Grape seed in the Glass of Champagne.

THE GRAPE-SEED IN THE GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

If we place a grape-seed, quite dry, at the bottom of a glass, and fill it with champagne, we shall see the bubbles attaching themselves to the seed, and it will rise to the surface of the wine, where the bubbles burst and disappear. Then the seed will fall to the bottom of the glass again. The seed in this instance has been raised to the surface by the aid of the air-bubbles, which play the part of little balloons in bringing it to the top of the liquid (Fig. 32).

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE MOVEMENTS OF GASES.

ALRIAL CURRENTS.

Hot air is much lighter than cold air, and the differences in density of the air-strata play a very important part in the movements of the atmosphere. Air is warmed in the Equatorial, and cooled in the Polar Regions.

It is easy to understand the differences in density of the aerial currents if we open the door of a warm room which is entered from a cold hall



Fig 33. Direction of Candle flames under the influence of Air currents.

A candle held to the upper part of the open door will show the direction of the warm current, while the course of the cold air will be demonstrated by the flaring flame of a candle placed on the floor. The currents pass in opposite directions, out and in (Fig. 33).

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

TO REVOLVE A COIN BETWEEN TWO PINS.

It is not necessary to have recourse to the action of warm air to produce aerial motion. We have in ourselves an apparatus which is capable of producing gaseous currents, and which will assist us in our Scientific Amusements—viz., our mouths! Place a half-crown flat on the table, then seize it between two pins held at the extremities of the same diameter. You may raise it thus without any trouble. Blow against the upper surface, and you will see the coin revolving with considerable speed between the pins. The illustration shows (Fig. 34) the manner in which this feat can be accomplished. The coin can be

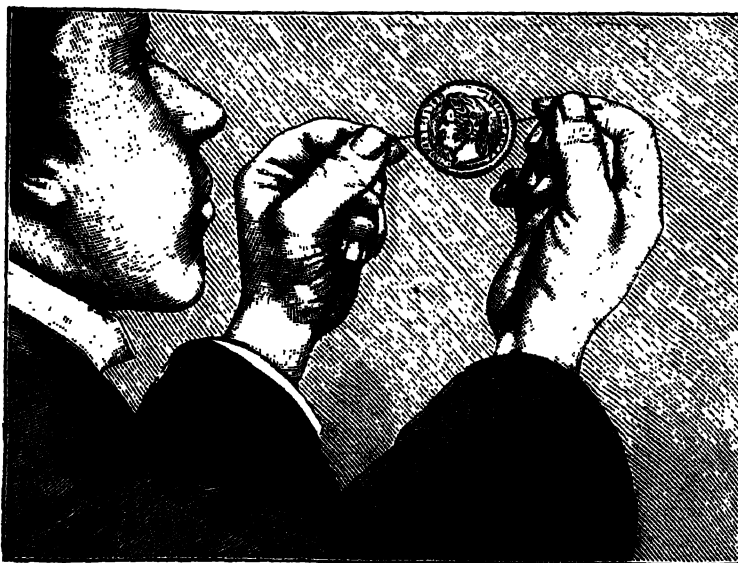


Fig. 34. Rotation of Coin between Two Pins.

made to revolve (by blowing on its upper surface) with such rapidity as to make it appear a metallic sphere. In this we have an illustration of the persistence of impressions on the retina, of which we shall speak hereafter.

TO KEEP A PEA IN EQUILIBRIUM BY MEANS OF A CURRENT OF AIR.

Choose as rounded a pea as you can find, and soften it, if dry, in water. Then skilfully impale it on a pin, so as not to damage its exterior surface and shape. Then get a pipe of very small bore, and place the pea on one of its extremities, where it is maintained by the

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Fig. 35. Pea sustained in the Air by blowing through a Tube.

pin which has been inserted in the tube. Throw your head back until the pipe is in a vertical position, and then blow gradually and slowly through it. The pea will rise up; then blow more forcibly, and it will be sustained by the current of air turning on itself when the breath strikes the pin (Fig. 35).

Here is another experiment of the same kind:—



Fig. 36. Bread Pellet sustained by a Current of Air.

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Take a metallic penholder which is closed at one of its ends. At a little distance from the closed extremity drill a tiny hole. Then blow up through the aperture thus formed, regularly and steadily. A small bread pellet, perfectly round, can then be kept up, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 36).

The pellet should be as spherical as possible, its size varying with the density of the material of which it is composed and the size of the aperture in the tube. Many other experiments can be made by any means which will ensure a constant, even, supply of air, or gas, or steam from the extremity of a pipe.

By analogous means an egg-shell can be maintained at the upper extremity of a jet of water, on which it will revolve without falling off. [A wooden ball can also be kept up in revolution in the same manner]



Fig 37. The Boomerang.

RESISTANCE OF THE AIR.

THE AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG.

Every one has heard of the Australian boomerang. It is a weapon formed in the shape of an arc of hard wood, which the aborigines and inhabitants of Australia throw with unerring skill at some object—an enemy or quarry. When the boomerang strikes the object aimed at, it returns to the hand which launched it. One may quickly learn to throw this weapon after a few trials.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

Fifteen years ago M. Marcy, of the Paris Institute, published an interesting paper on this subject in the *Aéronaut*, in which journal were discussed questions relative to the resistance of the air. The learned professor then prepared—unconsciously—a little chapter for *Scientific Amusements*, and we will reproduce the gist of his remarks.

A piece of cardboard shaped into a crescent, the corners of which are rounded off, should be placed on the tip of the finger, or, still better, supported between the nail and the finger tip, so that the cardboard be inclined at an angle of 43 degrees, or so. Then, with a vigorous flip of the finger of the right hand at the extremity of the toy, it is impelled into the air with a rotatory motion. The cardboard crescent then appears as a wheel, and moves in an oblique ascending direction, stops, and without turning a summersault, returns in the same trajectory, if the experiment be successful, but more frequently it will come back in front or beside the point of departure, and always retrograding. The illustration (Fig. 37) will explain the method of procedure. We may add that it is preferable to place the crescent with its horns *towards* the experimentalist, not as in the illustration.

Now why does the boomerang return thus in the same direction with reference to the plane of the horizon? Here come in the notions which Foucault has already given us respecting the preservation of the plane of oscillation by the pendulum, and by the plane of gyration of the gyroscope.

“The boomerang receives from the thrower a double movement—viz., rapid rotation and a general impulse. The rotation given to the implement obliges it to retain its plane: it whirls obliquely in the air until its impulse is exhausted. At a given moment the weapon turns without advancing in space, and then its weight causes it to fall. But as the projectile continues to turn, still maintaining its inclined plane, the resistance of the air causes it to fall back in a direction parallel to this plane—that is to say, towards its point of departure.”

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE PAGES.

66.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A NATIVE of the New World, a benevolent, just, prudent, and sagacious man; he headed the army of his country during a celebrated contest, and by his military talents turned the scale in her favour. He retired early from public business, satisfied with having promoted his country's happiness, and quite uninfluenced by any selfish or ambitious motives. The Christian and surname of this celebrated man together contain sixteen letters:—

1, 6, 9, 12, 2, 4, make the name of a Swiss poet born at Zurich, who was also a painter of landscapes.

7, 8, 14, 14, 9, a celebrated divine, whose life was devoted to usefulness.

10, 8, 9, 14, 11, 12, 5, 9, an English watering-place, near which a celebrated battle was fought.

9, 7, 8, 12, 9, 2, 8, the most important port in Wales.

9, 6, 11, 12, 2, a river, on which is seated a large and handsome European city.

14, 8, 9, 9, 3, an Italian poet, born at Sorrento. His chief work is an epic poem.

67.—TRANSPPOSITION.

BUAJ.—A King of Mauritania greatly beloved by his subjects, who, in gratitude, erected a statue to his memory. He married Cleopatra, daughter of the famous Egyptian queen.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS.

68.



69.



70.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A brave English general of our own day, who died in India during the rebellion there. On his death-bed he said, speaking to the friends who surrounded him, "For forty years I have so ruled my life that when death comes I meet it face to face without fear." The initials of all the following, excepting the third (from which take the initial) give the name:—

1. A prime minister of Austria, generally regarded as the first statesman in Europe. A very short time before the national convulsions of 1848 he expressed himself as follows:—"Après moi le déluge."

2. A beautiful Saxon maiden, who is regarded by the British historians as the chief cause of the easy conquest of their country by the Saxons. It is said she was introduced to the British king, and, presenting him with a cup of wine, exclaimed, "Be of health, lord king;" to which the king replied, "Drine heal," or, "I drink your health." Her beauty made such an impression on the heart of the monarch that, in order to marry her, he settled the fertile province of Kent upon her father, and thus the Saxons, having once obtained a footing in the country, could never afterwards be removed.

3. A French town in which is a beautiful palace (now used as a museum) built by Louis XIV.

4. A gallant young English officer, who was mortally wounded at the siege of a city. Just as he was expiring he was told of the flight of the enemy; raising his head, he exclaimed, "Then I die contented," and instantly expired.

5. The capital of Afghanistan.

6. A prince of the Pelew Islands, who visited England, where he died of the small-pox.

7. A town of Canada, strongly fortified both by nature and art. It has been called "The British Gibraltar."

8. A large American city. It is the second commercial city in the world, and is situated on an island.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

71. The number of different ways in which the letters of the word "Reverend," taken all together, can be arranged, represents in shillings the gross income of a certain living, out of which, however, one-third has to be paid for rates, taxes, and repairs of church, &c. What is the net income?

72. From October 7th, 1850, to December 15th, 1862, includes a certain number of weeks, of which Frank lived $\frac{2}{3}$ at Cambridge, $\frac{1}{10}$ at Bedford, $\frac{1}{5}$ at Brighton, 5 times as long at Fordwich, $\frac{1}{10}$ at Exford, and of the remainder, at home, 169 weeks at Islington, and $\frac{4}{5}$ at Margate. How long did he live at each place? and, reckoning the average cost of his board and lodging at 30s. a week, how much did he pay on that score when away from home?

73. Joe's surface is equal to 5 square feet, of which, when he is floating in the sea (1 cubic foot of the water of which weighs 63lbs.), $\frac{3}{4}$ is under water at an average depth of 1 foot. What water pressure does he sustain?

74. What is L's weight, if a piece of cork of 3 cubic feet in size, and specific gravity .24 floating in distilled water, will just keep him clear of the water, the upper surface of the cork on which he rests being exactly even with the water's surface?

75. Each man in a party of 9 rowing away from a wreck takes his turn at the oars, each turn lasting 24 minutes, and 3 men rowing together. How many times would each man have rowed when the party reached land after being out 19 hours? and if the separate turn of labour of each man added $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile to their progress, how far had they rowed in that time?

76. M. took two young friends, his visitors, for a walk from Rose Cottage, Frensham, through Cherte, over Hind Head, to "The Devil's Punch Bowl," a picturesque vale encircled by a steep range of hills in South-west Surrey, returning by way of Thursley and Frensham Great Pond, stopping about 3 hours on the way to photograph Frensham and Cherte churches, and to rest, whereby his average speed throughout was only $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile per hour, although he actually walked at the rate of $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles. What was the entire distance walked? And if from Frensham to Cherte Church took $\frac{1}{10}$ of the entire time without stopping, what is the distance between the two churches?

77. A., fishing once in the Stour, near Richborough Castle, hooked an eel, which, in struggling to get away, pulled at the line with a force equal to 8 oz. in a horizontal direction, but at a depth such that the line formed an

angle of 60 deg. with the water's surface. What force had our hero to exert on the line in order to retain his prey? —

ANSWERS TO CHALLENGES, &c. (Pages 223 to 234.)

40. Teviot—Vienne—Canada. VIENNA.
41. Cologne—Tarn—Djebel es Shaik—Christiana. CORNELIA.

42. Hoang-ti.
43. Dionysius—Antiochus, King of Syria—Menelaus, husband of Helen—Orodes—Cambyse—Lydia—Eboracum—Stirling. DAMOCLES.

44. A kiss.
45. Let x = distance E. to N. M.
 $x + 2$ = " N. M. to B.
 y = rate from E. to N. M.
 $\therefore \frac{x}{y}$ = hours from E. to N. M.
 $\frac{x+2}{y-\frac{1}{2}}$ = " N. M. to B.

But $\frac{x+2}{y-\frac{1}{2}} = \frac{x}{y} + 1 \dots (a)$

Also $\left(\frac{x}{y} + \frac{x+2}{y-\frac{1}{2}}\right)(y-\frac{1}{2}) = x + x+2 - 1$

or $x - \frac{x}{y} + x + 2 = 2x + 1 \therefore x = 2\frac{1}{2}$.

And substituting this value of x in (a),

$\frac{3\frac{1}{2} + 2}{y - \frac{1}{2}} = \frac{3\frac{1}{2}}{y} + 1 = 4 \therefore y = 3\frac{1}{2}$ miles = first rate.

Also, $x = 3\frac{1}{2} = 10$ miles, distance from E. to N. M., and $10 + 2 = 12$ miles, N. M. to B.

Also, $\frac{x}{y} + \frac{x+2}{y-\frac{1}{2}} = 7$ hours on road.
 \therefore I reached B at 6 P.M.

46 Let x = distance B. to L.

$x + 2$ = " I. to L.
 y = coach rate.

Then $\frac{x}{y}$ = hours by coach,

$\frac{x}{y} - \frac{1}{2}$ = hours by boat,

$\frac{x+2}{y-\frac{1}{2}}$ = boat rate.

$\therefore x \times \frac{\frac{x}{y} - \frac{1}{2}}{x+2} = \left(\frac{x}{y} - \frac{1}{2}\right) - \frac{1}{2}$ } by Question
and $\frac{x+2}{y} = \frac{x}{y} - \frac{1}{2} + \frac{35}{60}$
 \therefore from 2nd equation, $y = 6$.

And substituting this value in 1st,

$x = 12$, miles from B. to L.,

$x + 2 = 14$, " I. to L.;

and the rates of coach and boat are 6 and 8 miles per hour.

47. Walk from L. to R. took 1 hour, equal to rest of 1 hour. \therefore I walked one-seventh of entire day's walk in 1 hour, and should have walked the entire distance in 7 hours had I not rested; but resting $3\frac{1}{2}$ = $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours spent on the road altogether; and as average rate was 2 miles, entire walk = 21 miles. But L. to R. and back = $\frac{1}{2}$ = 3 miles;

\therefore L. to R. = $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles,

and L. to E. = $21 - 3 = 18$ miles.

F. J. L.

48. Pythias. 50. Yellow-hammer.
49. Pine-apple. 51. Rocking-chair.

PUZZLE PAGES.

78.—CHARADE.

By kings and princes I am owned,
Though not by queens and earls;
Boys, men, and women do me hate,
But I am found in girls.

Although I'm not in houses seen,
Yet still I am in bricks;
Mules, horses, donkeys, without me,
Could not give any kicks.

In blackness I am never seen,
But I am found in ink;
Although I'm not in water found,
Yet still I am in drink.

Although in thoughts I ne'er am found,
Yet still I am in thinking;
Although in no part of the face,
Still I am found in winking.

79.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



80.—CHARADE.

My lord the king is ill on his bed,
And racked and torn with pain is he;
From the sole of his foot to the top of his head,
His arms and his legs feel as heavy as lead,
And he mutters, "I wish I was better or dead,
I wish to be blistered, I want to be bled,
Ho! send for my *Médecins* both," he said,
"Or I dead as a herring shall be."

As the spider crouching in his gloomy lair,
In some dark corner patiently does he;
Remorseless, bloody, never known to spare,
He waits the coming of the victim fly.
His web is shaken; with how small delay,
One moment waits, then pounces on his prey!
As when an eagle, poised with noiseless wing,
Beholds his quarry on the plain below,
Some gentle fawn, whose restless, anxious air,
Proclaims he's wandered from the parent doe—
Poor fawn! thy fate is sealed, thy foe swoops
through the sky—

Vain is that bounding leap, ah! vain that
piteous cry.

With eager haste depicted on his face
Each doctor makes some dreadful preparation;
A king, not being an ordinary "case,"
Requires no ordinary application.
Each gallied out, then soon began the race;
The "quick step" shortly changed into a run,
Who to be first each went his fastest pace,
But both arrived at once, so neither won.
Pity the sorrows of a poor sick man,
Whose ills have brought two doctors to his door
When fall Disease appears with aspect wan,
One doctor's bad enough, but two's an awful
bore).

With such an air that made the boldest quake.
They fell upon the king with tooth and nail;
Soon was he blistered, bled, then had to take
Unnumbered nostrums never known to fail.

Yet, strange to say, the king no better grew;
The doctors, nonplussed, knew not what to do,
Whether to advance or retreat.

His highness was getting as thin as a post;
He solemnly thought he would give up the ghost,
Because he had nothing to eat.

There never was a crisis, so at least 'tis said
In every book of history I have read,
When no one could tell what to do,
But a leader would rise to protect them from
harm—

For instance, "the pilot who weathered the
storm"—

So in this case the adage held true.

He lies a cook, a grave and learned man
(That is to say, in culinary lore,
Deep in the mysteries of dish and pan),
At this same time a thoughtful aspect wore.
Deep sunk in his reflections, deeper in his chair,
Upon his master's plight he pondered o'er;
He brought his whole colossal mind to bear
Upon the knotty point, the *king* to cure.

A smile, at length, o'er his face there stole;
He chuckled, and, rubbing his hands with glee,
"I have it! I'll make him a dish!" said he;
"Pooh, pooh! the doctors! pooh! fiddle-de-dee!
They're not, both together, half as clever as me;
For though they've worked hard, yet I'll earn
their fee,

For I'll warrant my physic my first shall be,
If my second is done by my whole."

The Black Man's Ghost.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS' BURIED TREASURE
OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

AUTHOR OF "PICKED UP AT SEA," "ON BOARD THE EMERALDA," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!

"THAT'S murder—murder in cold blood!"

The voice uttering this exclamation, which I at once recognised as that of Tom Bullover, the carpenter, came from amidst a mass of the men, who, attracted by the noise of the row, had gathered from forward, and were clustered together—as I could see sideways from my position there, spreadeagled in the rigging. They were standing by the long-boat, just abaft of poor Sam Jedfoot's now tenantless galley, and immediately under the bellying folds of the mainsail, that rustled and swelled out over their heads, tugging at the boltropes and rattling the clowgarnet blocks, as it was jerked by the wind, which ever and anon blew with eddying gusts as it veered and shifted.

"Who's the mutinous rascal that spoke then?" cried Captain Snaggs, wheeling round on the instant, quick as lightning, and cocking his revolver with another ominous click, as he faced the group, aiming at the nearest man to him. "Jest give me another word of yer jaw, an' I'll sarve ye the same as I sarved thet durned nigger—I will so, by thunder!"

A hoarse murmur, partly of rage and partly expressive of fear, arose from the crew as they shuffled uneasily about the deck, one trying to get behind another; but, neither Tom Bullover or any one else stepped out to answer the captain, who, seeing that he had cowed them, lowered his awkward looking weapon.

"Ye're a pack of durned skallywags, with nary a one the pluck of a skunk in the lot!" he exclaimed contemptuously, in his snarling Yankee voice; but, just then, the head sails flapping, from the helmsman letting the ship nearly broach to, forgetting to attend to his duties in his eagerness to hear all that was going on, the captain's wrath was directed towards those aft, and he wheeled round and swore at the second-mate, who was on the poop, leaning over the rail, bawling out louder than before:—"What the infernal dickens are ye about there, Mister Steenbock? Snakes an' alligators! why, ye'll have us all aback

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in another minute! Ease her off, ease her off gently; and hev thet lubber at the wheel relieved; d'ye hear? He ain't worth a cuss! Get a man thet can steer in his place. Jerusalem! Up with the helm at once!"

Fortunately, the jib only jibed, while the foretopsail slatted a bit against the mast; and, all the other sails remaining full and drawing, a slight shift of the helm sufficed to put the ship on her proper course. Still, the captain, now his blood was up, could not afford to lose such a good opportunity both for rating the second-mate for his carelessness in conning the ship and not making the helmsman keep her steady on her course, and also in giving a little extra work to the hands who had dared to murmur at his fearful vengeance on the cook for drugging his food. So he made them bustle about the deck in style, slacking off the lee braces and hauling upon these on the weather side, until we had brought the wind almost over the stern, with the yards pretty nearly square. We were now running before it, rolling from port to starboard and back again from starboard to port, almost gun-wales under, with the sail we had on us now, for it was blowing a good ten-knot breeze from the nor'-nor'-west, the breeze having shifted again since sunset, right a-stern, instead of being dead ahead, as previously, of our proper tract for the open sea.

When Captain Snaggs had seen everything braced round, and the boom sheet of the spanker likewise eased off, he turned to where I was still lashed up against the main shrouds, in dread expectancy every moment of his renewing the thrashing he had commenced, and which poor Sam's plucky intervention on my behalf had for the time interrupted.

"Well, ye young cuss!" said the skipper, who had been giving all his orders from the lower deck, which he had not left since he had rolled out from the cuddy under the poop in the paroxysm of passion and pain that had led to such a dread catastrophe—all that had happened, although it takes a long time to describe, having occurred within a very brief interval of his first outburst on me. "What hev ye got to say for y'rself thet I shouldn't give ye a thunderin' hidin', sich as I hanker arter, hey? I'm jiggered, too, if I don't, ye young whelp! Fur I guess ye wer kinder hand-in-glove with thet dunned nigger when he tried to pizeu me an' Mister Flinders. I'll skin ye alive, though ye aren't bigger nor a spitsail sheet knot, my joker, fur ye hev'n't got half enuff yet, I bet!"

So saying, he picked up the rope's-end, that he had dropped when he took out his revolver, and was evidently about to lay it on my poor trembling back again, when another groan came from the men forward, who still hung about the windlass bitts, instead of going below

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after squaring the yards. Tom Bullover's voice, I could hear, again taking the lead, as they advanced in a body aft, in a much more demonstrative manner than previously.

"Stow that now, and leave the boy alone," I heard him say. "You've wallopped him already; and there's been enough murder done in the ship!"

Captain Snaggs let fall the cat he had taken in his hand to thrash me with, and once more pulled out from his pocket the revolver; but, in the half light that lingered now after the sunset glow had faded out of the sky, I noticed, as I screwed my neck round, looking to see what he was doing, that his hand trembled. The next moment he dropped the revolver on the deck as he had done the rope's-end.

"Who's talkin' of murder? Thet's an ugly word," he stammered out, evidently frightened at the result of his rage against poor Sam and the way in which the crew regarded it. "I—I only shot thet nigger because he pizened me an' the first-mate."

"You should have put him in ze irons," interposed the second-mate, Jan Steenbock, speaking in his deep, solemn tones from the poop above. "Ze man vas murdert in ze cold blood!"

I could see Captain Snaggs shiver, all his coarse, bullying manner and braggadocio deserting him, as Jan Steenbock's accents rang through the ship, like those of an accusing judge, the index finger of the second-mate's right hand pointing at him, as he leant over the poop rail, like the finger of Fate!

"I did not mean to shoot the coon like to kill him: I only meant to kinder frighten the life out of him, thet's all," he began, in an exculpatory tone, regaining his usual confidence as he proceeded. "The durned cuss brought it on himself, I reckon; fur, if he hadn't climbed into the rigging he wouldn't hev dropped overboard!"

"But, you vas shoot him ze first," said Jan Steenbock, in reply to this, the men on the other side of the captain giving a murmuring assent to the accusation, "you vas shoot him ze first!"

"Aye, thet's so; but I didn't mean to hit him, only to skear him. Guess I don't think I did, fur the ship rolled as I fired, an' the bullet must hev gone over his woolly head, an' he let go from sheer frit!"

"Zat might be," answered the second-mate, whom the men left to do all the talking; "but, ze——"

"Besides," continued the captain, interrupting him, and seeing he had gained a point, "the darkey pizened my grub. He sez he put jalap in it. You heerd him say so y'rselfes, didn't ye?"

"Aye, aye," chorussed the group of men in front of him, with true sailor's justice, "we did. We heerd him say so."

"Well then," argued Captain Snaggs triumphantly, "yo know

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what a delicate matter it is to meddle with a chap's grub; ye wouldn't like it y'rselves?"

"No," came from the men unanimously, "we wouldn't."

"All right, then; I see ye're with me," said the skipper, wagging his beard about as he lay down the law. "I confess I didn't like it. The nigger sed he hocussed our grub; but seeing as how I an' the first-mate wer took so bad, I believed he'd pizened us, and it raised my dander, an' so I went fur him."

"Aye, aye," sang out the men, as if endorsing this free and rather one-sided version of the affair, Hiram Bangs, the captain's countryman, chiming in with a "Right you air, boss!"

"But you need not have shoot hims," insisted Jan Steenbock, perceiving that the skipper was getting the men to take a more lenient view of the transaction than he did. "Ze mans not go away. You culd put hims in ze irons!"

"So I could, my joker; though I can't see as how it's yer place to top the officer over me, Mister Steenbock," retorted the skipper, with some of his old heat. "Ye've hed your say, an' the men hev hed their'n; an' now I'll hev mine, I reckon! The nigger wer in fault in the first place, an' I'm sorry I wer too hard on him; but, now he's gone overboard, thaar's nothing more to be done, fur all the talkin' in the world won't bring him back agen! I'll tell ye what I'll do, though."

"What?" shouted out Tom Bullover. "What will you do?"

Captain Snaggs recognised his voice now, in spite of its being nearly dark, and he uttered an expressive sort of snorting grunt.

"Ha! you're the coon, are ye, that cried murder, hey?" I heard him mutter under his breath menacingly; and then, speaking out louder he said, that all could hear, "I tell ye what I'll do: I'm willing to go ashore at the first available port we ken stop at an' lay the whole of the circumstances before the British or American consul, an' take the consequences—fur you all can give evidence against me if you like! I can't say fairer nor thet men, can I?"

"No, cap," they chorussed, as if perfectly satisfied with this promise, "nothing can be fairer nor that!"

"All right; thet 'll db, the watch, then."

"But, thet b'y thaar?" called out Hiram Bangs, as they were all shuffling forward again, now that the palaver was over and the subject thoroughly discussed, as they thought, in all its bearings; "you won't leather him no more? The little cuss warn't to blame; the nigger said so, hisself!"

"No, I won't thrash him agen, since he's a friend of yours," replied the skipper jocularly, evidently glad that the affair was now hushed up. "You ken cut him down if ye like, an' take him forrud with you."

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"Right you air, cap, so we will," said Hiram, producing his clasp knife in a jiffey and severing the lashings that bound me to the rigging. "Come along, Cholly; an' we'll warm you up in the fo'c's'le arter yer warmin' up aft from the skipper!"

The hands responded with a laugh to this witticism, apparently forgetting all about the terrible scene that had so lately taken place, as they escorted me in triumph towards the fore part of the ship; while the captain went up on the poop and relieved Jan Steenbock, speaking to him very surlily, and telling him to go down into the cabin and see what had become of the first-mate, Mr. Flinders, and if he was any better, and fit to come on duty. As for himself, he had now quite recovered from the effects of whatever the unfortunate cook had put into the stew he had eaten, and which had alarmed him with the fear of being poisoned.

I, however, could not so readily put the fearful scene I had been such an unwilling witness of so quickly out of my remembrance; and, as I went forward with the kind-hearted but thoughtless fellows who had saved me from a further thrashing, I felt quite sick with horror. A dread weight, as of something more horrible still, that was about to happen, filled my mind.

Nor did the conversation I heard in the fo'c's'le tend to soothe my startled nerves and make me feel more comfortable.

The men's tea was still in the coppers, poor Sam having made up a great fire in the galley before going off on his last journey; and this was now served out piping hot all round, the men helping themselves, for no one had yet been elected to fill the darkey's vacant place. No one, indeed, seemed anxious to remain longer than could be helped within the precincts of the cook's domain, each man hurrying out again from the old caboose as quickly as he filled his pannikin from the bubbling coppers with the decoction of sloe leaves, molasses and water, which when duly boiled together does duty with sailor folk for tea!

Then—sitting round the fo'c's'le, some on the edge of the hatch coaming, some dangling their legs over the windlass bitts, and others bringing themselves to an anchor on a coil of the bower hawser, that had not been stowed away properly below, but remained lumbering the deck—all began to yarn about the events of the day. Their talk gradually veered round to a superstitious turn as the second dog-watch drew to a close; and, as the shades of night deepened over our heads, so that I could hardly now distinguish a face in the gloom, the voices of the men sank down imperceptibly to a mere whisper, thus making what they said sound more weird and mysterious, quite in keeping with the scene and its surroundings.

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Of course, Sam formed the principal subject of their theme; and, after speaking of what a capital cook and good chum he was, "fur a darkey," as Hiram Bangs put in, having some scruples on the subject of colour, from being an American, Tom Bullover alluded to the negro's skill at the banjo.

"Aye, bo, he could give us a tune when he liked, fur he wer mighty powerful a-fingerin' them strings. He made the durned thing a'most speak, I reckon," observed Hiram Bangs, adding, reflectively,—“An' the curiousest thing about him wer, that he's the only nigger I ever come athwart of as warn't afeard of sperrits.”

"Sperrits, Hiram?" interposed one of the other hands; "what does you mean?—ghostesses?"

"Aye. Sam sed as how his father, a darkey too, in course, wer a fetish man; an' I rec'llects when I wer to him, down Chicopee way, ther' wer an ole nigger thaar thet usest to say that same, an' the ole cuss wud go of a night into the graveyard, which wer more'n nary a white man would ha' done, you bet!"

"You wouldn't catch me at it," agreed another sailor, giving himself a shake, that sent a cold shiver through me in sympathy. "I'll face any danger in daylight that a Christian ain't afeard on; but as for huntin' for ghostesses in a churchyard of a dark night, not for me!"

"Aye, nor me," put in another. "I shouldn't like old Sammy to come back and haunt the galley, as I've heard tell on. By jingo! I wouldn't like to go into it now that it's dark, arter the way the poor beggar got shot an' drowned—leastways, not without a light, or a lantern, or somethin' or t'other; for, they sez of folks that come by any ounateral sort o' death, that their sperrits can't rest quiet, and that then they goes back to where they was murdered, and you ken see 'em wanderin' around twixt midnight an' mornin', though they wanishes agen at the first streak o' daylight."

"I've heerd tell the same," chimed in Hiram Bangs, in a sepulchral voice, that made my heart go down to my toes; "but Sam, he usest to say, sez he, as how none o' them sperrits could never touch he, cos he hed a charm agen 'em 'count of his father boin' jest in the ring, an' one of the same sorter cusses—his 'fadder' he called him, poor old darkey! Sam told me now, only last night as never was, hew he'd ofen in Jamaiky talked with ghostesses, thet would come an' tote round his plantation! He sed, sez he, as how he'd got a spell to call 'em by whenever he liked; thet's what he told me, by thunder!"

"Aye, bo," said Tom Bullover; "and, before poor Sam went aft this very evening, I heard him tell this younker, Charlie Hills, how thet he weren't afraid of that brute of a bullying skipper, and if he came by any harm he'd haunt him—didn't he, Charlie?"

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"Ye-o-s," I replied, trembling, feeling horribly frightened now with all their queer talk, coming after what I had gone through before; "but, I didn't hear him say anything of haunting the ship. I'm awfully sorry for him, Tom; but I hope he won't come back again, as Hiram Bangs says."

"He will, you bet yer bottom dollar on thet, Cholly, if he ain't made comf'able down below in Davy Jones' locker, whar the poor old cuss is now," said the American sailor in his deep voice, increasing my superstitious fears by the very way in which he spoke. "Guess I wouldn't mind shakin' sins with the nigger agen if he'd come aboard in daylight, but I'm durned if I'd like to see him here 'fore mornin'! I'd feel kinder skeart if I did, b'y, I reckon."

I had no time to reply; for, the captain's voice hailing as from the poop at the moment made us all jump—I, for one, believing that it was Sam Jedfoot come back to life, or his ghost!

The next instant, however, I was reassured by a hoarse chuckle passing round amongst the men; while Hiram Bangs called out, "I'm jiggered, messmates, if it ain't the old man up on deck agen!"

Like him, I then caught the sound of Captain Snaggs' nasal twang, although he spoke rather thickly, as if he had been drinking again.

"Fo'c's'le, ahoy!" he shouted; "wake up there an' show a leg! Lot one of the hands strike eight bells, and come aft, all you starboard-lines, to take the first watch."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Tom Bullover, leading the way towards the skipper; while Hiram Bangs seized hold of the rope attached to the clapper of the bell, hanging under the break of the fo'c's'le, and struck the hour, then following in Tom's footsteps with a "Here I am, sonny, arter you!"

I did not remain behind, you may be sure, not caring to stop in the vicinity of Sam's galley after all that talk about him. Besides this, I felt tired out, and my bunk being on a locker outside the steward's pantry, and just within the door leading into the cuddy under the poop, I was anxious to sneak in there without being seen again by the captain, so as to have a lie down, or "turn in"—if it can be called turning in, with all my clothes on, ready to turn out at a minute's notice!

I managed to get inside, luckily unperceived by the skipper's eagle eye, and was furthermore assured of a quiet "caulk" by hearing him sing out presently to the steward to bring him up some grog, as he was going to remain on deck till the middle watch. I knew from this that I would be undisturbed by his coming below for a good four hours' spell at least; and I soon sank off to sleep, the last thing that I heard being the tramping about on deck of the men on Captain Snaggs roaring out some order about making more sail, and the sluicing of

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the water washing from side to side, as the *Denver City* rolled and pitched, staggering along under a cloud of canvas, with everything set now, right before the wind.

The next thing I heard was a heavy crash of glass, and I woke up just in time to catch the tail end of a combing wave, that dashed in through one of the stern ports, washing the cabin fore and aft. The ship had evidently been pooped by a heavy following sea, that travelled through the water faster than she did before the stiff northward breeze, although we were carrying on, too, at a good rate, as I've said.

Aroused by this, I scrambled to my foot, and recognised Captain Snaggs' voice coming down the companion way; but, I did not fear his seeing me, as the swinging lamp over the cuddy table had been put out, and all was in darkness below, save when a sudden bright gleam from the moon, which had risen since I had sought my bunk, shot down through the skylight as the ship rolled over to port—making it all the darker again as she listed to starboard, for her next roll the reverse way necessarily shut out the moonlight again.

Captain Snaggs, I could hear, was not only very drunk, but, as usual, in a very bad temper, as he stumbled about the foot of the companion way in the water that washed about the cabin floor.

"Durn thet fool of a Flinders—hic!" he exclaimed, steadying himself before making a plunge towards his berth, which was on the left, as I knew from the sound of his voice in the distance. "I t-t-old him them ports would git stove in, an'- an'- ordered him to fix the dead-lights; but the durned fool ain't done nary a thing, an' there you air, stranger, there you air!"

He then staggered a bit and flopped about the water; and then, all at once, as I listened, he gave vent to a queer gurgling cry of horror, that seemed to freeze my blood.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed, gasping as if choking for breath. "Thaar! thaar!"

A gleam shone down from the moon at the moment through the skylight; and, wonderful to relate, I saw the captain's outstretched hand pointing to Something standing by the cabin door leading out on to the maindeck.

That something was the figure of poor Sam Jedfoot, apparently all dripping wet, as if he had just emerged from his grave in the sea. The face, turned towards me, looked quite white in the moonlight, as it became visible for a second and then instantaneously disappeared, melting back again into darkness as the moon withdrew her light, obscured by the angle of the vessel's side, as the ship made another roll in the contrary direction.

I was almost paralysed with fear, being too much frightened to

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utter a sound ; and there I remained spellbound, staring still towards the spot where I had seen the apparition, half-sitting, half-standing on the locker—having drawn up my feet, so as to be out of the rush of the water as it washed to and fro on the floor.

As for Captain Snaggs, the sight of his victim seemed to affect him even more—at least, so I fancied, from his frenzied cry ; for, of course, I could no longer see him.

"Save me! save me!" he called out, in almost as despairing and terror-stricken a tone as that of poor Sam, when he was shot and fell into the sea ; and then I heard a heavy splash, as if the captain had tumbled down on his face in the pool slushing about the deck. "Save me! Take him away! The durned nigger hez got me at last!"

CHAPTER V.

ON FIRE IN THE HOLD.

I THINK I must have swooned away with fright, for the next thing I recollect on coming to myself was the steward, Morris Jones, shaking me.

"Rouse up, you lazy lubber!" he roared in my ears. "Rouse up and help me with the cap'en ; he's fell down in a fit, or something!"

Then, I noticed that Jones had a ship's lantern in his hand, by the dim light of which the cabin was only faintly illuminated ; but I could see the water washing about the floor, with a lot of things floating about that had been carried away by the big wave coming in through the broken port in the stern sheets, that was also plainly discernible from the phosphorescent glow of the sea without, which every moment welled up almost on a level with the deck above, as if it were going to fetch inboard again and swamp us altogether.

"Wha—what's the matter?" I stammered out, half confused at the way in which the steward shook me ; and then, recollecting all that had happened as the fearful sight both the captain and I had seen flashed all at once on my mind, I put my hands before my face shudderingly, exclaiming, "Oh, the ghost! the ghost!"

"The ghost your grandmother!" ejaculated Jones, giving me another rough hustle. "Why, boy, you ain't awake yet. I'll douse you in the water, and give you a taste of 'cold pig,' if you don't get up and help me in a minute!"

"But I saw it," I cried, starting to my feet and looking wildly around to see if the apparition were still there. "I saw it with my own eyes ; and so did Captain Snaggs, too!"

"Saw what?"

"The ghost of poor Sam Jedfoot."

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Morris Jones laughed scornfully.

"You confounded fool, you're dreaming still!" he said, shaking me again, to give emphasis to his words. "I should like to know what the nigger cook's ghost were doin' in here. Where did you see his ugly phiz agen, do you say?"

"There!" I answered boldly, pointing to the corner by the cabin door, where, as the steward flashed his lantern in the direction, I could still see something black and hazy waving to and fro. "Why, there it is still, if you don't believe me!"

"Well, I'm blowed!" he exclaimed, going over to the place and catching hold of the object that had again alarmed me. "You are a frightened feller to be skcared by an old coat! Why, it's that Dutch second-mate of ourn's oilskin a-hangin' up outside his bunk that you thought were Sam's sperrit when the light shone on it, I s'pose. You ain't got the pluck of a boy, Cholly Hills, to lose your head over sich a trifle. There's no ghostesses now-a-days; and if there was, I don't think as how the cook's sperrit would come in here, specially arter the way the skipper settled him! Man or ghost, he'd be too much afeard to come nigh the 'old man' agen, with him carryin' on like that, and in sich a tantrum! I wonder Sam hadn't more sense than to cross his hawse as he did. I were too wary, and kep' close in my pantry all the time the row were on, I did. I wern't born yesterday!"

"But the cap'en saw it, too, I tell you," I persisted. "He yelled out that Sam was there before he tumbled down; and that was how I came to look and notice the awful thing. You can believe it or not, but I tell you I saw Sam Jedfoot there as plain as life—either him or his ghost!"

"Rubbish!" cried Jones, who meanwhile had put the lantern he carried on the cabin table, and was proceeding to lift up the captain's head and drag him into a sitting posture against the side of one of the settles that ran down the cuddy fore and aft. "Just you light up one of them swinging lamps, and then come and help me carry the skipper to his bunk. He's dead drunk, that's what he is; and I wonder he ain't drowned, too, lying with his nose in all that water sluicing round. As for the ghost he saw, that were rum, his favour-rite sperrit! He ought to 'ave seed two Sams from the lot he's drunk to-night—two bottles as I'm a living sinner, barrin' a glass or two the first-mate had, and a drop I squeezed out for myself, when I took him up some grog on deck at the end of the second dogwatch!"

"Two bottles of rum!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Really?"

"Aye; do you think me lying?" snapped out Jones in answer; "that is, pretty nigh on, nearly. I wonder he ain't dead with it all.

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I 'ave knowed him manage a bottle afore of a night all to hisself, but never two, for the matter o' that. It ought to kill him. Guess he's got a fit of 'plexy now, an' will wake up with the jim-jams!"

"What's that?" I asked, as the two of us lifted the captain, who was breathing stertorously, as if snoring; "anything more serious?"

"Only a fit of 'the horrors,'" said Jones nonchalantly, as if the matter were an every-day circumstance, and nothing out of the common; "but if he does get 'em, we must hide his blessed revolver, or else he'll be goin' round the ship lettin' fly at every man Jack of us in turn! I'll tell Mr. Flinders to be on his guard when he comes-to, so that some one 'll look arter him."

As he spoke, the steward slung the body of the unconscious man into his cot, I staggering as I lifted the captain's legs, which, although they were very thin and spindleshanky, were bony and heavy, while I was slim and weak for my age. Besides which, the thrashing I had received the evening previously had pretty well taken a' the strength out of me, combined with my subsequent fright from the ghost, which I could not help believing in, despite all Jones's sneers and assertions to the contrary. Of course, though, there was no use arguing the point with him; he was so obstinate—like all Welshmen!

However, between the two of us, we got Captain Snages laid in his bed, where he certainly would be more comfortable than wallowing about in the water on the cabin floor. Then Jones and I left him, just propping up his head with the pillows, so that he should not suffocate himself. He could not well tumble out, the cot having high sides, and swinging besides with the motions of the ship, being hung from the deck above on a sort of pivot joint, that worked in a ball and socket and gave all ways.

The steward then went back again into his bunk adjoining the pantry to have his sleep out; but I felt too excited to lie down again.

I did not like to remain there alone in the cabin after what had passed, listening to the thuds of the waves against the sides of the ship, and the weird creaking of the timbers, as if the vessel were groaning with pain, and the heavy breathing of the captain in his cot, that rose above all these sounds, for he was snoring and snorting away at a fine rate; so, I proceeded out on to the lower deck, experiencing a chill shudder as I made my exit by the door where I had seen Sam Jedfoot's spectre in the moonlight, almost fancying it was there still.

When I got out under the break of the poop, I found all quiet, with the port watch on duty, for Mr. Flinders, the first-mate, was in charge, he having relieved the second-mate, with whom the captain had remained until he left the deck at midnight; and, as Tom Bullover and

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Hiram Bangs, my only friends amongst the crew, had gone below with Mr. Steenbock and the rest of the starboard hands, there was nobody whom I could speak to and tell all that I had seen.

I felt very lonesome in consequence; and, although I was not a bit sleepy, having managed to get a good four hours' rest before I was awakened by Captain Snaggs coming stumbling down the companion way, as well as by the noise made by the sea smashing into the cabin at the same time, yet I was tired enough still not to be averse to stowing myself away under the lee of the longboat. I took the precaution, however, to cuddle up in a piece of old tarpaulin that was lying about, so that the first-mate should not see me from the poop, and set me on at once to some task or other below, in his usual malicious way—Mr. Flinders, like Captain Snaggs, never seeming to be happy unless he was tormenting somebody, and setting them on some work for which there wasn't the least necessity.

The moon was now shining brightly and lots of stars twinkling in the heaven, which was clear of clouds, the bracing nor'-westerly wind having blown them all away; and the *Denver City* was bounding along with all plain sail set before the breeze, that was right astern, rolling now and again with a stiff lurch to port and then to starboard, and diving her nose down one moment with her stern lifting, only to rise again buoyantly the next instant, and shake the spray off her jib-boom as she pointed it upwards, trying to poke a hole in the sky!

What with the whistling of the wind through the cordage, and the wash of the waves as they raced over each other and broke with a seething "whish" into masses of foam, and the motion of the ship gently rocking to and fro like a pendulum as she lurched this way and that with rhythmical regularity, my eyes presently began to close. So, cuddling myself up in the tarpaulin, for the air fresh from the north felt rather chilly, I dropped off into a sound nap, not waking again until one of the men forward struck "six bells," just when the day was beginning to dawn. This was in spite of my being "not a bit sleepy," as I said!

I roused up with a start, not knowing where I was at first; but it was not long before the fact was made patent to me that I was aboard ship, and a cabin boy as well to boot—a sort of "Handy Billy," for every one to send on errands and odd jobs—the slave of the cuddy and fo'c's'le alike!

Before he had imbibed so much rum, and just prior to his going on the poop that time when he startled us all so much in the fo'c's'le by his hail for Tom Bullover and the rest of the starboard hands to come aft and relieve the port watch, Captain Snaggs, as I afterwards learnt, had spoken to the steward, telling him that he was to take over poor Sam

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Jedfoot's duties for awhile, until the men selected a new cook from amongst themselves. He was told to commence work in the galley the next evening, with especial injunctions to be up early enough to light the fire under the coppers, so that the crew could have their hot coffee at "eight bells," when the watches were changed—this indulgence being always allowed now in all decent merchant vessels; for Captain Snaggs, if he did haze and bully the hands under him, took care to get on their weather side by looking after their grub, a point they recollected, it may be remembered, when he appealed to them in reference to his treatment of poor Sam.

Now, Morris Jones did not relish the job; but, as the first-mate had been present when the captain gave his orders, albeite Mr. Flinders was rather limp at the time, from the physicking he, like the skipper, had had from the jalap in the stew, the Welshman knew that he would recollect all about it, even if the rum should have made the captain forget. So, much against his inclination, he turned out of his bunk at daybreak to see to lighting the galley fire, and whom should he chance to come up against on his way forward but me, just as I wriggled myself out of the tarpaulin and sat up on the deck, rubbing my half-opened eyes.

Jones was delighted at the opportunity for "passing on" the obnoxious duty.

"Here, you young swab!" he cried, giving me a kick to waken me up more thoroughly, and then catching hold of me by the scruff of the neck and pulling me up on my feet, "stir your stumps a bit and just you come forrard along o' me. I'm blessed if I'm going to do cook an' stocard's work single-handed, an' you lazy rascallion a caulkin' all over the ship! First I finds yersung down snoozin' in the cabin, an' now here, with the sun ready to scorch yer eves out. Why, yer ought ter be right down 'shamed o' yerself. I'm blazed if I ever see sich a b'y for coilin' hisself away an' caulkin' all hours of the day and night!"

Jones was fond of hearing himself talk, as well as pleased to have some one he was able to bully in turn as the skipper bullied him; and so, he kept jawing and grumbling away all the while we were getting up to the galley, although that did not take very long—not by any means so long as his tongue was and the stream of words that flowed from it when he had once begun, as if he would really never end!

"Now, you young beggar," said he, opening the half-door of the cook's caboose and shoving me inside, "let us see how soon you can light a fire an' make the water in the coppers boil. I'll fill 'em for you while you're putting the sticks in; so heave ahead, an' I'll fetch a bucket or two from the scuttle butt!"

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He spoke of this as if he were conferring a favour on me, instead of only doing his own work; but I didn't answer him, going on to make a good fire with some wood and shavings, which Sam used to get from the carpenter and kept handy in the corner of the galley, ready to hand when wanted. I know by this time, from practical experience, that words on board ship, where cabin boys are concerned at all events, generally lead to "more kicks than ha'pence," as the saying goes!

Soon, I had a good blaze up, and the steward on his part filling the coppers, they were both shortly at boiling-point; when, going aft to his pantry, Jones fetched out a pound of coffee, which he chucked into the starboard copper, which held about four gallons and was not quite filled to the brim. He evidently determined to propitiate the crew at the start by giving them good coffee for once and plenty of it; for, there were only eighteen hands in the fo'c's'le, now that Sam had gone, besides himself and me—leaving out the captain and mates, who belonged to the cabin, and of course did not count in, but who made our total complement in the ship twenty-three souls all told.

Jones, too, dowsed into the copper a tidy lot of molasses, to sweeten the coffee; and so, when it was presently served out promptly at "eight bells," he won golden opinions in this his first essay at cooking the men all declaring it prime stuff. I think, though, I ought to have had some of the credit of it, having lighted the fire and seen to everything save chucking in the coffee and molasses, which anybody could have done!

Jones kept me too busy in the galley to allow me time to speak to Tom Bullover and Hiram Bangs, when they turned out to relieve the port watch; but, later on, when the decks had been washed down and the sun was getting well up in the eastern horizon, flooding the ocean with the rosy light of morning, I had an opportunity of telling my friend the carpenter of what I had seen in the cabin.

Much to my disgust, however, he laughed at my account of Sam Jedfoot's ghost having appeared, declaring that I had been dreaming and imagined it all.

"No, Charley, I wouldn't believe it if you went down on your bonded knees an' swore it, not save I seed Sam with my own eyes, an' even then I'd have a doubt," said Tom, grinning in the most exasperating way. "Why, look there, now, at the skipper on the poop, as right as ninepence! If he'd been in the state you say, an' were so orfully frightened, an' had seed Sam's sperrit, as you wants to make me swallow, do ye think he'd look so perky this mornin'?"

I could hardly believe my eyes.

Yes, there was Captain Snaggs, braced up against the poop rail in his

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usual place, with one eye scanning the horizon to windward and the other inspecting the sails aloft, and his billygoat board sticking out as it always did. He looked as hearty as if nothing had happened, the only sign that I could see of his drunken fit of the night before being a cut across the bridge of his long hooked nose, and a slight discoloration of his eye on the port side, the result, no doubt, of his fall on the cabin floor.

Tom Bullover could read my doubts in my face.

"You must have dreamed it, Charley, I s'pose, on account of all that talkin' we had in the fo'c's'le about ghostesses afore you went aft an' turned in, an' that's what's the matter," he repeated, giving me a nudge in the ribs, while he added more earnestly: "And, if I was you, my boy, I wouldn't mention a word of it to another soul, or the hands 'll chaff the life out of you, an' you'll wish you were a ghost yerself!"

Tom moved off as he uttered these last words with a chuckle and accompanied by an expressive wink, that spoke volumes; and, seeing his advice was sound, I determined to act upon it, although the fear struck me that Jones, the steward, would mention it even if I didn't, just to make me the laughing-stock of the crew.

However, I had no time then for reflection, Captain Snaggs, as if to show that he had all his wits about him still, calling out for the hands forward to overhaul the studding sail gear and rig out the booms; and, by breakfast time, when the steward and I had to busy ourselves again in the galley, the *Denver City* was covered with a regular pyramid of canvas, that seemed to extend from the truck to the deck, and she was racing through the water at a rate of ten knots or more, with a clear sky above and a moderate sea below, and a steady, nor'-nor'-west wind after us.

At noon, when the captain took the sun and told us forward to "make it eight bells," we learnt that we were in longitude 8° 15' W. and latitude 19° 20' N., or well to the westwards of the Scilly Islands, and so really out at sea and entered on our long voyage to California.

This fact appeared to give no little satisfaction to the crew, who raised a chorus whenever a rope had to be pulled or a brace taughtened, the fine weather and brighter surroundings making the sailors apparently forget, with that sort of happy knack for which seafaring folk are generally distinguished, all the rough time we had coming down St. George's Channel, when off the Tuskar, and the terrible events of the preceding day.

That very afternoon, indeed, the last act that was to blot out poor Sam Jedfoot's memory from the minds of all the hands took place, the skipper ordering the usual auction of the dead man's effects to be

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held on the fo'c's'le; when, such is the comedy of life, the very men who were so indignant about the captain shooting him a few hours before now cut jokes about the poverty of the darkey's kit, when his sea-chest was opened and its contents put up for sale to the highest bidder!

Sam's banjo led to a spirited competition, Hiram Bangs finally succeeding in becoming its purchaser for five dollars, which Captain Snaggs was authorized to deduct from the American sailor's wages, and credit it to the cook's account, should any of the dead man's heirs or assigns apply for any balance due to the poor darkey when the ship arrived in port. The rest of the things only fetched a trifle; and with the disposal of his goods and chattels all recollection of the light-hearted Sam, who was once the life of the fo'c's'le, passed out of every one's mind. Hiram stowed the banjo away in his box, for he could not play it, and had only bought it from its association with its late owner, who used to make him, he said, merry and sad, "jist as the durned nigger liked," with the melody he drew from the now silent strings.

And yet, somehow or other, it seemed destined that Sam should not be so soon forgotten, at least by me; for, in the evening, when I brought in the cabin dinner and remained to wait at table, in lieu of the steward, who was too much occupied in cooking to come aft, Captain Snaggs brought up the subject again.

He was in high spirits at the manner in which the ship was travelling along, appearing to have quite recovered from his drinking bout; and when I uncovered the dish that I placed before him, he made a joke about it to the first-mate, who, according to custom, shared meals with the skipper in the cuddy, and always sat down the same time that he did, the second-mate having to shift by himself, and eat when he had the chance between watches.

"Guess thaar ain't no jalap in this lot, Flinders, hey?" said the captain, with a snigger; "thet thaar cuss of a stooard would be too skeart of my fixin' him same as I done thet durned nigger to try on any games, you bet!"

"I reckon so, boss," replied the other, with his mouth full, stuffing away in his usual fashion. "You potted the coon nicely, you did; an' sarved him right, too, for meddlin' with the grub. I thought I wer pizened sure!"

"An' so did I, by thunder!" echoed Captain Snaggs, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table, that almost made Mr. Flinder's plate leap out of the "fiddle" in which it was placed, to prevent it from spilling its contents as the ship rolled. "I did so, by thunder! I sw'ar, or else I wouldn't a' shot the cuss. Them hands furrud thinks I'm going to be sich a durned fool as to call in at Bahia or Rio, an' make a statement

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of the case, telling how the nigger 'got overboard; but you catch me stoppin' at any a port 'fore I drops anchor in 'Frisco. You knows better nor that, Flinders, hey?"

The first-mate sniggered sympathetically at this, expressing by a wink his confidence in the skipper's promise to the men; and the two laughed with much heartiness and fellow feeling over the credulity of those who had been so easily satisfied, and gone back to their work, confidently trusting in Captain Snaggs' word and honour.

A little later on, the captain, when the rum bottle was produced, alluded to his excess of the night before in the same jocular way:—

"Must keep rather a stiffer helm this evenin', Flinders," he observed, helping himself to a tumblerful, and then passing on the bottle to the mate; "guess I wer a bit sprung yesterday?"

"Aye, cap, you hed y'r load," replied Mr. Flinders, with a grin; adding, however, in fear of the skipper taking offence: "Not more'n you could carry, though. You scooted down the companion all right at eight bells."

"That's so," said the other; "but, d'ye know, Flinders, I was flummoxed up inter a heap when I got below an' saw snakes terrible. I guess I seed, too, that air damned nigger, an' hed a notion he wer come back agen to haunt me—I did so, Flinders, by thunder!"

"You must take keer, cap," responded the first-mate to this confession. "If you don't draw in a bit you'll be hev'in' the shakes, an' that 'd never do, I reckon."

"I guess not; but last night I wer kinder overcome with all the muss, an' might jist hev swallowed a drop or so too much, I reckon. Good rum can't hurt nary a one—that is, in moderation, Flinders, strictly in moderation."

So saying, Captain Snaggs helped himself to another stiff tumblerful; and how many more glasses he had afterwards I could not say, as he dismissed me just then, telling me I could go forwards when I had cleared away the things—which I did in a jiffy, glad to quit the cabin and its occupants.

On reaching the fo'c's'le, I found that the steward had, as I perceived, told the men of my fright, and so I got finely chaffed about "Sam's ghost." The next day I was revenged though, for Jones spoiled the crew's dinner, and got so mauled by the indignant sailors that he had to beat a retreat back to the cabin, and give up ingloriously his brief tenancy of the galley. Hiram Bangs was elected cook in his place by the hands, with whom the captain left the matter, to settle it as they pleased; and, as the good-natured Yankee selected me to be his "mate" or assistant, by this means I was relieved of any further association

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with the Welshman and released from his tyranny, taking up my quarters thenceforth with the crew forward.

The nor'-westerly wind lasted us right across the Bay of Biscay and down to the Western Islands, and we were only becalmed for a day or so, with light, variable breezes between the Azores and Madeira, when we picked up the nor'-east trades, which rattled us onward past the Canaries and Cape Verde; and all went well on board, nothing eventful happening until we were close up with the equator, in latitude 7° N., and longitude about 28° W., when, late in the evening of our thirtieth day out, just as the man at the wheel had been relieved, and the port watch, under charge of the first-mate, come on duty at "eight bells," I smelt something burning in the forepeak. Looking to see what was the matter, I noticed a thin column of smoke coming up from the small hatch under the fo'c's'le.

Of course, I went aft at once and told Mr. Flinders, who would not believe me at first; but, one of the other hands coming up behind us and bringing the same report, he was at length induced to descend the poop ladder and go forward to see for himself, muttering the while, though, that it was "all a pack o' durned nonsense!"

He did not think this long, however, for hardly had he got beyond the longboat, when the smoke, which had got much denser while he had been wasting time palavering without taking action, blowing into his face convinced him that the matter was really serious.

All his nonchalance was gone in a moment, as well as his discretion; for, without pausing to consider the effect that any sudden disclosure of the danger might have on the crew by destroying their coolness and pluck, he roared out at the pitch of his voice, as he banged away with the heel of his boot on the deck:—

"All hands aloof! Tumble up thaar! Tumble up! The ship's on fire in the hold!"

CHAPTER VI.

CAPE HORN WEATHER.

"JE-RUSALEM!" exclaimed Captain Snaggs, rushing out from the cabin in his night-shirt, having just turned in, and not stopping to dress, which the fluttering white garment and thin legs showing beneath plainly demonstrated. This I noticed when the mass of heavy clouds with which the sky was covered overhead shifted for a moment, allowing a stray gleam from the watery moon to light up the deck, and saw the skipper hurrying up to the scene of action, where he was the first to arrive. "What's all this durned muss about?"

Jan Steenbock answered him. He had not gone below when his watch

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was relieved, and being attracted by the row, was now preparing for emergencies by rigging a hose on to the head pump, so that this could be at once passed down into the hold if necessary—the first-mate being too frightened to do anything, even to reply to the captain when he spoke. Indeed, he seemed perfectly paralysed with fear.

"Dere vas shnoke come out vrom ze forepeak," said the second-mate, in his deep guttural tones; "and I zinks dere vas one fire in ze holt. Mishter Vlinders vas give de alarm and cal't all hands."

"Guess I heerd that; an', I reckon, Mr. Flinders hed better hev comed an' told me quietly, instead of skearin' everybody into a blue funk!" snapped out Captain Snaggs, dancing about on his spindleshank legs like a pea on a hot griddle, and dodging the smoke as it puffed in his face, while peering forward to see whence it came. "Hev any of you chaps ben down below to prospect whaar the durned thing is?"

"It vas in ze forepeak, capten," said Jan Steenbock, in response to this question. "I vas see it myselfs."

"Is the hose ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted back a score of voices, all hands being now on deck and every one forward, save the helmsman and steward, the latter, no doubt, snoozing away comfortably in his bunk, and not troubling himself about the disturbance, thinking, if he thought at all, that the call of the first-mate was only probably to shorten sail, in which case he might just as well remain where he was. "The hose is rigged and the head pump manned, sir."

"Then let her rip!" shouted the skipper. "Go it, my hearties, an' flood it out. I've hed nary a fire aboard my ship afore; an' I don't want to be burnt out now, I reckon, with all them dry goods an' notions below, by thunder! Put your backs into it, ye lubbers, an' let her rip, I tell ye; she's ali oak!"

One party of men attended to the pump, Jan Steenbock directing the end of the hose down the half-opened hatch, the lid having been partly slipped off by some one. The captain ranged the rest along the gangway, passing the buckets; these a couple of others standing in the forechains dipped in the sea, and hauling them up, handed them full to those nearest, the skipper clutching hold when they reached him, and chucking their contents down below.

The smoke in a minute or two perceptibly diminished in volume; and, presently, only a thin spiral wreath faintly stole up, in lieu of the thick clouds that had previously almost stifled us.

A wild hurrah of triumph burst from the crew; and the second-mate was just about descending into the forepeak, to get nearer the fire and see whether it had been thoroughly put out, when the entire cover of the hatchway was suddenly thrown violently off, and the

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dripping head and shoulders of a man appearing right under his very nose startled the Dane so much that he almost tumbled backward on the deck, although, impassive as usual, he did not utter a cry.

The captain did though.

"By the jumping Jehosophat!" he yelled out, hopping back precipitately, with his night-shirt streaming out in the wind, making his legs feel rather chilly, I should think, "who in thunder's thaar?"

"Me," replied a husky voice, the owner whereof coughed, as if he were pretty well suffocated with the smoke and water. "It's all right; it's only me."

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated Captain Snaggs, rather puzzled. "Who's 'me' I'd like to know, I guess?"

"Tom Bullover," answered my friend the carpenter, now lifting himself out of the forepeak; and then shaking himself like a big Newfoundland dog, he scattered a regular shower bath around. "It's all right below, and there's no fire there no longer."

"An' what in the name of thunder wer ye a-doin' on down thaar, hey?" asked the skipper, quite flabbergasted at his unexpected appearance, looking like a veritable imp from the lower regions, all blackened and begrimmed, for the moon escaping from the veil of vapour that now nearly concealed the entire vault of the heavens just then shone down on us again, throwing a sickly light on the scene. "How kem ye to be down in the forepeak at all, my joker?"

"I went down just afore my watch was up to look up a spare old tops'l we stowed away there, me and Hiram, the week afore last, to see whether it wouldn't do in place o' that main to'gallant we carried away yesterday," replied Tom, rather sheepishly; "an' I s'pose I fell asleep, for it was only the water you kept a-pouring down as woke me up, an' I were most drowned afore I could reach the ladder an' catch hold of the coamin' of the hatch to climb up."

"An' sarve ye right, too, if we hed drowned ye, by thunder!" roared Captain Snaggs, thoroughly incensed, "ye durned addle-headed lubber! I guess ye hed a lantern with ye, hey?"

"Yes," confessed the delinquent; "in course I took a light down to see what I was a-doin' of."

"'In course'!" repeated the captain, in savage mimicry of Tom's way of speaking; "an' yer durned lantern got upsot, or kicked over, or sunthin', an' sot fire to the sails?"

"No, sir, there's nothing hurt to mention," replied Tom, more coolly; "it was only some old rags and greasy waste that the cook shoved down there that caught, which were the reason it made such a big smoke."

The skipper snorted indignantly at this explanation; and then,

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craning his long neck over the hatch, he sniffed about, as if trying to detect some special smell.

"Big smoke, hey!" he cried, as he stood upright again, and shook his fist in Tom's face. "I guess thet's jest the ticket, ye thunderin' liar! Ye've been shamming Abraham in yer watch, an' sneaked down thaar to hev a pipe on the sly, when you should hev bin mindin' yer dooty, thet's what's the matter, sirree; but I'll make you pay for it, ye skulkin' rascallion. I'll stop ye a month's wages for the damage done to the ship—if not by the fire, by the water we've hove in to put it out, an' ye ken tote it up, if ye like, yerself!"

Captain Snaggs then ordered the second-mate to go down and see if all danger were really over, and nothing left smouldering, not trusting to Tom's assurance to that effect. When Jan Steenbock came up again presently with a satisfactory report, the captain, who was now shivering with the wet and exposure in such a light and airy costume, returned back to his cabin to finish his sleep in peace, not, however, without giving a rating to Mr. Flinders, for his behaviour, which he said was as bad as that of the carpenter. The starboard watch were then told that they might go below, though it was getting on for midnight, when they would have to turn out again, and keep the deck till the morning.

I don't know how it was, but, from that night, everything went wrong with the ship.

The very next afternoon a tremendous thunderstorm broke over us, and a nasty blue, zigzagging streak of lightning struck our mizzen-royal mast, splintering the spar and sending the tye-block down on the poop, nearly killing the second-mate. If it had been Mr. Flinders it wouldn't have mattered so much, but Jan Steenbock was a decent fellow and a good seamen, being much liked by all hands, barring the skipper, who, of course, disliked him because he took the men's part and let them have easy times of it in his watch.

This was the beginning of a fourteen days' spell we had of rolling about in the sweltering calms of the Doldrums; and then, when we at last managed to drift across the Line, we had another fortnight's stagnation before we met the south-east trades, only a couple of degrees or so below the equator. By this time every man on board was heartily sick of the ship and tired of his company, for the captain was continually grumbling with the mates and hazing the crew, and the hands as constantly falling out among themselves. Only my two friends, Tom Bullover and Hiram, the Yankee sailor, really remained chummy or contented out of the whole lot. The rest seemed thoroughly dissatisfied, complaining of their grub and everything. Some of them declared, too, that the vessel was unlucky and under a curse, saying that they heard

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strange noises at night in the hold, though I did not think much of this, Tom and Hiram between them having nearly succeeded in chaffing me out of my belief in having seen Sam Jedfoot's ghost.

On getting a fair wind again, the ship, which had lost almost a lunar month through bad weather, and calms and no weather at all, began to travel once more southward, steering almost west-sou'-west on the port tack; but as we reached down the South American coast-line towards Cape Horn, we nearly came to grief on the *Abralhos*, the *Denver City* just escaping laying her bones there by "the skin of her teeth," to use Tom Bullover's expression to me next morning, as I was serving out the coffee—the peril having been met in the middle watch, when I was asleep, and knew nothing about it until it was over and we were sailing on serenely once more.

Then, again, off the mouth of the La Plata, when nearly opposite Buenos Ayres, although, of course, some five hundred miles or more from the land, we suddenly encountered a terrific pampero, as the storms of that region are styled; and, if Captain Snaggs hadn't smelt this coming in time, we should have been dismasted and probably gone to the bottom with all hands.

As it was, we only managed to furl the upper sails and clew up the courses before the wind caught us, heeling the vessel over almost broadside on to the sea; and then everything had to be let go by the run, the ship scudding away right before the gale, as if towed by wild horses, with the sheets and halliards and everything flying, for at first the hail that accompanied the wind beat down on us so fearfully that no one was able to face it and go aloft.

That night, one of the hands who came up to the galley to light his pipe, and who had previously spoken of the noises he had noticed, as he said, about the deck during the still hours of the early morning, when all sounds seem so much louder than in the daytime, both aboard ship and ashore, declared that during the height of the pampero he had heard Sam Jedfoot's voice distinctly singing that old negro ballad of which he used to be so fond when in life, chaunting it almost regularly every evening on the fo'c's'le to the accompaniment of his banjo:—

"Oh, down in Alabama, 'fore I wer sot free,
I lubbed a p'ooty yaller gal, an' t'ought dat she lubbed me!"

Of course Hiram Bangs and Tom Bullover, who were smoking inside the galley at the time, laughed at the man for his folly; but he persisted in his statement, and went away at last quite huffed because they would not believe him.

This was not the end of it all, however, as events will show.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER,
SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG
THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.



I wait to hear what the Doctor has to say.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tom and I entertain the chief with the game of hot boiled beans—I turn schoolmaster—Our house on the hill—We enjoy a long spell of good luck—Lowering clouds—The details of a terrible conspiracy—Breakers ahead!

FOR all the knowledge, however, the chief and his people were likely to derive as to the art of writing by simply watching the passage of our correspondence, they might as well have stared at a sound egg in hopes of penetrating the mysteries of the growth of the chick within; it happened, therefore, that by the time the exchange of bark notes had continued for ten minutes or so the chief began to yawn and exhibit signs of impatience, pushing away the last note which was submitted to him with a gesture which plainly implied his growing suspicion that we were fooling him.

To allow his suspicion to continue was to let his favour cool, yet how to reassure

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him seemed to me the most difficult thing in the world. Suddenly, however, my good genius put into my head an idea on which I resolved to act instantly. First warning Tom as to what I was about to do, I took from my arm one of the six gold rings, and, placing it in the hands of Anakraja, made him understand that he was to conceal it where he chose, I meanwhile turning away so that I might not see, but Tom looking on, and assisting me to discover the whereabouts of the hidden ring by means of a few words written on a piece of bark. In fact, it was nothing but the old English game of "hot boiled beans" simplified by the hunter being informed where the game lay.

Ridiculous as it was, however, it captivated their ignorant minds at once; and no sooner had Anakraja explained to the chief the miracle I was about to attempt than the old fellow brightened up wonderfully, as of course did his court, with the exception of Anakraja, who was evidently very anxious, and fearful that this new experiment of his *protégé's* would fail. He, however, took the ring, while I turned my head and covered it entirely with the goat-skin cloak; but, to make quite sure, by the chief's direction my head was further enveloped in a cloth, so that I had difficulty in breathing. After about a minute the cloth was removed (though I was not allowed to look round towards my confederate), and a slip of bark placed before me: on it was scrawled, "Look under the right foot of the little man with a scar on his cheek." Of course I walked straight to the individual indicated, and, touching his right leg, discovered the ring amidst the wondering ejaculations of all present, except Tom, who could not forbear laughing outright, and who audibly expressed his conviction that the chief and his party were a set of nincompoops; and, indeed, it was ludicrous, though at the same time pitiful, to witness their amazement at the performance of a feat easy to a baby who only knew its A, B, C. For a moment it seemed a shameful thing to practise on their ignorance, but there instantly ensued the reflection that the art of discoursing without the assistance of those prime organs of understanding, the tongue and the ears, was indeed a marvellous business, and one that might very naturally excite surprise among a people becoming acquainted with it for the first time.

Taking the tell-tale bark, the chief scanned it with great earnestness, and then calling the little man with the scar forward, took to glancing from his figure to the figures written, evidently supposing that he should find some resemblance; but he presently shook his perplexed head, ejaculating—

"It isn't a bit like him! Where are his hands? where are his legs? Even though he were chopped into the smallest pieces he would be more like a man than this is!"

After a little reflection, however, he seemed resolved to put the magic art to a severer test. Taking the ring, he went out, accompanied by his councillors and Tom Cox, and leaving me in the house in the custody of Anakraja and some others. After awhile the party returned without Tom, but bearing from him a written intimation that the ring was concealed in a bag of rice under a mat at the foot of the great post at the end of the village. Thither I immediately turned, followed by them all, and, arriving at the post, turned back the mat, plunged my hand into the rice-bag, and, withdrawing the ring, handed it to the astonished chief. He turned the ring over and over with a serious countenance, and it was evident that the matter had got fast hold on his mind, and was not likely to fade from it with the subsidence of his astonishment. His followers had, no doubt,

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expected an afternoon's entertainment with the "talking bark," and looked not a little astonished when, with the exception of Anakraja, they were all dismissed, and while Tom and I were comfortably installed in the house of the chief doctor, the latter and the chief retired to consult together. A feast of fowls and goat's flesh, with palm wine and tamarinds, was speedily placed before us, and ere the repast was over there arrived from the "palace" a present for Tom of cloth and gold rings, with the additional present of a handsome kris for myself. A very satisfactory evening was that for Tom and me, though, to speak the truth, we regarded our situation from very different points of view, Tom's practical mind ignoring the romantic, and finding nothing enjoyable in reclining in an outlandish hut surrounded by the presents of an outlandish potentate, who, while to the rest of the Christian world he was nothing but a pirate and a barbarous cut-throat, to us was favourably inclined. Nevertheless, while Tom insisted that the chief was a rascal whom he should like of all things to knock on the head, and that, rather than lay puffing villanously strong tobacco on a Bornean mat, he would be smoking Virginian and drinking beer in an honest Stepney tap-room, he could not but admit that the gold arm-rings were worthy of some consideration, being worth, as he computed, at least ten guineas each. In the midst of our discussion, however, a messenger made his appearance and conducted me to the council-house, where the chief and Anakraja awaited me.

Our conference was very long, and—on account of our mutual ignorance each of the other's language—very tedious. This, however, was the gist of it. The chief, who was a shrewd and sensible man, had at once been struck with the importance of the art I had introduced, and was very anxious to be informed whether it was in my power to confer it on him, on Anakraja, and on a few others, in whose hands the government of Magindano was, "so that," said he, "my words may live after I have uttered them, and be no longer at the mercy of ears which are wilfully deaf or inclined to treachery."

Now here was a proposition! I, the Whitechapel charity lad, who, on the very last occasion of attending school, was whipped for spelling "worshipful" with two /'s, was suddenly called on to induct the rulers of a nation into the arts of reading and writing! However, there was no help for it; had I declared myself incapable, I should not have been believed; besides, I could not but be alive to the fact that in my attempts to teach them I should myself be gaining knowledge, and, if successful, it was impossible to say what amount of advantage I should get out of the business. So I boldly replied that it was very possible to impart to persons who were patient enough the arts which had so astonished them, but that, in the first place, it would be necessary for me to acquire a knowledge of the Dyak tongue. To this the chief at once agreed, and on the spot gave Anakraja instructions to afford me and my companion every facility for learning the rudiments of the Dyak language—in fact, intimated that, for the present, he was to devote himself entirely to our instruction.

Matters having arrived at this pass, I thought it a good time to push them a little further, both for the success of the hare-brained scheme I had embarked on, and for the comfort of Tom and myself while it was progressing. I therefore informed the chief that quiet would be chiefly essential, and that it was impossible to obtain in or near his village; whereupon he graciously replied that I might select any spot I chose for a house, and that his slaves should set about building it at once.

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I also inquired if he had any paper or pencils in his possession, thinking it likely that, amongst the plunder of ships which, from time to time, had fallen into his hands, it was not unlikely that such things might be included. But neither he nor Anakraja understood what I meant, till at last a bright idea seemed to strike the doctor, and he hurried off—to return presently, bearing in his hand a sort of short-handled birch-broom, covered with what seemed to be fresh whitewash, and placed it in my hands with a confidence which betokened his conviction that he had hit on the very thing. This implement, however (which I afterwards discovered to be a Dyak paint-brush, and used for decorating prahus), I was compelled to return to my obliging friend, at the same time intimating that the article I required was of a somewhat smaller and more delicate character, whereon the chief beckoned me to follow him to his store-house, which, as before mentioned, was at the rear of the audience-hall.

This place, which was of considerable dimensions, appeared to be treasure-house, and armoury, and granary all in one; for, besides a great quantity of European cases, and boxes, and shipping gear, there was a stock of loose rice rising as high as the rafters, besides heaps of such vegetables and fruits as might be dried and stored, and which included yams and pumpkins, and onions and garlic, as well as lemons and pomegranates, and the nauka, or “jack,” and the pomeplumose—all these fruits and vegetables, and very many others, flourishing in this delicious climate most luxuriantly. About the walls were hung all sorts of arms, and piled against several pieces of brass ordnance were shot and gunpowder in bags and barrels—the latter branded “Dartford,” telling, undoubtedly, of its source. I will not here, however, stay to enumerate the contents of the store-house, which the chief invited me to inspect with a view to my finding what I wanted. For some time the search seemed hopeless; but presently I spied, lying in an out-of-the-way corner, a ship’s ledger, with the clasps (which had doubtless formed the inducement to bring it ashore) wrenched off; this, however, was of small moment to me. I was only too thankful to find its pages not more than a quarter covered with writing, leaving me a good two hundred leaves, clean and fairly ruled. “I will make shift for a pencil after this stroke of fortune,” thought I; but, at that very moment, my eyes lighted on a cabin-desk, forced and empty, and upside-down; but, as there happened to be just such a one in Captain Proscot’s cabin, I knew that it had secret drawers between the real bottom and the false, and thought it likely that these same receptacles might have remained undiscovered. I gave the bottom of the desk a tap with my fist, and, sure enough, my surmise was correct: there were two secret drawers, and neither had been opened.

Seeing that the desk itself had been much knocked about, had lost its hinges and its lock, and was otherwise spoiled, I made no scruple of giving the bottom a vigorous kick, when, to the chief’s wonder and delight, a litter of curious things were immediately brought to light and strewn over the floor. It must have been a Spanish merchantman that had yielded this article of plunder, for among the things that tumbled out were five rolls of Spanish gold pieces, which, being scattered from their rotten papers by the fall, the chief hastily scrambled together and thrust into the folds of his robe. Besides these there was a goodly roll of foreign bank-notes; and as the chief, after glancing at them, threw them away contemptuously, while he gave his entire and delighted attention to a stick of red sealing-wax, I thought it no sin to clap the notes within the leaves of my ledger, thinking that one day they

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might be of considerable use to me. There was, in a shagreen case, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, which, for Ribut Bungat's amusement, I set astride my nose, and caused him to laugh very heartily; then he must needs try them on his nose, and they happening to be well adapted to his failing sight, his delight, as he looked about him and saw things plainer than he had seen them for years, was extreme; and, indeed, they really were valuable to him, and would, no doubt, have afforded him many an hour's comfort had he been allowed to keep them; but no sooner did his greedy old mother see them, than, although she might as well have worn them on the back as the front of her head, for all the assistance they lent to her purblind eyes, she insisted on having them, and to the day of her death they were added to the skull-cap, the false teeth, and her other adornments, and made of her such a figure as is never seen in England except it be on the fifth of November.

However, to return to the contents of the desk. Besides the gold and the notes, and the other things already enumerated, there were many papers and documents, the nature of which I did not understand, and a set of ivory tablets, and, better than all, a bundle of quill pens. Ink, as might have been expected, there was none; but that I knew was an article for which a substitute might easily enough be made in any place where berries grew. So with my ledger and my other treasures I walked off contentedly enough, leaving the old chief busily kicking at the bottoms of European sea-chests and packing-cases, in hopes of finding them false and the depositories of further wealth.

Our first business was to fix on a convenient site for a house, and then to set about building it. The first was a matter easily decided, for about a hundred yards from the beach there was a gently rising hill of considerable elevation, and delightfully covered with verdure. This spot, both Tom and I agreed, was all that could be desired as the site of our abode, affording as it did both retirement and a fair look-out over that vast and trackless road by which alone we could ever hope to escape; for, after all, to escape was our foremost desire, and, could we have spied a ship of any sort within swimming distance, we would cheerfully have turned our backs on Magindano and the fair prospect it offered, and, leaving our rings, and our necklaces, and our raiment of costly fur, and every other present we had received on the shore, swum naked away.

Not that we were for the present at all depressed because no ship came to relieve us. We had suddenly grown to be individuals of importance, honoured by the chief, and with the services of his slaves at our command. We resolved that our house should be after the English pattern—that is, as far as our ingenuity would serve. On the summit of the hill we planned the building, and round about it, stretching about forty yards either way, we had the ground cleared and fenced, and an outhouse built for our poultry, and an inclosure for our goats and bullocks, and a sty for our hogs; for Ribut Bungat was kind enough to give us permission to select such poultry and animals as we might desire from his own stock, which, by-the-by, in reality meant the entire produce of the island. We should have liked to have added a horse, or at least an ass or a mule, to our establishment, but such animals are unknown in this region, as is likewise the dog. This latter fact rather alarmed us when first we were informed of it, as, from the little we had seen of the gloomy woods, we imagined that they must be inhabited by lions and bears, and that, without the warning voice of a dog, we should some night be attacked by a troop of ferocious animals, who at the least would devastate our goat-pens and

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pigsties, even if they failed to penetrate to our house and devour us also; but to our satisfaction we were, with truth, informed that neither the lion nor the tiger, nor, indeed, any of the larger breed of the feline species, were known at Magindano. Neither could we hear that a wolf, or a bear, or a fox had ever been seen on the island. In the forests are found the rhinoceros, or "bodok," as these people call him, and the stag and the buffalo, also such "small deer" as the rabbit, and the mouse, and the rat. Nor must I forget to mention the orang-outang, the "wild man of the woods;" indeed, it would be uncivil not to make mention of a beast who, on our first attempts at settlement, treated us with marked attention, rotting up our fences, and devastating our sprouting crops of beans, and cucumbers, and strangling our fowls, seemingly for the mere pleasure of the performance. Nor should I forget the host of little monkeys, some of them no bigger than a squirrel, who, from the very commencement, paid not the least respect to the fences and our other devices for privacy, but came in and took up their abodes above our very doorway; indeed, it was not till we had trained a biggish ring-tailed fellow to the duties of watchman, and taught him how to handle a stick, that we could keep them out of the parlour.

During the progress of our house scarcely a day passed but we were honoured by a visit from the chief and Anakraja, as well as others of the chief's councillors; and on no occasion, from driving the foundation-piles to the elevation of the chimney-pot, did they go away without being much edified and astonished. And not without good reason; as, for instance, never before had they seen such a necessary ingredient in the construction of a house as sawn planks, nor was it likely that they should, considering that they were ignorant of such a tool as a saw. Here occurred Tom's chance to astonish them; and, though I much doubt if his talent as a saw-cutter would have gained him credit in Sheffield, the specimens of that implement—both cross-cut and single-handled—were here regarded as miracles of perfection. It was with these sawn boards that the walls of our house were composed, being overlapped and pegged (we had no nails) to the corner-posts. As for the roof, as we could obtain no substitute for tiles, we were obliged to call in the native thatcher, who, to do him justice, did his work in a style that in its way was very superior to ours. We had a door hung with hinges (another wrinkle for the Bornean architect), and secured with a latch, and in the door was a sliding shutter to admit or shut out the light just as we pleased, while round the walls were bored holes, which, together with the chimney-space, afforded us ventilation. Then recollecting the prahu-painting implement Anakraja had previously shown me, I made inquiries for it as well as for some paint.

They know but two colours of paint in this country, red and white, or, as they say, "hot" and "cold;" and I may as well here state that these colours are not used promiscuously or according to fancy, as colours are among us. Red with the Dyak is symbolic of war and bloodshed, and white of peace. Their war-prahus are "hot"—red-hot, in fact, for they are painted entirely of the fiery colour; and, should war threaten, the council-hall in which the warriors meet to discuss the imminent business would be daubed red from floor to ceiling; and should peace be restored it is no hard task to obliterate the sanguinary symbol, as the colours, white as well as red, are prepared in water—the former being made of sea-shells manufactured into lime, and the latter by crushing the seed-pods of a certain plant.

Ours, however, was to be a house of peace, and so the whitewash was brought

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and applied plentifully within and without, giving the whole place a beautifully cool and cleanly appearance. Our house furniture was neither elegant nor elaborate, but it suited our purpose; we had a large table and a couple of three-legged stools, and a couple of long forms for the use of company, should they prefer sitting in Christian fashion instead of squatting down on a mat. Up-stairs were our two bedrooms, and, having no fancy for bedsteads, we slung to the cross-beams, by means of ropes of twisted bark, hammocks of stout native cloth; and two wide bags of the same, stuffed full with soft grass, made us decent beds.

When our house was quite finished the chief brought his mother to see it, and the novelty of the whole concern so enraptured the old woman that, as I was afraid would be the case, she wanted to take up her abode in it, and, knowing her son's disposition to oblige her in everything, I thought he would consent. One would have thought that he would have been glad to have got rid of the mercenary old creature, but filial affection is very remarkable among these barbarians: I have known a married man of forty or more reduced by his grief for his mother's death to a bed of long sickness. In the present case this peculiar Dyak characteristic luckily suited us, for Ribut Bungat, while he bemoaned his pain at disobeying his parent, implored her not to think of living apart from him, and compromised the matter by engaging to escort her to the coveted abode just as often as she chose to visit it. With this she was forced to be content, and at last was got away with no more serious loss to us than both our three-legged stools, to which she took a fancy, and had conveyed to her abode in the village.

And now commenced the happiest time it was ever my lot to experience. My wounds were so completely healed that I had forgotten all about them, as would have been the case with Tom only that he was afflicted with deafness on the side from which his ear was missing. We were as well clothed as any grandee in the land, and as well fed, and, according to our way of thinking, better housed. Every morning we were waited on by two slaves from the village, who brought us a plentiful supply of fresh water, and took our orders for anything else we might require. We rose generally a little after sunrise, and, strolling down to the beach, took a bathe, or, loosening a couple of sampans from their moorings under the prahu shed, went a paddling race for half a mile or so; and though we at first got more exercise for our lungs than for our muscles out of the amusement, by reason of our laughter each at the other's bungling attempts to handle the paddles, after a few lessons we could manage them deftly enough. After our row or swim we would return to our little house on the hill, and set about getting breakfast—adapting its ingredients to our appetites. One morning we would bake a sago cake, grill a couple of young chickens, and draw a quart or so of rich milk from our sleek little cow; or we would clap a joint of a fine young porker into our oven (Tom contrived a capital oven), and that, with a custard of rice and cream and eggs, and a bowl of palm wine, furnished just such a meal as a couple of hungry and hearty young fellows could do justice to. Then, and before the sun grew too hot, we would attend to our gardening and farming operations—Tom taking to the latter, and I to the former. Our garden was of the useful rather than of the ornamental sort, and, while it contained no flowers, yielded us a very plentiful supply of cucumbers, and pumpkins, and onions, as well as a very sweet but coarse sort of greens resembling sea-kale. Not, be it understood, that there is a dearth of flowers at Magindano; on the contrary, wherever you walk the woods are all aglow with

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them, from the little vivid crimson flowers no bigger than the English forget-me-not to the gigantic and gorgeous pitcher-plant, which I shall presently have an opportunity of describing. It is on account, I suppose, of so many magnificent flowers growing in a wild condition that the Dyaks of these parts never think of cultivating them; indeed, the island is nothing but a vast garden from one end to the other.

Our gardening and farming completed, it was time for Anakraja to make his appearance, when we would hold "school" for two or three hours; that is, Anakraja and I would hold school while Tom laid on his back and smoked his pipe, till, wearied with what he disrespectfully called the doctor's gibberish, he turned over on his mat and went to sleep. Indeed, all poor Tom ever learnt of the Dyak tongue was not much, and that at second hand from me. For my part, however, I gave the subject my best attention, so that within three months of the commencement I could hold easy conversations with my tutor, while he, being even more assiduous than myself, had learnt to spell and write such easy sentences as, "Come and eat with me to-day," and "At time of high sun I will come to the house up hill." Very proud of the achievement he was, too, and a very severe time his man had of it bringing "notes" from the village to "the house up hill" from morning till night. Indeed, at such a furious rate did he take to letter-writing, and such a great sprawling hand did he write, that, had I allowed him to draw freely on my limited stock of writing-paper, he would have consumed it in less than a fortnight, so after the first few days I suggested that he should make do with bark instead, using a quill pen and some of the white lime-wash as ink.

It was not, however, till I began to teach Ribut Bungat that the business began to be really lucrative. The old chief was not apt at learning, and the task of teaching him involved twice the patience, and at least three times the writing-paper, compared with that expended over Anakraja; but when he had mastered only as much of the art of writing as enabled him to play the game of "hot boiled beans," as introduced by me, his delight was unbounded; and I never went to his house but I came away with a present either of cloth or gold rings; and on one occasion he presented me with a great yellow diamond from the island of Landa, of the value of which I had no idea till, many a year afterwards, it was submitted to a diamond-merchant in Bishopsgate.

Ribut Bungat was now never contented unless I was with him, except when he accompanied his fleet on piratical excursions, when I was invariably "advised" to keep within doors, or, at all events, not to stroll away from the foot of the hill atop of which our house was built. Nor were we at all likely to forget the said "advice," for if ever we attempted, while the chief was absent, to set out on a longish walk, or to take a boat for a row, we were sure to encounter some "head man" or other who would politely intimate the propriety of our turning back—if from the woods, because of a vicious rhinoceros, or because of head-hunters of a distant tribe who were known to be prowling there; if from sea, because of an approaching storm, because of sharks—any excuse, in fact, to induce us to refrain from a journey. Thus we were never so unhappy as when the chief was away, because it was at those times that the fact of our being prisoners was made so manifest. The saddening reflection was not, however, without its consolation: since the chief was so careful of us, and so alert that we did not escape, it was certain that there existed a means of escaping, if we could only find it out! It was I who urged this argu-

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ment, and afterwards I was very sorry for it; for from that very moment my companion (who, though he did not come in for so many presents as did I, went equal shares in all that I received), who every day was growing more and more discontented, talked of scarcely anything else, and made many suggestions towards its consummation, which, if they had only been attempted, must have resulted in nothing but ruin.

One of Tom's foremost reasons for discontent was, that while the chief was at home I was so constantly at the village, leaving him alone on the hill; and, flattering to my vanity as this marked inclination for my society on the part of Ribut Bungat may have been, it not altogether tended to my comfort. For hours I was closeted with the chief privately; I ate and smoked with him, and was present at his councils. Of course there really was nothing in all this. True, I had been able to serve Ribut Bungat in various petty matters, but all of them strictly applying to domestic economy, and none to political; indeed, it was impossible for me to make a single suggestion concerning the government of his territory, being ignorant of the commonest matter pertaining thereto. But the wisacres about the chief chose to think differently; in their ignorance and superstition they attributed all the chief's vagaries to the influence of my "talking paper;" and, though I believe that Ribut Bungat was now not a bit more wilful or obstinate than ever, they thought that he was, and argued against and combated his simplest decisions in a way that made him furious as well as obstinate, and brought against them in reality what they before only suspected they laboured under—the chief's mistrust. And the more uneasy the old fellow was made the more he resorted to my company—purely for the sake of pastime, without doubt. That, however, was not their version of the matter; the unwelcome change was entirely laid at my door, and, though they affected to treat me with extreme civility, their envy and jealousy were too apparent to be mistaken. Nay, from what afterwards came to my knowledge, I suspect that we should, about this time, have been kidnapped and drowned, or secretly put to death in some other way, were it not for fear of the wonderful "talking paper," which might tell tales and make known the assassin.

So things continued for something more than a year, at the end of which time I stood higher than ever in the chief's esteem, as did Tom, who, though his discontent had not at all abated, had contrived, by the introduction of a few common English appliances in iron in boat-building, to win for himself the distinguished post of head ship-builder. I question, however, if he would so well have succeeded had it not been for our old friend Anakraja, who of late had displayed towards Tom as well as myself the most unbounded friendship, which was the more remarkable as Tom's bluntness of speech and manner rather increased than softened with his prosperity, and never on any occasion did I know him even to assume an ordinary friendliness towards Anakraja, let alone to court his patronage. Nevertheless, for the past few weeks he had given to Tom more of his company than to me, and it was no uncommon thing for me, on my return from a visit to our house on the hill, to find Tom and Anakraja in very close confabulation.

"What have you been talking about, Tom?" I would ask.

"Oh, the prahus and that sort of thing," he would answer; but there was an end to his report, and he seemed much relieved when I pursued my inquiries no further.

One evening, however, as Tom and I sat in our garden, refreshing ourselves

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after the labours of the day with a pipe and a calabash of wine, Tom, after a deal of fidgeting and uneasiness, broke out at last with the following astounding question:—

"Reu, my lad! how would you relish being Governor of Magindano?"

"Nay," replied I, laughing, "if we are to pass an hour in castle-building, let it be of the right sort. I would rather be King of England a hundred times. Ah, Tom! if I was King of England, and you——"

"Nonsense," interrupted Tom Cox impatiently; "you are so full of your romantic notions that there isn't a serious matter-of-fact idea in you, I believe."

"Why, it was you who started the castle-building, Tom; did you not ask me how I should like to be Chief of Magindano?"

"That I did," replied he, laying down his pipe and sinking his voice to a whisper; "and what's more, Reuben, I meant what I said."

"Very well, then," said I, "here's my answer, as sober and serious as a monk, since it is your humour:—I should like it very much indeed."

"Or," continued he, "would you rather sail away to England with enough of gold and diamonds to make you a rich man for the rest of your life?"

He continued to talk in such an anxious and serious tone that I began to suspect that he had been working in the sun without his palm-leaf cap. Anyhow I thought it best to humour him, so I answered—

"Well, I think that, of the two offers, Tom, I should accept the chieftainship. This is a wonderfully rich island. Any fellow with English wits who held the reins here might make a very pretty thing of it."

"One prize or the other would be worth running a considerable risk for; eh? don't you think so, Reuben?"

"Any risk almost," replied I; "that is, any risk that endangered only a fellow's life. There are things, you know, Tom, that neither you nor I would venture for the greatest kingdom in the world."

"I'd like to know what they are!" observed Tom grimly.

"Well, there's a longish string of them, Tom; here's one, anyhow—murder!"

I saw that Tom winced at this; and, inasmuch as it showed that he was in his senses, I grew more alarmed, especially as he maintained his earnest demeanour and his low, whispering tone. Singularly enough, too—though why I can't say—while I could not but think that something was amiss, it likewise flashed to my mind, "Anakraja is at the bottom of this business!"

"Why, yes," observed Tom Cox, after a moment's uncomfortable hesitation, "murder is a thing I should be as loath to dabble in as yourself, my lad. I don't think I could be brought to kill a fellow-creature—a fellow Christian creature, you understand, Reu—for all the jewels in the Tower. But killing aint always murder. It aint murder to knock a dog on the head—no, nor a bloodthirsty piratical old Dyak either. There, now you've got my opinion flat."

But I could plainly see it was not only Tom's opinion that I had been put into possession of, but also of the clue to the secret that he was harbouring—that he was ashamed of, I am glad to add, for as he spoke he got up, and, walking away, stood leaning over the fence that encircled our little estate. I followed him quietly, and presently was by his side, leaning over the fence too.

"Go on, Tom," said I; "it's plain enough you've got a cat in your bag, and maybe, from the small bit you've shown of her, I don't much like her colour. But

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let her out, Tom; perhaps I shall like her better when I see her fairly on her legs."

"Well, it's no cat of mine, Reu, I assure you," returned he, half laughing. "You ought to take kindly to it, as it belongs to a friend of yours."

"To Anakraja?" said I.

"A good guess," replied Tom. "And now just listen to me patiently for a few moments."

Then, still maintaining his cautious whisper, he revealed to me the particulars of about as diabolical a plot as could well be conceived, even by an unscrupulous savage such as Anakraja was, for, as I suspected, this latter worthy it was who had concocted it. With praiseworthy delicacy, Tom Cox approached the main of the plot with some reluctance, justifying and excusing himself in a rigmarolish way. This, however, was the gist of the business:—In three days Ribut Bungat would set out with a fleet of five war-prahus, in search of such game as fortune might send him. As usual, he would take with him his best fighting men, his most faithful adherents, as well as the greater part of his rowing slaves, who, it was known, were much attached to him, and would fight for him to death. Tom, as inspector of ships, was to be prime mover in the devilish tragedy that was to ensue within ten hours of the fleet leaving port. A plank in the undermost side of each prahu was to be partly removed, and the hole to be neatly plastered over with a glue-like substance which Anakraja knew of, and which, though soluble, was very tenacious, and would resist the action of the water for several hours. The chief and his adherents thus disposed of, Tom and I were to be placed in his stead at the head of affairs, with Anakraja for our chief councillor and guide, and with such other men to fill the higher offices of the State as Anakraja might please to nominate; or, if Tom and I preferred it, Anakraja would take the reins, and, rewarding us with a shipload of wealth from the chief's treasure-house, lend us a vessel and crew to carry us to Shanghai, whence we could proceed to England at our convenience.

"There you are, my lad," said Tom, as he completed his precious revelation; "now the cat is out entirely. What do you think of her?"

"Answer me one question, Tom," said I: "did Anakraja tell you to lay all this before me?"

"No, indeed," replied Tom hurriedly; "I wasn't to breathe a word about it till it was all over. 'Don't tell a word of this to Orang Reu' " (so I was called), "said he, 'for he is such a timid fellow he would be sure to confess to Ribut Bungat, and spoil us all.' But I knew different, of course. I said to myself, 'This scheme is a biggish load for one man to carry; I will tell Reuben, and chance it. He won't breathe a word about it, I am sure.'"

Just as I was about to tell Tom how mistaken he was in supposing that I would take a share in such a cruel and treacherous business as that he had propounded, I happened to look down the hill, and there saw Anakraja hurrying up and towards us with unusual haste; so I resolved to hold my tongue till I had heard what the doctor might have to say.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADMIRAL DRAKE AND HIS DOINGS.

DRAKE, sailing afresh with as little delay as possible, soon passed through the Straits of Magellan, and at length felt the gratification of being the first Englishman who ever possessed sufficient hardihood to venture an English ship in the South Sea. His passage was remarkable for its quickness—occupying twelve to fifteen days at the utmost; and during it he became separated from his squadron, and did not rejoin his associates in the whole interval between his circumnavigation of the globe and voyage home.

In his one little ship, then, of but *one hundred tons* burden, he pursued his lonely voyage bravely. The desire within him grew the stronger, in spite of all the prodigious difficulties besetting him, to succeed *alone* in putting a “girdle round the world;” and with this enthralling object in view he neglected no opportunity of wreaking his quenchless thirst for revenge upon the Spaniards. He coasted Chili, Peru, and the less gold-bearing shores of Northern America, as far as the latitude of 48 deg., his object all the while being to find a passage back into the Atlantic. Finding himself naturally defeated in this, he continued his course still westward, having succeeded in making descents and raids upon all Spanish vessels that came in his way; and the *Golden Hind*, although leaky, storm-beaten, and battered in battle as she had been, was still loaded to the hatches with Spanish plunder, with ingots, doubloons, dollars, and “pieces of eight.” On the coast of California, or “*New Albion*,” as Drake called it, he spent six-and-thirty days, chiefly for the necessary repairs of the ship; and the chronicles of his “*Famous Voyage*” give us an interesting insight into the barbarisms of his savage and uncivilised though kindly entertainers. In the month of November—and the month is of little consequence as regards any significance of season—he made the Moluccas, and, coasting on towards Tidore, he turned his prow

towards Ternate (otherwise “*Terrenate*”), where a Portuguese viceroy, noisy ceremonies, Drake’s “great guns,” “clashing cymbals,” “dirks,” “frameworks of mats,” “perfumes,” fowls, rice, sugar, *frigo* (sago), form important items in the bill of fare given in the “*Famous Voyage*.”

The *Golden Hind* left the Moluccas, and encountered much danger among the Celebes, where the pious thankfulness of the seamen of that great “*Occidental Star*,” Queen Elizabeth, was put to the proof, and not found wanting. Only, when the *Golden Hind* was rolling with a doubtful waterline, not a ducat did the “religious” rovers fling overboard to lighten her. They hove overboard all their deck-hamper freely enough; but their ballast, consisting of bullion, they did well and wisely in not touching—and who shall blame them? For “what went they out for to see,” if not to seek for treasure? Did they start from England in order to behold savage kings clothed in fine raiment—calico of the best Calicut manufacture; chiefs illustrating the uses of the palm-tree, and dusky beauties of lofty lineage the utilities of the fig leaf found in Eden when the world rejoiced in its innocence, and the Useful gave place to the Beautiful, and much inconvenience resulted therefrom? Still sailing on and on, we hear that they now came to “*Barataue*” (which is not to be confounded with Sancho Panza’s “*Barataria*”), and here they found that the Javans, or Japanese, could cook rice to perfection, and also rip themselves up, or anyone else that came in their way. Our Elizabethan sailors lived freely, ate cooked “dog,” and then, sailing away gaily enough, came to *Sierra Leone*, or the Lion Mountain, on the African coast, and there found “oysters growing on trees;” the said oysters, like many other parasites, “suffering no bud to grow.” After thus going round the world in his little craft, Drake, on the 26th of September, 1580, without touching at any other land, sailed

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exultingly enough into Plymouth Harbour, his voyage having lasted two years and ten months.

The fame of the gifted navigator's safe return—the rumour of his wonderful adventures—the envy created by his great prizes—and the successful termination of a voyage hitherto unexampled—spread like wildfire throughout the kingdom, and took all the proportions of a great national event. The bravery of his crew—the wondrous nature of his exploits—the marvels worked by that little Golden Hind against the huge “amirals” of Spain—brought the courtier, the poet, and the chronicler into play; and the meanest seaman of his crew became a personage of importance, and swaggered up and down the “Hoe” of Plymouth. There is no doubt but that his hardy sea-dogs spun tough yarns of their perils and escapes, the boarding of Spanish Dons, storming Spanish forts, their wild romance of Indian savages, their revels among the dusky beauties of Hispaniola, and on the island; consequently there is not much doubt that the organs of amazement and wonder on the part of the listeners had of a verity sufficient to give them occupation, and their credulity enough to afford a large digestion. Each jolly tar became the centre of an admiring circle, and for the time being Drake was, without question, the “foremost man” of the day.

Drake's reception at court, whither he hastened without loss of time, was of the most gracious kind imaginable. Elizabeth shared in the glory which, without question, was the able seaman's right. In his tight little vessel he had sailed round the world, and whipped the Spaniards; and the bullion and the jewels forming part of his spoil, and skillfully drafted out as the queen's share, gave that royal virgin no small satisfaction; so much so, in fact, that, on the 4th of April, 1581, Elizabeth went in state by barge to Deptford, where the Golden Hind lay, and dined in a mouldy little cabin, no bigger than the locker of an American “liner.” She drank Drake's health right jovially, did Queen Bess, and post-prandially, when quaffing the mariner's well-seasoned wine, dubbed him knight in right royal fashion, saying— and she could at times speak to the point— “that his actions did him more honour than the title which she conferred”—a pretty

compliment warming the sailor's heart, and in the truthfulness of which both heartily concurred.

The honours thus piled upon the shoulders of the master were also to be shared by the ship, which was ordered to be preserved as a symbol of national glory and as an effigy reminding whosoever looked upon it of the distinguished merits of the commander, and of her Majesty's grace. Even when the little hulk would no longer cling together, a chair was fashioned out of one of its ancient planks, and the handsome relic presented to the University of Oxford—with what apposition or consistency it is perhaps difficult to know. Even Cowley, the finest specimen of all who were learned, quaint, replete with “conceits,” learning, and “enphuism” in their writings, cannot help being struck by the amount of daring, strong-heartedness, and indomitable “pluck” with which the little Golden Hind was carried so successfully across so many leagues of ocean, and made to face fire and shot, when death in the shape of Spanish bullets and Castilian shot offered itself to them, and all vainly enough. This poet has a wonderfully expressive Latin epigram on Drake and the Golden Hind to this effect:—

“The stars above will make thee known,
If man were silent here;
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.”

The last line appears noble almost beyond conception, though the words cannot be said to reach further than a “conceit,” but it is a “conceit” which only a scholar and a poet could have accomplished. Drake was resting upon his laurels just now, and only for a brief time. The Queen treated the grumbling of the Spaniards with scorn, for were not some of the jewels, the gems, the bullion—in fact, the lion's share of the profits—in her own possession? She denied in her vigorous manner “that by the Bishop of Rome's donation, or any other right, the Spaniards were entitled to debar the subjects of other princes from these new countries, the gift of what is another's constituting no valid right; that touching here and there, and naming a river or cape, could not give a proprietary title, nor hinder other nations from trading or colonising in those parts where the Spaniards had not planted settlements.” The reader will not fail to see that there is an amount of special pleading, as

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well as of audacity and defiance, in this defence, which is thoroughly expressed and illustrated in the French phrase, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" However, Bess "cared nothing for these things," and Drake stood high among his compeers, and only now busied himself with fresh projects, his hate against the Spaniards being as unquelled as ever; but sometimes it's worth while being wronged, and trading upon an injury.

Drake made capital out of his; but the Spaniards were pre-eminently braggarts, cruel beyond the refinements of savagery, insolent in conquest, and pitiless in victory; so we may feel perfectly satisfied to know that they were not likely to find their recent "warnings" grow cool for want of following up. Spain herself being pushed to the wall, and there battered and beaten with little tenderness or small regard to her feelings,



Sir Philip Sidney, the "Mirror of Chivalry."

finding remonstrance and representation of alleged wrongs to be of little avail, began about this time to make preparations for that famous and gigantic effort which was to result in the sailing of the Armada. Drake had already entered into an arrangement with the gallant young hero, Sir Philip Sidney, to commence and force hostilities on Spain. This, however, was in part abandoned at the queen's command, she wanting Sir Philip to serve in the Low Countries, where, on the glorious field of Zutphen, he

met his death. Meantime Drake was gathering himself—and forces—together for the work. He had a fleet numbering twenty-five sail—more cock-boats—two being "queen's ships." He had over ten thousand seamen and soldiers, and he had the pick for officers of the finest seamen of that age of thorough sailors. For first officer he had Christopher Carlile; for vice-admiral, brave Martin Frobisher; for lofty subalterns, he had Francis Knowles, or Knollys, and "other officers of celebrity."

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Setting sail for the coast of Spain, and being puzzled for the moment on what plea he should begin his quarrel, except on that through which a certain person cherished a cynical dislike to one "Doctor Fell," Drake demanded the terms of an embargo laid on the goods of some English merchants, and was answered so temperately that he gave his point up in disgust, and, cruising from St. Sebastian to Vigo, took some small "tenders," for he hated to be idle.

Next, at the Cape de Verdes Drake landed a thousand men, and took St. Jago, not one opposing him in the way; and the plunder taken would have stocked a toy-shop, but was nothing to men who had ransacked Plate fleets. The Portuguese, it must be remarked, stood no higher in the estimation of the "mariners of the long voyage" than the Spaniards. The Spaniards had carried the Inquisition to Mexico and the Brazils, and the Portuguese had artistically tortured at Goa all the "heretics" they could find. Now, as this deserved reprisal, Drake took St. Domingo, and nothing more ensued except the burning of the town, and a general smash of most things that happened to be in the way—for Jack enjoys a shindy in a china-shop as well as over a bull in Britain. For although, as a grave chronicle informs us, the "English re-embarked in good order, and stood for the West Indies," they left a large score for wilful damage behind them, which was to be made up by those whom it most concerned. A horrible story, however, of Portuguese cruelty, which could not be exceeded in its atrocity on the Ashantee coast—cannibalism included—is told as a palliation of Drake's "visitation." The corpse of an English boy, "torn, disfigured, and dismembered," was found, which moved Drake's men to a justifiable fury. They had (the Cape Verdians) committed murder on a "flag of truce"—or its bearer—murdered the whole crew of a Bristol trader, commanded by Captain Hawkins. It was five years before, it is true; but Nemesis never sleeps, and, whoever be her agents, she *has* agents, and whether self-elected or not, matters but little in the logic of final causes.

Arrived at the West Indies, where Drake lost about three hundred of his men by the "black vomit," the fame of the wealth of St. Domingo attracted his attention, and a

plan of attack was decided upon. The plague of the accursed climate had decimated his men. It was only fair that he should decimate the ducats and dollars of those who—well—who had induced him to bring his bold lads out there; and the plan was put into execution. The plan was one of Drake's own for simplicity in construction, and met with its usual success. A party attacked the town from the landward, while the ships did the like duty from the sea. On New Year's Day the shore boats landed the men ten miles away from the city, and these, being again divided, attacked opposite gates, and carried them with a rush. To avoid the guns of the castle—to avoid, in fact, all chances of the Spaniards recovering from the first shock of surprise and terror—by their commanders' instructions, the English divisions met in the market-place, carrying all before them in the furious and resistless pell-mell which was the consequence of the plan. In the market-place they made a stand, as being their centre, while the Spaniards the next night, after an unavailing attempt to drive the invaders forth, quitted the castle, and passed in their boats to the other side of the harbour. Drake now planted the abandoned guns in his own trenches, and fortified himself in his position for a month, till the terms of the ransom for sparing the city were settled and complied with. Only 25,000 ducats however, and an inconsiderable amount of booty, fell to the share of the English, and Drake knew that the "little bird" who had sung such a melodious and golden tune in his ears of the great wealth of St. Domingo was rather to be hoped in than fully believed.

From St. Domingo Drake sailed for Carthagena, on the coast of New Granada, and in the same manner, his chief officer, Carlisle, attacking on the land side, and Drake, with his vessels and boats, before the town, compelled a rapid surrender. 11,000 ducats was demanded as the price of ransom set on the town, and the Spaniards must have thought themselves well off in finding the demand so moderate. The truth is, the "calentura," or "black vomit," or something not very clearly defined, broke out among his men afresh, and 700 more of his men found graves on those far-off insalubrious shores.

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Nombre de Dios and Panama—"there to strike the stroke for treasure"—came next under discussion; but in a council of war the design was abandoned; and, cruising along the coast of Florida, St. Helena and Augustin, two small, insignificant settlements, were burnt. Arrived at Virginia, where Sir Walter Raleigh had already established a colony (to be spoken of in due time and place), Drake brought away the governor—a Mr. Lane—and a small luckless remnant of a colony planted there a twelvemonth back.

It was with this remains of a colony which had utterly failed for many reasons, that Drake brought away the first yield of tobacco cultivated on any extensive scale, and thus introduced it as a trading commodity into the commerce of the nation to such an extent that its revenues have yielded sums which in the gross must count by *billions* sterling, and past the calculation of a De Morgan, or even of Mr. Babbage, especially if the latter had the assistance of a few music-loving Italian organ-grinders. Drake's fleet and forces now set forth direct for England, and arrived in port in the July of 1580. He brought home in prize money £60,000, £20,000 being divided among the men and crews, the remainder being the shares of the adventurers. He also brought 200 brass and about 40 iron cannon, taken from the various Spanish ships and forts which had surrendered to him, and the dismantling of these latter turned out after to be of most signal service when the war with Spain fairly broke out, for their fortifications were so far useless, and so lessened the number of the more formidable places against which the arms of Britain were to be directed.

Drake now surrendered his old rôle of mere adventurer, in which he had so signally distinguished himself, and when the rumour of that enormous force which Spain was preparing against England, under the name of the Armada, spread consternation through the land, he took command of a fleet of twenty-six vessels (some authorities say thirty), prepared and fitted out by the patriotic citizens of London. In 1587 he sailed for Lisbon, and next for Cadiz, where he gave to the flames, by a most daring act of seamanship and resistless valour, more

than 10,000 tons of shipping, which would have meted out half-a-dozen fleets, each one equal to Blake's squadron. Sweeping the seas, as it were, with his eagle glance, and having his "intelligencers," or jackals, in every quarter, he received notice that a huge and richly-laden carrack, the San Philip, sailing from the East Indies, was about to call at Terceira. Drake at once made sail for the Azores, having now to make his way with much discontent and grumbling among his men, owing to a shortness of provisions. Drake was not to be put down by any clamour, and the end was that he seized the richest prize which had ever yet been taken—an omen so full of hope and promise, as was soon realised by a series of captures which nearly bewildered the merchant adventurers with their success. At this time he is convicted of boasting that he had "sing'd the King of Spain's beard;" and, if comparisons are to go in the form of parallel examples, it must be owned that his devastations at Lisbon and his subsequent brilliant deeds were really within the limits of his own phrase. In effect it is admitted on all sides, even by those who cavil at this pardonable bit of gasconade, that he delayed the progress of the Armada for a whole year, and in that period England had time of most vital consequence to her own safety to prepare for every contingency, and to make herself mistress of all requisite information as to Philip the Bigot's designs.

In the year following, 1588, Sir Francis Drake held the high post of Vice-Admiral of the British Fleet, then under the command of Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England.

As this splendid episode in Drake's brilliant career belongs more properly to the story of the Armada, we shall defer it to that portion of this chronicle, simply observing that the vice-admiral distinguished himself beyond all precedent, and that his ship was riddled like a sieve, but that he brought her and his prizes—most, however, being lost—safe out of action into Plymouth Harbour.

In 1589 Admiral Drake was in command of a fleet sent to aid in restoring Don Antonio back to the throne of Portugal, out of which Philip had pretty rudely shaken him. Sir John Norris was to head the land forces, for

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Drake held consistently to those plans which of old had been crowned so satisfactorily. A difference arose between the commanders, Sir John possibly not seeing the probabilities of success attending the admiral's plan which, very likely, he might have desired to see, and a failure on the land commander's part occasioned the signal failure of the whole expedition—a thing which "had not occurred in any single-handed undertaking in which Drake engaged"—and Don Antonio found himself pretty much as before. Drake had now received his first check. It is a lesson to men whose career has been one continued success up to a certain point to *stop short* when fortune first begins to run counter. It may, however, be fairly inferred that, as the failure was *not* Drake's, he had no right to suppose that another expedition should meet with the like miscarriage. Accordingly, in 1595, while the war, though languishing, was far from reaching an end, he offered, in conjunction with bluff Sir John Hawkins, to carry a squadron to the West Indies, and at one fell and splendid swoop cripple the naval power of Spain for a century at least to come, if not for ever. The extent and vastness of the undertaking might have been copied in some details from the Armada, for the fleet numbered six of the queen's best ships, together with twenty-one adventurers' vessels, and the seamen and soldiers amounted to two thousand five hundred in all. They set sail from Plymouth in August, the news of another Armada from Spain having reached them—the rumour being intended to dissuade the English fleet from its known plan of operation—namely, an attack on Nombre de Dios and the spoliation of Panama; so that procrastination and differences retarded the admiral's way. A galleon at Porto Rico was to have been taken, but five Spanish frigates had already convoyed it thence. In October Sir John Hawkins sailed for Dominica to "caren" his ships; and here the *Frances*, one of his vessels, was captured by the enemy, so that blow after blow seemed to turn their hopes into despair. Here Hawkins, too, poor fellow! became sick, and died in November, before the fleet got back to Porto Rico. Hawkins was succeeded (in the Garland) by Sir Thomas Baskerville, and the fleet now lay almost under the guns of Porto Rico. On the very night of Hawkins' death, and while the officers were at supper, a Spanish shot came unceremoniously and startlingly into the great cabin, knocked away the seat occupied by the admiral, killed Sir Nicolas Clifford on the spot, and mortally wounded Mr. Brute Brown and several others with

the splinters. This was a little too much for English patience to put up with, and preparations for an attack the next day were at once begun. The alarm had, however, been given; and though the assault was one of those irresistible onslaughts which made the English so terrible in fight, the treasures had been taken away, the women and children removed, the place strengthened, and the whole was an attempt so futile that in three days the enterprise was totally abandoned. Drake now stood out for the main—for burning and destroying some little places of no consequence or value—and a sequence of disappointments of so mortifying and even serious a nature were beginning to affect the once vigorous seaman's health. Meantime, Santa Martha and Nombre de Dios surrendered, and in the same December Sir Thomas Baskerville, with seven hundred and fifty soldiers, attempted to make his way by the land passes of the Isthmus of Darien to Panama; but midway, finding themselves so harassed, their return was ordered, through which they, of course, suffered more than ever from the hidden fire of the Spaniards. They staggered to their ships furious with disappointment and mad with the shame of so many failures and defeats. This, preying upon Drake's heart and vitals, threw him into a fever, "accompanied by a flux, under which he languished for three weeks." He died off Porto Rello on the 27th of December, 1595, in the fifty-first year of his age. All due honours were done to his remains, such as befitted the man and his rank; and a seaman's grave—the moaning, ever-restless sea—was a fitting termination to a seaman's stormy career. They placed his body in a coffin of lead, and committed him to the deep with all the solemn and imposing ceremonials used on so impressive an occasion. His death was mourned by the nation, regretted by the queen; but his "memory will survive as long as the world lasts—the world which he first surrounded."

Square-built, broad-chested, of a medium height, his head of finely-rounded proportions, his eye clear and lively, his look bold and free, his complexion fair, bordering on the sanguine, light-brown hair, inclining to curl, and a full beard of the Vandyke—all these attributes and proportions fill out the portrait of the man. He was a thorough seaman, prompt at seizing opportunities, and as quick in turning them to use. Resolute and self-dependent, the man acted as rapidly on impulses rarely wrong. He is the representative type of Queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, as Blake is of Cromwell's, or Benbow of the days of Dutch William.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

VII.

EQUILIBRIUM OF BODIES (*continued*).

TO MAKE A PLANK ADHERE TO A TABLE BY MEANS OF A NEWSPAPER.

Take a thin plank, about a quarter of an inch thick, and eight inches wide, and twenty-eight in length. Place this plank on a table slightly out of the horizontal, and it will be evident that the least touch will bring it to the ground. On the plank thus balanced place a newspaper

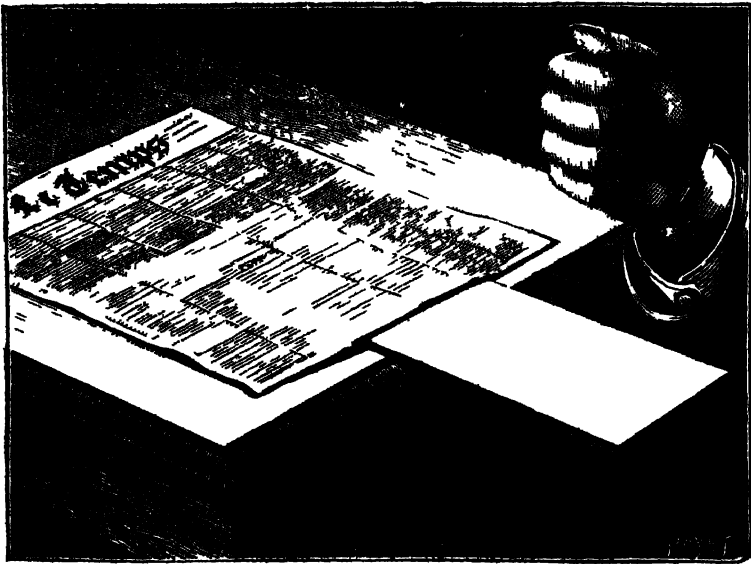


Fig. 38. Experiment in Equilibrium.

sheet; and then if you strike the portion of the plank which extends beyond the table you will be surprised to find that the plank will resist the blow absolutely, as if it had been nailed to the table. If you strike hard you will perhaps hurt your hand or break the plank, but you will not raise the sheet of newspaper which holds it. The quick compression of the air which is exercised on a considerable surface is sufficient to explain this phenomenon (Fig 38).

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PRESSURE OF THE AIR.

THE MAGDEBURG HEMISPHERES.

Take two tumblers of the same size. Be careful that they fit closely when one is placed on top of the other. Light a piece of wax candle, and place it within the tumbler on the table. Place on top of it a piece of rather thick paper saturated with water. Then place upon it the other tumbler, as in the illustration (Fig. 39). The tumblers will then be found to adhere closely. The candle will be extinguished; but while burning it has dilated the air contained in the lower tumbler, and this

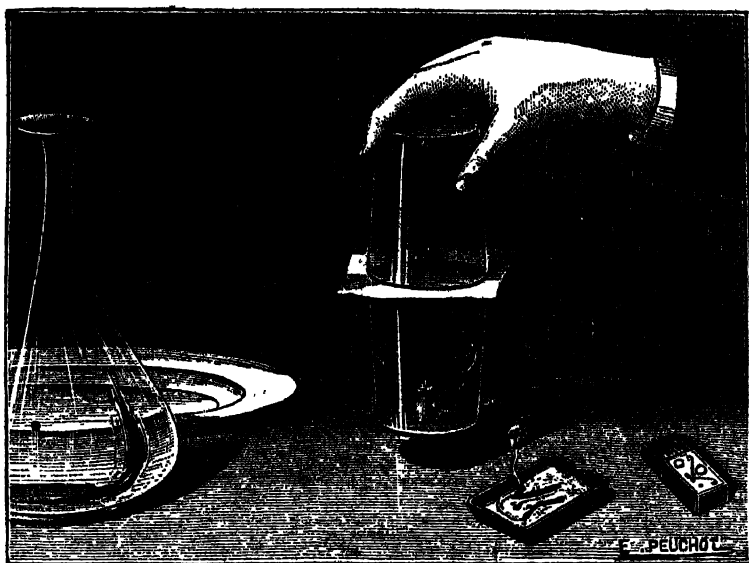


Fig. 39. The Adhesive Tumblers.

air has, therefore, become rarefied. The exterior pressure of the atmosphere will fix the tumblers as closely together as the classical Magdeburg homispheres are united. It is possible to raise the undermost tumbler by holding up the upper one. The paper may be scorched on the under side, but the success of the experiment is not thereby imperilled.

THE SUCKER.

This is a plaything familiar to all schoolboys, and has, no doubt, served as the text for many a dissertation on the pressure of the air. Readers are aware that the "sucker" is formed of a piece of leather, in

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the centre of which a cord is fixed. This piece of leather pressed upon the pavement forms a kind of "cupping-glass" arrangement, and considerable force must be exercised to draw it away from the pavement. Large stones may be lifted by these means. The piece of leather should be first wetted, and the cord attached to it, so that no air may penetrate through the aperture in which the string is inserted. [A circular piece of leather seems to act best.—EDITOR.]



Fig. 40. The "Sucker."

THE PENHOLDER AND A VACUUM.

The schoolboy who first exhausted the air from a tube penholder and made it cling to his lip, by reason of the exterior pressure of the air, was perhaps the first to discover the air-pump. To perform this little experiment, you must have a penholder with one closed end. Put the open end in the mouth, exhaust the air by aspiring it, and then permit the end in the mouth to slide on to the lip, which seals it hermetically.



Fig. 41. The Schoolboy Inventor of the Air-pump.

EXPERIMENTS WITH COMPRESSED AIR.

TO EXTINGUISH A CANDLE BY MEANS OF A BOTTLE.

Take an ordinary bottle, the neck of which is about three-quarters of an inch wide. Hold the bottle in the right hand, and cover the neck with the ball of the thumb of the left hand, leaving only a small aperture (see A, Fig. 42). Care must be taken to leave only a small aperture. Then apply your mouth to the opening, so as to cover it completely, and breathe into the bottle gradually but forcibly, so as to compress the air in it. Under these circumstances it is evident that, in consequence of the communication which exists between the interior of the bottle and the lungs, an equilibrium of pressure will be established. Three or four seconds will suffice for the action. At that moment, by a rapid movement, close the bottle completely, by applying the ball of the thumb to the orifice, displacing the lips. •

Then place the bottle in an inclined position, as in Fig. 43, mouth downwards, and bring it within about an inch and a half of a lighted

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candle. Loose the thumb, and permit the compressed air to escape from the bottle through an aperture as nearly the same size as possible



Fig 42. Position of the Hands before the Compression of the Air by the Mouth.



Fig 43 Mode of holding the Bottle in order to extinguish or blow aside the Flame.

to the opening through which the bottle was filled The flame of the candle will be blown aside and perhaps extinguished.

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THE PAPER BAG FILLED WITH AIR.

After the experiments with a vacuum, we may next speak of those which refer to the compression of gases. Let us recall the experiment of the bag, full of air, which is broken by a blow of the hand.

The compressed air bursts the bag, and produces an explosion.



Fig. 44. Compressed Air.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE PAGES.

81.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

THE queen of a Grecian state, who was the last sovereign of her country; for, dying unmarried, she bequeathed to her subjects the power of choosing what form of government they thought fit. They established a republic, which was soon overcome by the overwhelming power of the Romans, and the state became a Roman province. This country was rugged and mountainous, very populous, and its inhabitants were brave and warlike.

The name of this queen contains eight letters. was a magnificent palace for the royal residence.

6, 2, 4, 7, 5, make an ancient country in Asia, 6, 8, 1, 5, 7, the son of Japhet from whom this country derives its name.
Japhet. Its capital was Ecbatana, in which 7, 4, 5, the highest mountain in Candia.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS.

82.



83.



84.—TRANSPOSITION.

ITEMPLADS.—A celebrated commander, who, after gaining one of the most famous battles of antiquity, was accused of treachery to his country, and condemned to lose his life. This sentence was mitigated to a fine, which not being able to pay, he was never released from prison, but died there of the wounds he had received in his country's service.

85.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

One of the greatest philosophers, as well as best men, which any country has ever produced. He was a native of Ireland, and was born in the very year of the death of an illustrious genius whose plans he so ably seconded that it was said of him that he was the person whom Nature designed to succeed to the labours and inquiries of that eminent man.

The final letters give the name,
So take them all, and view the same;
Combined in order, then you see
This name without more help from me.

1. A state of Hindostan. Its name means "The country of the five rivers."

2. A French merchant who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. He renounced the errors of Romanism, and was followed by many, who assumed a name in honour of their leader.

3. A very celebrated astronomer, who was appointed astronomer royal at Greenwich, 1741.

4. The river on which the first manufacturing town in England is seated.

5. A Danish astronomer. The celebrated Kepler was at one time his pupil.

PUZZLE PAGES.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

86. During the compilation of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" it was found necessary to employ a copier to transcribe a large portion of a scientific subject. This person, who was remarkably exact in his habits, copied this manuscript in a very regular manner. He found, when he had done his task, that the number of lines he copied in the first half-hour was less by 10 than the square root of the whole number of lines in the manuscript; and that the square of the number of lines copied in the first 49 minutes was equal to twice the number of lines then remaining to be copied. How many lines were there in the manuscript? and how many lines did the transcriber copy per minute?

87. Bacchus, who was, we know, one of the first of toppers, having caught Silenus—another gentleman renowned for his partiality to liquor—sleeping one day by the side of a full cask, seized the opportunity of drinking, which he continued for two-thirds of the time that Silenus would have taken to empty the whole cask. After this Silenus awoke, and finished what Bacchus had left—a very scanty lot, we promise you. Had Bacchus and Silenus both drunk together, the cask would have been emptied two hours sooner, and Bacchus would have drunk only half what he left for Silenus. Required the time in which each would have emptied the cask respectively?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, etc. (Pages c 254, 255, and 256.)

52. Candia, the ancient Creto, of which Idomeneus (who was on the Grecian side at the siege of Troy) was king. On Mount Ida the Cretans boasted that Jupiter was educated. Canute—Alfred—Nabopalassar, father of Nebuchadnezzar—Demetrius—Hleric—Attila.

CANDIA.

53. Hanno—Cyclops.

54. Port-end—Portend.

55. Ear-nest—Earnest.

56. Bards—Leon—Apamea—Agas Calientes—Ashmole. AREOPAGUS.

57. Let x and y be the numbers.

$$x^2 + y^2 + xy = 13 (x + y) = 208.$$

$$\therefore x + y = \frac{208}{13} = 16.$$

$$\text{And } x(x + y) + y^2 = 208,$$

$$\text{or } 16x + y^2 = 208.$$

$$\text{Also, } 16x + 16y = 16 \times 16 = 256.$$

$$\therefore y^2 - 16y = -48,$$

$$y^2 - 16y + 64 = 16,$$

$$\therefore y - 8 = \pm 4, \text{ and } y = 12, \text{ or } 4.$$

$$\text{But } x + y = 16 \therefore x = 16 - y = 4, \text{ or } 12.$$

\therefore the pocket monneys are respectively a shilling and fourpence.

58. Let x and y be the two digits, so that $y = 2x$. Then any number so formed will be represented by $10x + y$, and the sum of the digits is $x + y$.

\therefore that the theory may hold,

$$\frac{10x + y}{x + y} \text{ must} = 4,$$

$$\text{and } \frac{10y + x}{x + y} \text{ must} = 7;$$

but y by the condition = $2x$.

$$\therefore \text{substituting } \frac{10x + 2x}{x + 2x} = \frac{12x}{3x} = 4,$$

$$\text{and } \frac{20x + x}{x + 2x} = \frac{21x}{3x} = 7,$$

which equations must hold for all values of x and y .

\therefore the proposition is proved.

59. £1,325 8s. 5½d.

60. Since the resultant force = each of the productive forces, and $R^2 = P^2 + Q^2 + 2P \cdot Q \cdot \cos \theta$

$$\therefore R^2 = 2R^2 + 2R^2 \cos \theta$$

$$\therefore 2R^2 \cos \theta = -R^2$$

$$\therefore \cos \theta = -\frac{R^2}{2R^2} = -\frac{1}{2}$$

and $-\frac{1}{2}$ is the value of $\cos 120^\circ$.

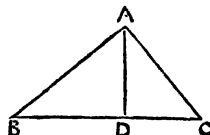
\therefore the angle is 120° .

61. $h = \frac{v^2}{2g}$ where v = initial velocity, and g = force of gravity.

$$\text{Hence } h = \frac{100,000,000}{64 \cdot 4} \text{ feet} = 294 \text{ miles } 476 \frac{1}{2} \text{ feet.}$$

The ball in this case would probably become a satellite, and revolve round the earth.

62. Total pressure W on cords = 150 lbs.; and if BC be bisected in D , the line of W 's action passes through D , and also through A , otherwise there could not be equilibrium. Let S = strain on AC , T = that on AB . Let $AB = a$, $AC = b$, $BC = c$. Then, $T : W :: \sin D \cdot AC : \sin B \cdot AC$,



and $a \cdot \sin B \cdot AD$ = perpendicular from A on BC = $b \cdot \sin D \cdot AC$. Or, $a \cdot \sin (B \cdot AC - D \cdot AC) = a \cdot \sin B \cdot AC \cdot \cos D \cdot AC - a \cdot \cos B \cdot AC \cdot \sin D \cdot AC$ = $b \cdot \sin D \cdot AC \therefore a \cdot \sin B \cdot AC \cdot \cos D \cdot AC = \sin D \cdot AC (b + a \cdot \cos B \cdot AC)$

Hence, $W \cdot a \cdot \cos D \cdot AC = T \cdot (b + a \cdot \cos B \cdot AC)$

But $W \cdot a \cdot \sin D \cdot AC = T \cdot a \cdot \sin B \cdot AC$

Squaring and adding the last two equations,

$$2W^2 a^2 (\sin^2 D \cdot AC + \cos^2 D \cdot AC)$$

$$= 2T^2 (a^2 + 2ab \cos B \cdot AC + b^2)$$

$$\text{but } \sin^2 D \cdot AC + \cos^2 D \cdot AC = 1$$

$$\text{and } c^2 = a^2 + b^2 - 2ab \cos B \cdot AC$$

$$\therefore W^2 a^2 = T^2 (2a^2 + 2b^2 - c^2)$$

$$\therefore T : W :: a : \sqrt{2a^2 + 2b^2 - c^2}$$

and substituting the known values of W , a , b , c ,

we have $T : 150 :: 15 : 25 \therefore T = 90$ lbs.

and since $S + T = W = 150$ lbs., $S = 60$ lbs.

63. Rail-way train—Railway train.

64. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. To be read—A burden—THE hand—IS worth two—INN the BUSH.

65.—Earth-worm—Earthworm.

PUZZLE PAGES.

88.—CHARADE.

To see the late review my second went,
And saw, within my third, a Volunteer,
Who, though he with despatches had been
sent,
A thirsty soul—he had gone in for beer.
Yes, though he was on duty; but, alas!
His inclination with his duty vied;
The day was hot, he had my third to pass,
He saw the beer, and couldn't—but no
more.

He was but mortal, and he did his best;
"The best," the poet says, "can do no more;"
The pewter to his lips he fondly pressed,
Then turned—and saw his captain at the
door.
How changed his looks! my whole they now
became;
He well deserved, and got a reprimand.
And now to show him up to open shame,
My second forthwith took my first in hand.

89.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



90.—TRANSPOSITION.

IPSOTCRE.—A French town, noted for two battles. In the first of these the Saracens were defeated by the French; and, more than six hundred years after, the French were defeated, and their king taken prisoner, by the English.

91.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

1. Take the 1st letter of the name of that king who, after defeating the Romans, exclaimed, "Oh! with what ease could I conquer the world, had I the Romans for soldiers, or had they me for their king!"

2. The 2nd and 4th of a king who usually prefixed this preface to all his treaties: "When Christ came into the world peace was sung, and when He went out peace was bequeathed."

3. The 3rd of a queen who, on the defeat of her enemies, ordered a medal to be struck bearing this inscription, "He blew with His winds, and they were scattered."

4. The 1st and 6th of a Roman who, when intreated by his mother and wife to withdraw an invading army, which he commanded, from before

the walls of Rome, exclaimed, "O my mother! thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son."

5. And the 5th and 4th of a noted prime minister, who, before he died, left this testimony as to the vanity of putting confidence in princes:—"Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs."

These letters, connected, give the name of a celebrated Athenian general and orator, who, on his death-bed, when his friends who surrounded him were relating his many valiant exploits, said to them, "I am surprised that you should forget the most meritorious circumstance of my life—I never caused any one citizen to mourn on my account."

The Black Man's Ghost.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS' BURIED TREASURE
OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

AUTHOR OF "PICKED UP AT SEA," "ON BOARD THE EMERALDA," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A HAUNTED SHIP.

A WEEK later, Captain Snaggs, after drinking heavily during the evening, was seized with a fit of delirium similar to the one he had that night when he frightened me so terribly, for he rushed out of the cuddy, screaming that "thet durned nigger Sam" was after him again.

He made my flesh creep; and I wouldn't have gone afterwards into the stern of the ship at night without a light for a good deal, nor would any of the fo'c's'le hands either, excepting, perhaps, Tom Bullover. I am certain Hiram Bangs would have been even more reluctant than myself to have ventured within the presumptive quarters of the ghost.

But, it was when we were off Cape Horn itself, though, that we encountered our greatest peril.

The *Denver City* had got down well below the latitude of the stormy headland that is to mariners like the "Hill Difficulty" mentioned in the "Pilgrim's Progress," carrying with her the light, favourable breezes we had encountered after losing the south-east trades which had wafted her so well on her way; when, all at once, without hardly a warning, the sea began to grow choppy and sullen, and the air thick and heavy. The sky, too, which had been for days and days nearly cloudless, became overcast all round, while masses of vapour piled themselves upwards from the horizon towards the zenith to the southward and westward, gradually enveloping ship and ocean alike in a mantle of mist.

"Cape Horn weather," observed Tom Bullover meaningly, as he squinted to windward; "we'll have a taste of it presently!"

"Aye, bo'," said Hiram, from the door of the galley opposite, where the carpenter was holding on to the weather rigging; "I wonder what the skipper's about, keepin' all thet hamper aloft an' a gale like thet a-comin'! I reckon he'd better look smart, or we'll be caught nappin', hey?"

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Captain Snaggs, however, was also on the look-out; and, almost ere Hiram had finished his sentence, he had shouted out for all hands to take in sail.

"Way aloft thaar!" he cried; "lay out on the yards, men, an' close reef the tops'ls; we're going to hev a blow!"

And we did have a blow.

The men were just ready to haul in the weather earring of the mizzen topsail, the last they were handing, the fore and main having been already made snug, when a storm of wind and hail and snow struck us which in a few minutes coated the deck and rigging and every portion of the upper works of the ship with thick ice. At the same time, the sea, rolling in enormous waves, broke over our counter, throwing sheets of water aboard, which seemed to freeze in the air before it fell.

I was standing on the poop, lending a hand at the mizzen halliards with the rest of the "idlers"—as those who are not regular sailors are called, although I was fast trying to become a real salt under the apt tuition of Hiram Bangs and the carpenter—when this fierce blast came. It pinned us down to the deck, and made our faces smart again with the onslaught of the hail.

Next followed a short lull, during which the reef tackle was hauled out and the halliards manned, the yard being swayed up again; and then, those aloft were able to come down and find a more comfortable shelter below than the rigging afforded.

But, now, occurred a curious circumstance.

As the hands who had been up on the mizzen-yard reefing the topsail stepped from the rattines on to the deck of the poop before getting down to the waist below, one of the men, Jim Chowder, the same who had said that he had heard Sam Jedfoot's voice in the ship since he had been lost overboard, whispered to me as he passed:—

"Listen!" he said.

That was all,—*"Listen!"*

The wind had suddenly died away for the moment, although the sea was like an ocean of mountains lumbering over each other; and as I listened, as Jim the sailor had told me, I heard a musical sound that I instantly recognised. It was that of the negro cook's banjo most unmistakeably, playing the same old air I knew so well:—

"Oh, down in Alabama, 'fore I wer sot free."

The instrument seemed to give out a double twang at this point, as if all the strings were twitched at once, and I noticed that Captain Snaggs, who stood near me, turned as white as a sheet.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed, his eyes almost starting out of his head. "The Lord hev mercy on us! What is thet?"

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As if in answer to his question, the same wild, ghostly melody was repeated, the sound seeming to hover in the air and yet to come from underneath the deck under our feet, the tune swelling in intensity as we all listened, so that every man on board must have heard it as well as the captain and myself.

And then, just as the last bar was struck with another resounding twang, a fiercer blast than the first caught the ship on her port quarter, and she heeled over to starboard until her deck was almost upright, while at the same time a terrible wave washed over us fore and aft, sweeping everything movable overboard.

I held on to the weather rigging like "grim Death," amidst a mass of seething foam, that flowed over the poop as if it were the open sea, with the roar of rushing waters around me and the whistling and shrieking of the wind as it tore through the shrouds and howled and wailed, sweeping onward away to leeward.

The spirit of the storm seemed to have broken loose, its black cloud-wings covering the heavens and fanning up the waves into fury, and then hurling them at the *Denver City*, which, poor, stricken thing, quailed before the onslaught of the cruel blast and remorseless rolling billows which followed each other in swift succession. These bore her down, and down, and down, until she was almost on her beam ends, labouring heavily and groaning and creaking in every timber, and looking as if she were going to capsize every instant.

Not a man on board but thought his last hour had come.

The noise of the raging elements, however, in this mad commotion at once drowned the sound of the weird, mysterious music that had previously filled the air, affecting us all so strangely, especially Captain Snaggs, who seemed to be stricken by a spell as long as the sad strain echoed in our ears. The moment, however, we ceased to hear the phantom chaunt, the captain recovered himself, his sailor instincts getting the better of his superstitious fears and sudden fright.

Fortunately, he had clutched hold of the poop rail as the fierce gust caught the vessel, or, otherwise, he would have been carried over the side, and be struggling for dear life half a mile, at least, astern, where the hen-coops and casks that had been washed overboard were now bobbing about, as they sank slowly out of sight, on the crest of the wave that had cleared our decks.

A thorough seaman, in spite of his malevolent disposition and bullying manner, which, I suppose, he could not help, he knew at once what was best to be done under the circumstances—what, indeed, was the only thing that would save the ship, and which, if it could be done, had to be done quickly.

Still grasping the rail with one hand, he made a motion with the

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other to Jan Steenbock to put the helm up, for the second-mate, being on the poop, had immediately jumped to the wheel to the assistance of the man there, who had as much as he could do single-handed to keep down the spokes, the ship steering wildly in such a heavy, tumbling sea as was boiling around us. The captain the next moment clambered to the mizzen topsail sheets and halliards, and let them go by the run, an example that was instantly followed by those on the deck below, Tom Bullover, who was in charge there, anticipating the skipper's intention, although he could not catch the order he bawled out at the same time that he lifted his hand to warn the helmsman—the terrible din kept up by the waves and wind alike preventing a word from reaching any one standing a yard beyond Captain Snaggs, had he spoken through a speaking trumpet and been possessed of lungs of brass!

At first, it looked as if these measures had been adopted too late, the vessel lay so helplessly over on her side, but in a little while—albeit it was a century to us, with our lives trembling in the balance—in the interval of a brief lull she slowly righted again; when, paying off from the wind, she plunged onward, pitching and rolling and careering before the gale as it listed, yawing to port and starboard and staggering along, throwing tons of water over her fo'c's'le as she dived, and then taking in whole seas over her quarter as she rolled on, the following waves overtaking her, just like a high mettled steed that had thrown its rider and was rejoicing in its temporary freedom.

The canvas aloft was ballooning out, and the ropes slatting and cracking, with blocks banging against the spars, all making a regular pandemonium in conjunction with the hoarse shriek of the sou'-wester and the clashing of the billows as they broke, buffetting the *Denver City* as if they would smash in her topsides at every blow.

Mr. Flinders, the first-mate, who had got his arm hurt shortly before the first blast struck us, and had gone below to have it bound up by the steward, now crawled up the companion and approached the skipper, shouting something in his ear, that, of course, I could not catch.

Captain Snaggs, however, apparently approved of his suggestion, as he nodded in answer; and, thereupon, the first-mate, working his way down again through the cabin on to the deck below, the poop ladder being unsafe with his injured arm, spoke to the men, who were holding on as well as they could in a group by the mainmast bits, and they began to move about.

Something was evidently going to be done to relieve the ship of all the loose top hamper flying about aloft, which threatened every moment to drag the masts out of her, for everything was swaying to and fro,

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and the topsails jerking terribly as they swelled out, the clews fouling the reef points as the wind threw them up, and all getting mixed in irretrievable confusion from the continual slatting of the canvas, as the whole of the running gear being let go was now dangling about in all directions, and knotting itself up in the standing rigging, round which the wind whipped the ropes, lashing them into a series of bowlines and half-hitches that it would have puzzled a fisherman to unbend!

When the storm had burst so suddenly on us, the ship had been braced up on the port tack, beating to windward as well as she could, to weather Cape Horn, but now, of course, we were running right before the gale, retracing at headlong speed every knot we had previously gained on our true course, so that a few hours at this rate, even if everything stood the strain, which was very questionable, would place us on the chart pretty well where we were the day before, and we should have all the work to do over again, without having a cable's length to boast of to the good so far as our onward progress was concerned into the Pacific Ocean—most aptly named by the Spaniards, from the marked contrast its placid bosom offered, no doubt, to the tumultuous waters these early voyagers met with on this side of the Land of Fire and the Stormy Cape.

But still, although we were scudding with everything flying aloft, the leebraces had not yet been let go, all that I have taken so long to describe having occurred, so to speak, within the compass of a minute. These up to now had remained fast, just as when we were close-hauled on the port tack the moment before; for, it was as much as our few hands could do at first to cast off the sheets and halliards without minding the braces, especially as the ropes had got jammed at the bitts with the loose gear washing about the deck. However—"better late than never"—these were now quickly let go, when, the braces on the weather side being manned, the yards were squared. It was a job of some difficulty, although accomplished at length, the ship showing herself all the better for the operation by running easier and not staggering and yawing so much as she raced along.

This was the first step. The next was to stop the uproar aloft, and create a little order amidst the chaos that there reigned, which was a much harder and far more ticklish task, it being perilous in the extreme, and almost useless, for any of the hands to venture up the rigging; as the wind was blowing with such terrific force that they could not have possibly lain out on the yards, even if they succeeded in reaching the futtock shrouds.

It was no good shouting to the men, for they could not hear a word spoken, had it been bawled in the loudest tone, so Mr. Flinders, after

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explaining his purpose by signs, or some means that I could not at the moment guess, Tom Bullover and the rest of the crew commenced hauling on the maintopsail sheets.

The effect of this was almost instantaneous.

Puckering up into a bag where the clew, as I mentioned, had fouled the reef points, the sail burst "bang" out of the boltropes with a noise like thunder, and, carried forwards by the gale, it floated away ahead, fortunately just clearing the foretopmast, which might have been broken by the extra strain, the fluttering mass of canvas disappearing finally, like a white kite, in the distance in the water ahead of the ship.

Getting rid of this sail was even a greater relief to the over-driven vessel than squaring the yards had been, a consequence which the first-mate and carpenter had fully anticipated when the sheets were manned; so, a similar procedure was adopted with the foretopsail, when a like happy result followed, the ship driving on still before the wind, very nearly at as great a rate as she had done before, although now under bare poles almost. Still, she steered more easily, not taking in such a lot of water aboard as she rolled, while the spars ceased to sway about, and it looked as if we should save them, which had seemed impossible a short time previously, from the ugly way in which the shrouds tightened, and the after-stays sung, as if they were stretched to the last limit, showing that the slightest increase of the strain on them would snap them like pack-thread.

The mizzen-topsail was the only rag remaining, and the captain, evidently wishing to save this, so as to use it by-and-by, when the gale lulled, to help in bringing the vessel round again to the wind, started off by himself hauling on the buntlines and clewlines, being quickly aided by Jan Steenbock and little me—all the "hands" on the poop but the helmsman, whom the second-mate was able to leave for a minute or so unassisted, from the fact of the ship having become more tractable since she had lost all that lot of loose top hamper flapping about aloft.

The three of us had "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," according to the old sailor phrase, I tugging my best with the others, and possibly the ounce or two of "beef" I was able to put into the rope just turning the scale; and we ultimately succeeded in clewing up the topsail pretty fairly, although, of course, it could not be properly stowed until some of the hands were able to get up on the yard and snug it comfortably by passing the sea-gaskets.

So far, everything had been accomplished satisfactorily, and the ship was running free before the gale at the rate of ten or twelve knots, or more, without a stitch of canvas set beyond the bunt of the mizzen-

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topsail, which bagged and bulged out a bit still, in spite of our efforts to clew it up tight. But, now, a new danger arose.

We were bowling along before the wind, it is true; but, the heavy rolling sea that had been worked up in a brief space of time was travelling at a much faster rate, and there was every fear that one of the monster billows which each moment curled up threateningly in our wake would hurl itself on board, thus pooping the vessel and rendering her altogether unmanageable, if not a hopeless wreck—such a mass of water as the big waves carried in their frowning crests being more than sufficient to swamp us instantanly, burying the poor *Denver City* in the deep at one fell blow.

Captain Snaggs saw this sooner than any one; and, although all his previous orders had been carried out in dumb show, from our having the wind with us to waft his voice forward, he once more managed to make himself heard.

"Ahoy!" he shouted, putting his hands on either side of his mouth. to carry the words well clear of his goatee beard, which was blown all over his face. "On deck, thaar!"

Tom Bullover raised his right fist, to show that he caught the hail; but it was impossible for him to answer back in the very teeth of the gale.

"We must try an' lay her to," continued the skipper. "Hev ye got a tarpaulin, or any sort o' rag ye can stick in the fore-riggin'?"

Tom nodded his head, understanding what the captain meant in a jiffey; and, with the help of two or three others, a piece of fearnought, that lay in the bottom of the longboat, was bundled out on the deck and dragged forwards, the men bending on a rope's end to a cringle worked in one corner of the stuff, so as to hoist it up by.

"Over to port! Over to port!" roared the skipper, seeing them making for the lee side of the ship. "I'm goin' to try an' bring her to on thet tack, d'y hear?"

Another nod from the carpenter showed that he heard and appreciated the command, he and the group with him by great exertions tricing up the piece of fearnought into the fore-shrouds on the side indicated, spreading the cloth out and lashing it outside the rigging.

"Now, men," cried Captain Snaggs, "some o' you aft hyar! Look sharp an' man the cro'jack braces."

"Dat vas goöt," I heard Mr. Jan Steenbock say behind me, his voice coming right into my ear; "dat vas ze very tings!"

The skipper heard him, too.

"I guess ye're worth yer salt, an' knows what's what!" he screamed back, with his face shoved into that of the second-mate, so that he should catch the words. "Stand by to cast off the clewlines ag'in; an' slack out the weather sheet, if we wants it!"

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"Aye, aye!" roared Jan Steenbock, in answer, jumping to the belaying pins, to cast off the ropes as ordered. "I was dere!"

And so was I, too, following his example, ready to bear a hand when the necessity arose.

"Send another hand or two, hyar aft, to the wheel!" now yelled out the captain, on seeing that Tom Bullover had marshalled the watch on the deck below at the crossjack braces, ready to ease off on the weather side, and haul in gradually to leeward—so that the yard should not be jerked round suddenly, and risk carrying away the mizzen-topmast and all its hamper with the shock—the skipper, finally, with a motion of his arm, which those at the wheel readily understood ordering the helm to be put down.

It was a critical moment.

The ship seemed a trifle stubborn, and would not obey the rudder lying sluggishly in the trough of the sea, but the tail end of a big wave just then catching her on the quarter, she slewed round a bit; and, the crossjack yard being braced up sharply in the nick of time, she swung with her head to the wind, breasting the billows full butt, now, instead of drifting on at their will.

Jan Steenbock at once let go the clewlines; and the sheets of the mizzen-topsail, which had already been closereefed, being hauled home, while the piece of fearnought in the fore-rigging acted as well as a sail there would have done, she lay-to at last, riding safely enough, considering the heavy sea that was running, thus showing herself a staunch boat under the circumstances.

"We've seen the worst of it now," shouted the skipper, trying to rub his hands together, in token of his satisfaction, but having to leave off and grasp the poop rail to steady himself again from the ship pitching so much, as she met the big waves tumbling in on her bows, and rose to them buoyantly. "The gale is moderatin', so the watch ken pipe down, I guess, an' all hands splice the mainbrace!"

The men couldn't hear him clearly, but the gesture which he made, of lifting his fist to his mouth, was sufficiently explanatory; and when he presently dived down the companion, and appeared at the cabin door under the break of the poop, with the steward behind him, holding a bottle of rum in one hand, and a pannikin in the other, all the men who had so gallantly exerted themselves were standing by, ready to receive the customary grog served out on such occasions, fresh hands being sent up to relieve those at the wheel, so that they should not lose the advantage of the skipper's generosity, which was somewhat unexpected from one of his temper!

Later on, there was a glorious sunset, the black clouds all clearing away, and the heavens glowing with red and gold, as the orb of day

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sank below the horizon. This showed that we were going to have the chance of a finer spell than we had been having; and the wind soon afterwards shifting to the westward, the foretopmast-staysail was hoisted, followed shortly by the reefed-foresail and main-trysail, the skipper setting all the fore and aft sail he could to make up for the loss of our topsails, which, it may be remembered, were blown away. The ship was then brought round on the starboard tack, and put on her proper course again, for us to make another attempt to weather Cape Horn.

By the time all this was done it was quite dark, and getting on close to "six bells" in the second dog-watch, the sun sinking to rest early in those latitudes; so, as none of the men had got their tea yet, or thought of it, for that matter, although they'd had nothing since their dinner at midday, Hiram Bangs, calling me to follow him, started for the galley, to see about the coppers.

We found, however, that the seas we had taken aboard had washed the fire out, and made a regular wreck of the place, everything being topsy-turvy, in a sort of "hurrah's nest."

Indeed, the only wonder was, that the galley itself had not been carried incontinently over the side, when the ship had canted over on her beam-ends. It would have been, no doubt, but for its being so securely lashed down to the ringbolts in the deck, which enabled it to withstand the force of the big wave that had boarded us and swept everything else to leeward.

At all events, there it was still, but in a pretty pickle; and Hiram and I had a hard job to light up the fire again under the coppers, all the wood and coal that had not been fetched away by the sea being, of course, wet and soddened by the water.

"I guess," said Hiram, after one or two failures to get the fuel to ignite, in spite of his pouring a lot of oil on it, so as to neutralize the effect of the damp, "I'll burn that darned old kiver of my chest as got busted t'other day in the fo'c's'le. Old Tom Chips sed he'd fix me up a noo one, soon's he'd got time, an' ther' ain't nary a use in keepin' the rotten thing as it is, fur it ain't no airtlily good, as I sees, fur to kip pryin' folk from priggin' any of my duds they fancies. Guess I'll burn it, b'y!"

With this, Hiram started off for the fo'c's'le, to get the broken cover of his sea chest, taking one of the ship's lanterns with him, to see what he was about, so that he should not disturb any of the other sailors' property.

He returned a minute or two after, looking quite scared.

"Say, Cholly," he exclaimed, addressing me, as all the rest in the fo'c's'le always styled me, following the mode in which poor Sam

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Jedfoot had pronounced my name, instead of calling me "Charley," properly, all darkeys having a happy facility for abbreviation, as I quite forgot to mention before. "Say, Cholly, guess I'll kinder make yer haar riz! What d'yer reckon hez happen'd, b'y, hey?"

"What, Hiram?" replied I, negligently, not paying any particular attention to his words, having started to work at once, chopping up the box cover, which he had thrown down on the deck at my feet; for, I was just then proceeding to poke the pieces of dry wood into the stoke hole under the coppers, being anxious to get the fire alight and going as quickly as possible, as there was no time to lose. "What has happened, Hiram? Whatever is the matter now?"

"Thar's matter enough, I reckon, younker," said he solemnly, in his deep, impressive tones. "Guess this air shep's sperrit-haunted, that's all, my b'y, an' the whole bilin' of us coons aboard air all doomed men!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MAD DRUNK!

"Good gracious, Hiram!" I exclaimed, dropping the wood and rising to my feet, greatly alarmed at his mysterious manner of speaking, as well as by the change in his voice and demeanour. "What d'you mean by talking like that?"

Instead of answering, my question directly, however, he asked another.

"D'yer rec'leck, Cholly, thot air banjo belongin' to Sam Jedfoot as I bought when the poor darkey's traps wer' sold at auction in the fo'e's'le the day arter he wer lost overboard?"

"Ye-e-s," I stammered breathlessly, as the remembrance came back to me all at once of the strange chaunt we had heard in the air around, just before the storm had burst over us in all its fury; our subsequent bustling about having banished its recollection for the moment, "Wha—wha—what about Sam's banjo, Hiram?"

"It's clean gone, skedaddled right away, b'y, that's all!" he replied, in the same impressive way in which he had first spoken. "When I bought the durned thing, I stowed it atop o' my chest thaar, in the fo'e's'le; an' thaar it wer as right as a five-cent piece up to this very mornin', as I wer overhaulin' my duds, to see if I could rig up another pair o' pants, an' seed it. But, b'y, it ain't thaar now, I reckon!"

"Perhaps some one took it out, and forgot to put it back when the gale burst over us," I suggested, more to reassure myself than because I believed it, for I felt horribly frightened at the thoughts that rapidly surged up in me. "You—you remember, Hiram, we heard the sound of some one playing it just before?"

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"D'yer think, b'y, any of the hands would 'a' been foolin' round with thet blessid banjo, an' the ship a'most took aback an' on her beam-ends?" he retorted indignantly. "No, Cholly, thet wer no mortal fingers as we heerd a-playin' thet thaar banjo!"

"And you—you—think——?"

"It wer Sam Jedfoot's ghost; nary a doubt on it," he said solemnly, finishing my incompleated sentence; "thet is, if sperrits walk agen on the airth an' sea arter the folk's ownin' them is dead an' drowned!"

I shivered at his words; while, as if to further endorse Hiram's opinion, the steward, Morris Jones, just then came forward from the cabin to look after the captain's dinner, although he did not seem in a hurry about it, as usual. This was a fortunate circumstance, as the fire in the galley under Hiram's expert manipulation was only now at last beginning to burn up.

"There's summut wrong 'bout this barquey," observed the Welshman, opening the conversation in a wonderfully civil way for him, and addressing Hiram, who did not like the man, and hardly ever exchanged a word with him if he could help it. "I larfed at that b'y Cholly for saying he seed that nigger cook agen in the cabin arter he went overboard, time the skipper had that row with the fool and shot him; but, sperrit or wot it was, I believe the b'y's right, for I've seed it, too!"

"Jehosophat!" exclaimed Hiram; "this is gettin' durned streenge an' cur'ous. Whar did ye see the sperrit, mister?"

"Not a minute or so agone," replied the steward, whose face I could see, by the light of the ship's lantern in the galley, as well as from the gleams of the now brightly burning fire, looked awe-stricken, as if he had actually seen what he attested. "It was a'most dark, and I was coming out of my pantry when I seed it. Aye, I did, all black, and shiny, and wet, as if he were jist come out o' the water. I swear it were the nigger cook, or I'm a Dutchman!"

The two men looked fixedly at each other, without uttering another word for a minute or more, I staring at them both in dread expectancy of what they would next say, and fancying each instant something more wonderful still would happen; until, at last, Hiram broke the silence, that had become well-nigh unbearable from the nervous tension, which made me feel creepy and shivery all over.

"I telled yer jest now, Cholly," said the Yankee sailor, in his down-cast drawl, which became all the more emphasized from his slow and solemn mode of speaking below his breath—"thet this air shep wer doomed, an' I sez it now agen, since the stooard hyar hez seed the same as we all hev seed afore. Thaar's no denyin', b'ys, as how poor Sam's ghostess walks abroad this hyar ship, an' thet means sunthin'

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or it doesn't! I specs thet air darkey's sperrit ain't comf'able like, an' you ken bet yer bottom dollar he won't rest quiet till he feels slick; fur you sees as how the poor cuss didn't come by his death rightfully in lawful fashion.

"Aye, and I've heard tell that folks as been murdered 'll haunt the place where they've been put away onlawfully," chimed in Morris Jones. "Not as I've ever believed in sperrits and ghostesses till now; but, seein' is believin', an' I can't go agen my own eyesight. I'd take my davy 'twere Sam Jedfoot I seed jest now; an' though I'm no coward, mates, I don't mind saying I'm mortal feared o' going nigh the cuddy agen!"

"Never you fear, old hoss," replied Hiram encouragingly; albeit, at any other time he would have laughed at the steward's declaration that he was "no coward," when he was well known to be the most arrant one in the ship. "It ain't you thet the ghost is arter, you bet. It's the skipper. You remember as how he promised us all he'd call in at the nearest port an' hev all the circumferences overhauled, as he sed?"

"Aye," responded the Welshman, "that he did. He took his solemn davy, afore the second-mate, an' Tom Bullover, an' the lot o' you, on the maindeck, that time he shot the cook. I heard him from under the break o' the poop, where I were standin'."

"Yes, I seed you keepin' well to looard!" said Hiram drily. "But, as I wer a sayin', the skipper agrees to call in at the fust port we fetches, an' we've b'en close in to Bahia, when we near ran ashore, an' Rio an' Buenos Ayres; an' he's never put into no port yet!"

"No, nor doesn't mean to, neither," chorussed the steward. "I hear him, t'other day, a jokin' with that brute of a fust-mate about it; an' both was a sniggerin': an' he says as he'll see you all to old Nick afore he stops anywhere afore he gets to 'Frisco!"

"I reckon, then, sunthin' bad 'll come of it," said Hiram, shaking his head gravely, "Thet nigger's sperrit don't haunt this ship fur nothink, an' we ain't see the wuss yet, you bet! Soon arter Cholly hyar seed Sam's ghost, you remembers, we hed thet fire aboard in the forepeak?"

"Aye," agreed Morris Jones; "an' the next time——"

"Wer the banjo we heered a playin', afore we were caught in that buster o' a gale, an' the ship wer a'most capsized on her beam-ends," continued the American, full of his theme. "An' now, I guess——"

"What?" cried I eagerly, anxiously drinking in every word, deeply impressed with the conversation. "What do you think will happen?"

"'Ructions, that's all, b'y," replied Hiram, hitching up the waist-

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band of his overalls coolly, in the most matter-of-fact way, as if he were only mentioning an ordinary circumstance. "Thet is, if the skipper don't touch at Callao or Valparaiso. Fur my part, sonny, I guess this air ship air doomed, as I sed afore, an' I don't spec, for one, as ever she'll reach Frisco this v'yge; an' so thinks old Chips, or Tom Bullover, that is, too."

"Hullo!" exclaimed the carpenter at that moment, poking his head within the galley door, and making me and the Welshman jump with fright, thinking he was Sam's ghost again. "Who's hailing me? What's the row?—anything up?"

"No, bo," said Hiram. "I wer only tellin' the stooard hyar an' Cholly as how you agreed with me as this wer a durned onldcky craft, an' bound to meet with misfortun' arter all thet's come an' gone aboard."

"That's so," acquiesced Tom; though he did not look much alarmed at the prospect. "The 'old man,' though, soems turnin' round into a better sort—treating us all to grog and sich like."

"He'd kinder ought to," growled the other, as he stirred the tea in the coppers, which were just boiling by now; and he then proceeded to tell Tom about the mysterious disappearance of the banjo, and the fact of Morris Jones having seen the apparition again in the cabin aft, winding up with the query—"An' what d'ye think o' thet now, Chips?"

"Think?" echoed Tom Bullover, laughing; "why, that you're kicking up a dust about nothing, my hearty! Missed the banjo out of y'r chest, eh,—where are your eyes, bo? There it are hanging right over y'r heads in the galley, on the same cleat where poor Sam Jedfoot left it afore he met his fate! Why, where are your peepers, old stick in the mud, hey?"

As he said this, Tom Bullover reached up his hand overhead by the door of the galley, above the spot where he was standing, and as our eyes followed his motions we all could see now Sam's banjo hanging on the cleat where it always used to be when the negro cook occupied the caboose, the instrument swinging to and fro as Tom touched it.

"Wa-all, I'm jiggered!" cried Hiram, taking up the lantern that he had placed on the deck when he returned from the fo'c's'le and flashing it on the suspended object, to make assurance doubly sure. "Thaar it be, sure enough; an' all I ken say is, I'm jiggered! It jest licks creation, thet it dew!"

"Lor' bless you, mate! you could ha' seed it afore if you'd only used your eyes," replied Tom to this exordium, laughing again; "but, let's stow all such flummy now about ghostesses an' sich like, for it's all moonshine when you looks into the matter; an' you, an' Charlie, an' the stooard here, have been all busy rigging up 'duppies,' as poor Sam used

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to call 'em, out o' your heads, when we poor beggars forrard are dyin' for our tea. Ain't it ready yet?"

"Aye, bo, in a brace o' shakes," said Hiram, rousing himself and poking up the fire. "I dessay I'm a doggoned fool to be skeart like thet, but I'd hev taken me davy I put the durned thing in my chest a month ago—I would so; an' then the stooard comed in with his yarn on top o' what Cholly sed ov seein' Sam's ghost t'other day, an'—an' I'm a durned fool; thet's all I-sez!"

"You're none the worse for that, bo," observed Tom, with a grin at the American's rather shamefaced apology for his superstitious fears; and Hiram presently joined in the laugh against himself, as he busied himself in stirring the coppers and tasting the tea, to see whether it was all right yet. I, also, began to feel more comfortable in my mind; while a little colour crept into Morris Jones' pale face, which had become as white as a sheet before Tom's advent on the scene, the steward looking as if he were going to faint from fright.

It is wonderful what an effect the courage of one man has in restoring the confidence of others under such circumstances!

Bustling about the galley, ladling out the contents of the coppers as the men came up one by one with their pannikins for their tea, I quickly forgot my scare of a minute or so agone. So, too, apparently, did the steward, who commenced preparing the captain's dinner, as soon as the fire had burnt up and he could get space enough to use his frying-pan; while, as for Hiram, he was singing away in fine style at his work, dishing up some lobsouse for the men's supper, in friendly rivalry of Morris Jones, whom he could give points to and easily beat in the cooking line, none of us troubling ourselves any longer with any recollection of poor Sam Jedfoot or his ghost.

The gale continued to ease down, and the heavy, rolling sea gradually subsided as night sped on; but, the wind veering round in the middle watch more to the northwards of west, we had to come about on the port tack, steering west-nor'-west, more in towards the Cape. We had plenty of sea room to do this, though, from the good offing we had previously made, being at least five or six degrees well to the southward of the stormy headland at our last reckoning, before the gale came on.

All next day the men were busy getting up a couple of old topsails out of the forepeak and patching them up to take the place of those that had been blown away; and these when got up were closer reefed beforehand, prior to being set, as the wind was freshening again and the weather looked squally.

At the beginning of the second dog-watch the same afternoon, just when we had got everything snug aloft, it came on to blow again, although not quite so fiercely as the previous evening; and it was a

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case of clew up and furl with all the lighter canvas, the ship being kept under closereefed topsails and storm staysails, heading again out to sea on the starboard tack.

Thus it continued all that night, squalls of rain and hail, with snow and sleet at intervals for variety sake, sweeping over us, and the ship having her decks washed frequently fore and aft by the heavy southern ocean rollers. The next morning, though, it lightened again, and we had a brief spell of fine weather until noon, when we had another buster of it. This occurred just as Captain Snaggs was getting ready to take the sun, and sent the first-mate down in the cabin to look at the chronometer, and stand by in order to note the time when he sang out "Stop!" so as to calculate our proper longitude.

The skipper could not get his observation of the sun, however, for the sky, which the moment before had been bright and clear, clouded over again in an instant; and the next minute we were all on board battling again with another specimen of "Cape Horn weather," too busy to think even where we might be or what latitude or longitude we had fetched. We might, indeed, have been anywhere, for the heavens were black as night, though it was midday, and sky and sea met each other in one vast turmoil, so that it was impossible to see half a cable's length off the ship!

So it went on for four days, the gale blowing for short periods in angry gusts and then easing down for the space of a watch perhaps, and squalls alternating with spells of fine weather; until, on the fifth morning, we sailed into a comparatively calm sea, running free, with a full sheet on the starboard tack, before a bright, cheery nor'-westerly breeze.

At noon, when the skipper was able at last to take the sun for the first time for six days, he found, on working out our reckoning, that we were in latitude $58^{\circ} 5' S.$, and longitude $82^{\circ} 10' W.$ In other words, we were considerably to the westwards of the Horn, and fairly on the bosom of the placid Pacific, as indeed its smooth waters already testified.

"Hooray, b'ys! we've doubled the durned Cape at last, I guess!" shouted out Captain Snaggs from the break of the poop, whither he had rushed up from below as soon as he had finished his calculation on the log slate, dancing about the deck with excitement, and he banged his fist down on the brass rail with a thump that almost doubled it in two, while his wiry billy-goat beard bristled out and wagged to and fro. "Brace up the yards sharp, an' keep them bowlin's taut. Lay her as near due north as she'll fetch, an' we'll fix her on a bee-line fur 'Frisco. An' say, Flinders!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

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"Send up yer to'gallants an' r'yals, as soon as ye ken; an' let her rip!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"An', main deck, below thaar!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted back Jan Steenbock, who was on duty here, and was already seeing about getting abaft the upper spars for spreading more sail, having overheard his order to the first-mate—"I was here, sir!"

"Call all hands to liquor up, sirree. It ain't every day, I reckon, we gits round the Horn!"

A wild cheer burst from the men, who had clustered in the waist in response to the summons; and the good news of getting round the Cape and having a double allowance of grog proving too much for the majority, the rest of the day was spent in a sort of grand jollification, the skipper and first-mate "carrying on" in the cabin, while the crew made themselves merry in the fo'c's'le, whither an extra bottle or two of rum had been smuggled, having been got out of the steward by the expeditiveness of a little "palm oil" and wheedling in about equal proportions.

I think I may say, without exaggeration, that, with the exception of Jan Steenbock, the second-mate, who showed himself a regular steady fellow all through the voyage, Tom Bullover, and lastly, though by no means least, myself, there was not a single sober man on board the ship that evening, all being more or less under the influence of liquor, from the steward Morris Jones—who, mean Welshman that he was, seemed never loth to drink at any one else's expense—up to Captain Snaggs, who, from being "jolly" at "eight bells," became still more excited from renewed applications of rum by midnight; until, at length, early in the middle watch, he rushed out on deck from the cuddy absolutely mad drunk.

He was in a state of wild delirium, and his revolver, ready cocked, was in his hand.

"Snakes an' alligators!" he yelled out, levelling the weapon at the mainmast, which he mistook for a figure in the half-light of morning, which was just then beginning to break. "I've got ye at last, ye durned nigger. Take that, an' that!"

Quick as lightning one report followed another, the bullets coming whistling by the galley where I was standing.

Jan Steenbock, who was on the poop, hearing the crack of the revolver, called out something; whereupon Captain Snaggs turned round and aimed his next shot at him, although, fortunately, it missed the second-mate, from Jan dodging behind the companion hatchway just in the nick of time.

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The captain then made a bound at the poop ladder, and rushed up the steps swearing awfully; and, first firing at the man at the wheel, whose arm the bullet penetrated, as soon as he gained the poop, he dived down the companion in pursuit of Jan Steenbock, who had disappeared below the booty hatch.

For the next five minutes or more, the ship was in a state of the wildest confusion, the captain chasing every one he could see, and all trying to get out of his way, as he dashed after them in his frenzy, rushing, in a sort of desperate game of "catch who catch can," from the cabin out on to the maindeck and then up the poop ladder and down the companion into the cuddy again, the second-mate, the steward, and first-mate alike being assailed in turn, and each flying for life before the frantic madman. At last, just as the captain emerged from the cabin for the third time, in hot haste after the steward, the other two having succeeded in concealing themselves, Morris Jones stumbled against a coil of rope by the mainmast bitts, and, his toe at the same time catching in a ring bolt, he sprawled his length on the deck.

"Good Lord!" cried the unfortunate steward, panting out the words with his failing breath. "I'm a dead man! I'm a dead man!"

"By thunder! ye air, ye durned black nigger! Ye air, as sure as snakes!" screamed the skipper, in his delirious rage, mistaking the Welshman, as he had the others as well, for poor Sam, the recollection of whom seemed strangely to haunt him the moment the rum got possession of his senses. "I've swar I'd shoot ye; so, hyar goes, me joker; yer last hour hez come, you bet!"

With these words he pointed his revolver down at Morris Jones, as he lay rolling on the deck at his feet, and fired.

CHAPTER IX.

WRECKED!

ALTHOUGH they had not been called yet, for it was only "six bells," the watch below had been roused out by the commotion and wild cries and yells that rang about the deck. Every man Jack had tumbled up from below, and they were all grouped about the fo'c's'le, hiding behind the galley like myself, and watching the weird scene going on aft, which, but for the maniacal rage of the captain and his murderous fury, would have been almost comical in its main incidents.

It was a regular steeplechase: the frenzied man hunted those he was after in and out of the cabin, and up the poop ladder, and down the companion stairs, in turn, to begin again anew the same strange game, that was amusing enough save to those personally concerned!

One of the hands, though, had his wits at work besides watching what was going on; and this was Tom Bullover, my friend the carpenter.

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He recollected what the steward had said on a former occasion of the captain having had a fit of the horrors from excessive drinking; and, although it was too late now to take away the skipper's revolver before he could effect any mischief with it, there was still time to prevent his doing any further harm.

So, Tom, with a coil of rope over his arm, stealthily made his way aft; and just as Captain Snaggs aimed at the prostrate body of the steward the carpenter threw a running bowline he had made in the rope round the captain's shoulders, jerking him backwards at the very moment he fired the revolver. This caused the bullet to be diverted from its aim, for it passed through the bulwarks, instead of perforating Morris Jones' somewhat corpulent person.

The next instant, two or three more of the men going to Tom's assistance, Captain Snaggs was dragged down on the deck, raging and foaming at the mouth; when, binding him securely hand and foot, they lifted him up and carried him into his cabin, where they strapped him down in his cot, powerless to do any more injury to himself or any one else, until his delirium should be over.

As for the steward, he fainted dead away from fright; and it required a good deal of shaking and rubbing to bring him back to life again on the part of Tom Bullover and Jan Steenbock—the latter now coming out of the cabin, holding a slip noose similar to that used by the carpenter in snaring the skipper with, and evidently intended for the same purpose, although a trifle too late to be of service then.

Captain Snaggs himself recovered his consciousness about noon the same day, but did not have the slightest recollection of his mad orgey, the only actual sufferers from which were Morris Jones, who really had been more frightened than hurt, and the helmsman, Jim Chowder, who in lieu of having his arm broken, as he at first cried out, had only a slight bullet graze through the fleshy part of it; so, considering the skipper fired off no less than five shots out of the six which his revolver contained, it was a wonder more were not grievously wounded, if not killed, when he ran a-muck like that!

When Hiram Bangs and I met in the galley shortly after the row was over, we both compared notes, the American saying that he'd been roused up from sleep, not by the noise of the shooting or rampaging about the deck, but by the sound of Sam's voice singing in the hold, and he knew at once that some mischief was going to happen, "as it allers did when he heerd it afore!"

I declare he made me feel more alarmed by this remark than all that had previously occurred, and I had to raise my eyes, to assure myself that Sam's banjo was yet hanging in its accustomed place over the door of the galley, before I could go on with my task of getting the

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men's early coffee ready, to serve out as soon as the watch was changed, "eight bells" having been struck shortly before.

Tom Bullover, though, when presently he lounged up forward, and I told him what Hiram said, only laughed.

"It's all stuff and nonsense, Charlie," he chuckled out; "you an' Hiram 'll be the death of me some day, with your yarns o' ghostesses an' such like. The skipper didn't see no sperrit as you thinks when he got mad this mornin'; it's all that cussed rum he took because he got round Cape Horn. Guess, as our mate here says, the rum got round him!"

Hiram laughed, too, at this.

"Heave ahead an' carry on, old hoss," he said; "I reckon you won't riz my dander, fur what I tells Cholly I knows for true, an' nuthin' 'll turn me agen it. Why, Tom, when I wer down Chicopce way——"

"Avast there, mate, an' give us some coffee," cried Tom, interrupting him at this point, and some others of the crew coming up at the moment, the conversation was not renewed, which I was not sorry for, Hiram's talk about ghosts not being very cheerful.

During the day, as I've said, Captain Snaggs got better, and came on deck again, looking like himself, but very pale, while his face seemed to have become wonderfully thinner for such a short space of time—so thin indeed that he appeared to be all nose and beard, the two meeting each other in the middle, like a pair of nut-crackers!

He was much quieter, too, for he did not swear a bit, as he would have done before, at the man at the wheel, who, startled by his coming softly up the companion without previous notice, when he fancied he was lying in his cot, let the ship fall off so that she almost broached-to, in such a way as almost to carry her spars by the board!

No, he did not utter a single harsh word.

"Steady thaar!" was all he called out; "keep her full an' bye, an' steer as naar north as ye ken!"

This was about the beginning of July, and we had from then bright weather, with westerly and nor'-west winds all the way up the Pacific, past the island of Juan Fernandez, which we saw like a haze of green in the distance.

After this, making to cross the Equator for the second time—our first time being in the Atlantic Doldrums—somewhere between the meridians 100° to 102°, we proceeded on steadily northward, picking up the south-east trade-winds in about latitude 20° S., when nearly opposite Arica on the chart, although, of course, out of sight of land, being more than a couple of hundred leagues away from the nearest part of the coast.

In about twenty days' time we got near the Equator, when we met with variable winds and calms, while a strong indraught sucked us out of our course into the Bay of Panama.

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The temperature just then grew very hot, and the captain, taking to drinking again, soon recovered his spirits and his temper, which had latterly grown so smooth and equable that we hardly knew him for the same man.

In a short space, however, the rum fully restored him to his old quarrelsome self, and he and the first-mate, Mr. Flinders, had an awful row one night, when the skipper threatened to send the mate forward and promote Jan Steenbock in his place.

Captain Snaggs had never forgiven him for the cowardice and want of sailorly instinct he displayed at the time of the alarm of fire in the forepeak; and the fact of Mr. Flinders having lain for two days drunk in his bunk after their jollification on rounding Cape Horn, although he himself was able to attend to his duties the ensuing day, did not tend to impress the skipper any the more strongly in his favour.

I remember the evening well. It was on the 28th July. We were becalmed, I recollect; but, in spite of this, a strong set of tide, or some unknown current, was carrying us, in a west-nor'-west direction, away out of the Bay of Panama, at the mouth of which we had been rolling and roasting in the broiling tropical sun for a couple of days, without apparently advancing an inch on our way northwards towards San Francisco, our destination, which we were now comparatively near, so to speak, but still separated by a broad belt of latitude of between eighteen hundred and two thousand miles—a goodish stretch of water!

I also remember well that Captain Snaggs roared so loudly to the mate and the mate back to him in the cuddy during the altercation that we on deck could hear every word they said; for the night was hot and close, with never a breath of wind stirring, and the air had that oppressive and sulphurous feel which it always has when there is thunder about or some great atmospheric change impending.

The skipper and Mr. Flinders were arguing about the ship's course, the former declaring it to be right, and the latter as vehemently to be altogether wrong.

The mate, so opposite were their opinions, said that if we sailed on much longer in the same direction towards which the ship had been heading before being becalmed, she would be landed high and dry ashore at Guayaquil; while the skipper, as strongly, protested that we were already considerably to the northward of the Galapagos Islands.

"Ye're a durned fule, an' a thunderin' pig-headed fule as well," we heard the captain say to the other, as he came up the companion roaring back behind him; "but, jest to show ye how thunderin' big a fule ye air, I'll jest let yer hev yer own way—though, mind ye, if the ship comes to grief, ye'll hev to bear all the muss."

"I don't mind that, nary a red cent," boasted the other in his sneer-

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ing way. "Guess I've a big enuff pile to hum, out Chicago way, to buy up ship an' cargy as well!"

"Guess ye shall hev yer way then, bo!" yelled out the skipper, calling out at the same time to the helmsman to ease the helm off, and to the watch to brace round the yards; and the light land breeze just then coming off from shore made the *Denver City* head off at right angles to her previous course, the wash of water swishing pleasantly past her bows, as her sails bellied out for a brief spell.

But not for long.

Within the next half-hour or so the heavens, which had previously been bright with myriads of stars overhead became obscured with a thick darkness, while the slight land breeze died away.

Then, a hoarse, rumbling sound was heard under the sea, and the ship was violently heaved up and down in a sort of quick, violent rocking motion, unlike anything I had ever felt, even in the heaviest storm.

"An airthquake, I guess," said Captain Snaggs nonchalantly; "that is, if thaar's sich a thing as an airth-quake at sea!"

He sniggered over this joke: but not for long, as just then I heard, and he heard too, as I could tell from the short, sharp cry of alarm he uttered, the same strange, yeird music, like Sam's banjo, played gently in the distance, just the same as we heard it before the burst of the storm off Cape Horn.

"Lord, save us!" cried the captain, in hoarse accents of terror. "Thaar it air agen! thaar it air agen! The Lord forgive me an' help us!"

At that very moment, the ship seemed to be lifted aloft on a huge rolling wave, that came up astern of us without breaking; and, after being carried forwards with wonderful swiftness, she was hurled bodily on the shore of some unknown land near, whose outlines we could not distinguish through the impenetrable darkness that surrounded us by this time like a veil.

We knew we were ashore, however, for we could feel a harsh, grating noise under the vessel's keel—I say feel, advisedly, for we felt it quivering through every nerve of our bodies, while the sound crashed through our ears.

But even above this noise I seemed yet to hear the wild, sad chaunt that haunted us.

There was a light hung in the galley, and I looked in again to convince myself whether the sound was due to my imagination or not.

Holding up the lantern, I flashed its light across the roof of the galley. I could hardly believe my eyes. Sam's banjo was no longer there!

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.
EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS

VIII.
AËRONAUTICS.

A MONTGOLFIER BALLOON.

Make a hollow cylinder, about the size of an ordinary cork, with a sheet of silver-paper or cigarette-paper. The edges of the cylinder

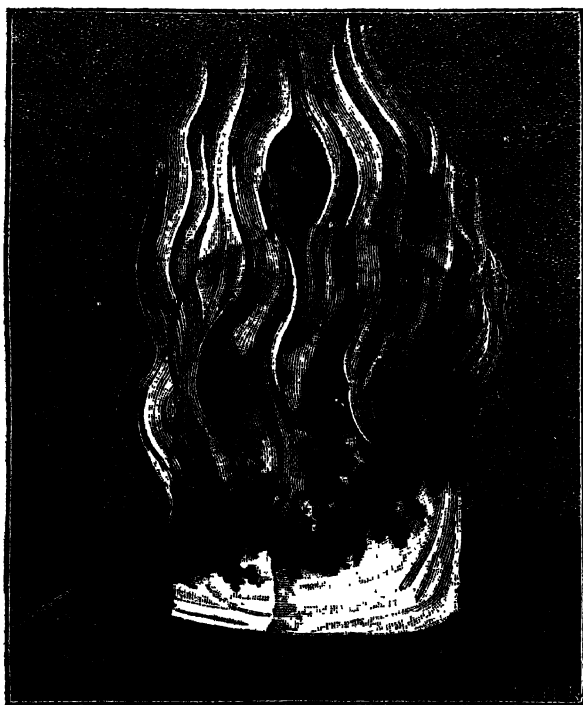


Fig. 45. Demonstration of the Principle of the Ascent of Balloons by means of heated Air.

must be somewhat bent over, so as to make it retain its form. With a lighted match set fire to the cylinder at its upper part. The paper will burn, and be converted into a thin layer of ashes. This residue enclosing rarefied air suddenly rises, and mounts rapidly for several feet like a Montgolfier balloon.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

AIR AND GAS BALLOONS.

Take a glass tube, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and about eight inches long, or, in default of it, a roll of ordinary notepaper,

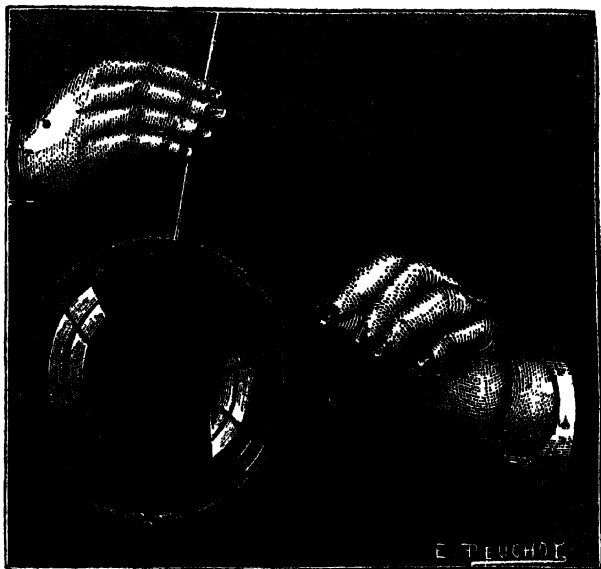


Fig. 46. Soap-bubble inflated with warm Air. Mode of fixing an Æronaut.

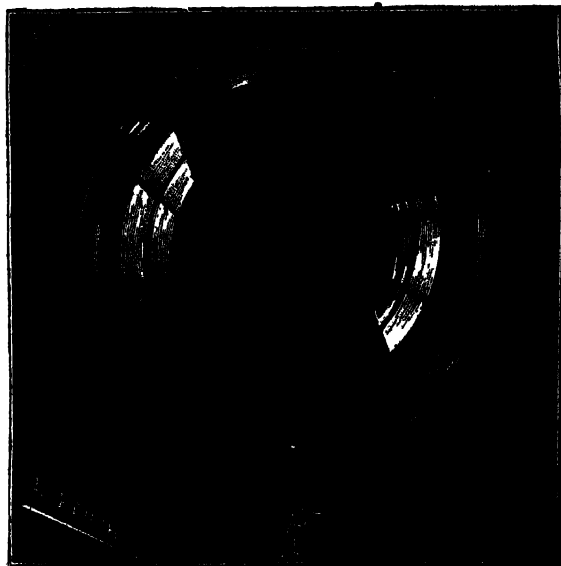


Fig. 47. Soap-bubble lifting a Paper Æronaut.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

which will enable you to blow bubbles as big as a man's head. Dip the end of the tube in a solution of soap, and blow rapidly and strongly through the tube. The bubble, filled with the warm air from your lungs, will soon ascend. Without letting it go, follow it in its ascending movement, turning the end of the tube gradually upwards until you can touch off the drop suspended at the bottom of the bubble. Your balloon, fully inflated, will only want to be released, if it has not already freed itself. If the temperature is low, the bubble will break against the ceiling; in the contrary case, it will descend slowly, as soon as it becomes somewhat chilled.

Let a small, thin paper-figure be cut out, and fastened by a thread to a disc of paper; it can be made to adhere to the bubble, as shown in Fig. 46. If the bubble then be released, it will carry the figure up with it (Fig. 47). If smaller tubes be used, bubbles of smaller size will be produced. The paper tubes must be replaced by others when wet and soddened, but glass tubes are preferable.

By inflating soap-bubbles with hydrogen gas, as we shall show presently, we can represent the ascents of gas balloons, which differ from warm air balloons.

HEAT.

The art of producing fire or of procuring heat artificially is one of the most profitable of human industries, since it has given us the means of moving machinery in manufactures, locomotives, and steam-boats. The impression which produces the sensation of heat in our organism is a subjective phenomenon, and the impression which we convey when we say that a body is hot or cold is relative. When we enter a cellar in the summer when the exterior air is warm, we find the cellar cold; if we enter during the wintry weather, we find the temperature rather warm. Nevertheless it remains about the same heat all the while.

Suppose that we hold the right hand in a vessel containing hot water, and the left hand in a vessel containing cold water; if we then withdraw our hands at the same moment and plunge them together into a third vessel full of tepid water, we shall then experience two different sensations, heat and cold, proceeding from water of a certain temperature.

The study of heat and caloric can be immediately undertaken without any apparatus, as we have seen when dealing with other branches of physics.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE CONDUCTIBILITY OF METALS.

A BURNING COAL ON A MUSLIN HANDKERCHIEF.

Take a globe of copper, about as large as the globular ornaments which one sees at the bottom of a staircase, and wrap it in muslin or in a cambric handkerchief. Place on this metallic bowl, thus enveloped, a red-hot coal, and it will continue to glow, without in any way damaging the muslin wrapper. The reason is this: the metal being an

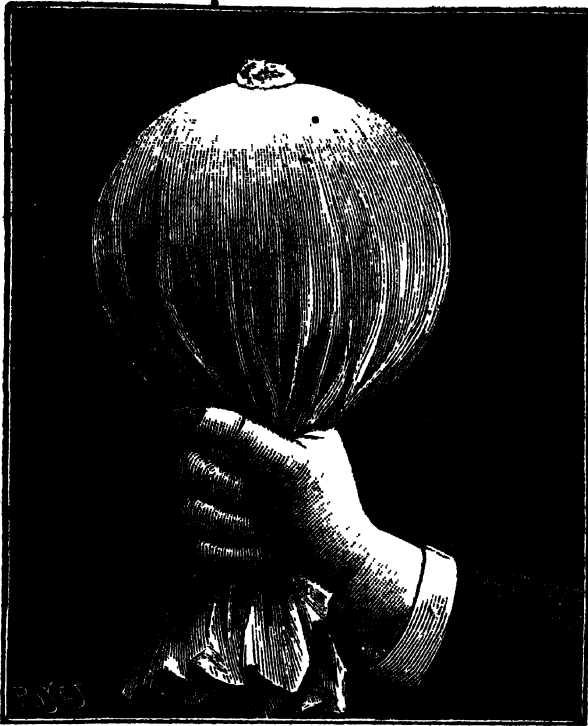


Fig 48. A Burning Coal placed on a Handkerchief wrapped round a Copper Globe. The Handkerchief is not scorched.

excellent conductor absorbs all the heat developed by the combustion of the coal, and as the handkerchief has not absorbed any of the heat, it remains at a lower temperature to that at which it would be injured.

TO MAKE GAS BURN UNDER A HANDKERCHIEF.

Take a batisto handkerchief, and wrap it round a copper gas jet. The jet must be of metal. This is indispensable. Turn on and light

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

the gas, which will burn above the handkerchief without injuring it (Fig. 49). To succeed in this experiment it is necessary that the handkerchief should fit quite closely to the metal without any crease whatever. It will be found advantageous to tie the batiste with a thin copper wire.



Fig. 49. Gas Jet (Metal) wrapped in a Cambric Handkerchief, tightly stretched. The Flame will burn above the Handkerchief without injuring it.

THE METAL IN THE PENHOLDER.

There is another very easy way of evidencing the conductivity of metals for heat. Take a wooden penholder with a metallic end, and fix a piece of paper partly on the wood and partly on the metal. Heat the paper above the flame of a lamp. The paper will carbonize at the side on which it adheres to the wood—a bad conductor of heat—but it will remain unchanged and preserve its whiteness on the side which is in contact with the metal.

Metals strike cold when we place them in our palms; by their con-

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

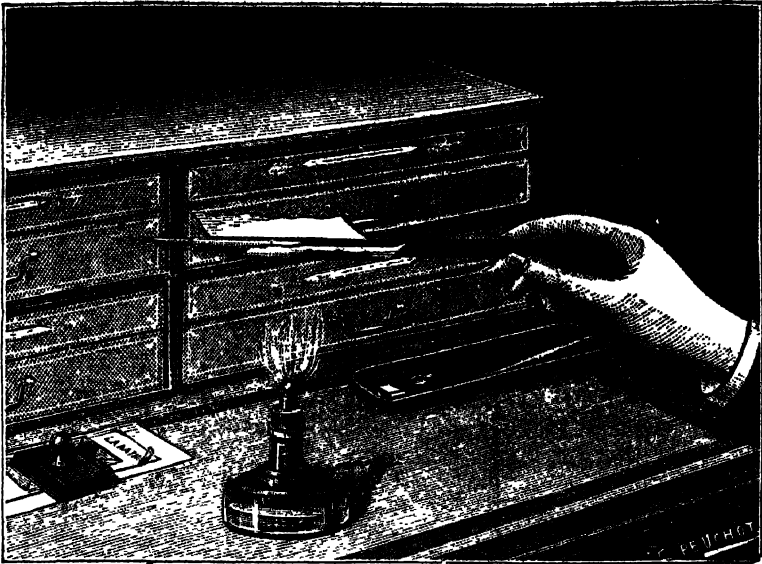


Fig. 50. Carbonization of Paper on the Wooden Portion of a Penholder.

ductibility they draw the heat from our hands. We do not experience the same effect when we touch wood or cloth.

A silver spoon will be burning hot after being dipped in a cup of boiling coffee, but an ivory or wooden spoon will not be so heated.

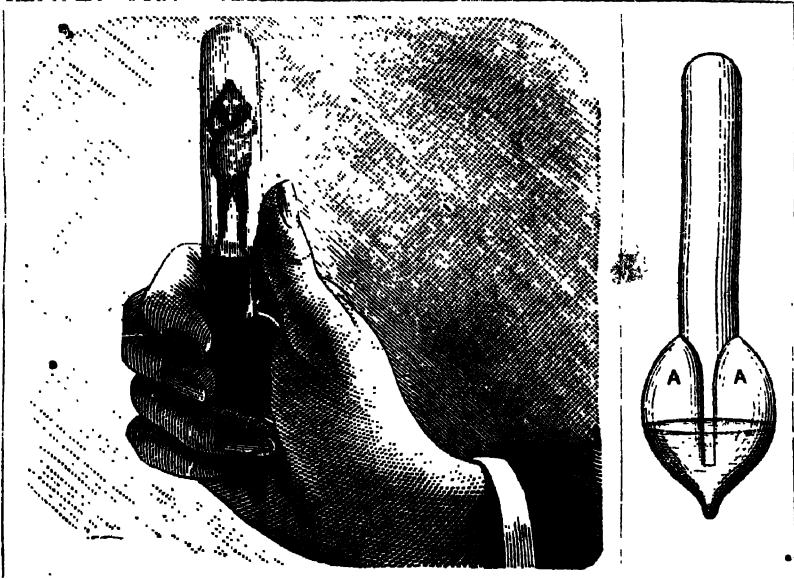


Fig. 51. The Captive Imp.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

DILATATION OF BODIES BY HEAT.

THE CAPTIVE IMP.

This consists of a tube of thin glass, like a shade, as in illustration, the lower extremity being rendered opaque by a coat of black varnish. The lower portion being held in the hand, the liquid with which the receptacle is filled will immediately rise and sustain the small image of blown glass which is contained in the tube.

All gases expand under the influence of heat. Now we perceive in the section of the apparatus (Fig. 51) that the upper tube terminates in a capillary tube which is immersed in the bulb underneath. A certain quantity of air is enclosed in the portion A A in the bulb. If this supply of air be warmed by the hand it expands, passes upon the water in the tube, and it rises with the floating imp in the tube.

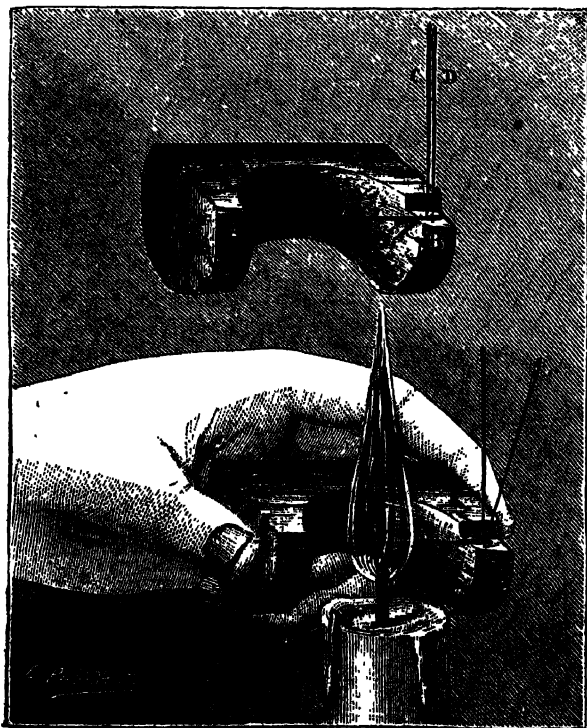


Fig. 52. Experiment in Linear Dilatation.

LINEAR DILATATION.

Cut a cork in the manner shown in the illustration (Fig. 52), so as to form a plane surface, and "scolloped" out in a semi-cylindrical form. In one of these hollowed spaces at A place a needle A B, the head

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

of which is supported at B, and at a slightly less elevation at that end. Through the eye of this needle pass another, and insert its point lightly in the cork. Parallel to it, and behind it, place another needle of the same length. If we hold a lighted candle beneath the horizontal needle, we shall see the needle B C incline sideways, as in the illustration.

EXPERIMENT IN SOUND.—ACOUSTICS.

Sound is a sensation which affects our ears; it is produced by a cause exterior to the organ itself—generally by vibration of a body. This vibration is transmitted by the medium serving as a means of communication between nerves of hearing and the object vibrating.

There are three different ways of producing sound—by percussion, when objects strike each other; by rubbing, as when a bow of a violin is drawn across the strings; and by twanging the strings of an instrument.

It is easy to prove that sound is transmitted in a perceptible space of time from one place to another. When at a distance we see a man hammering a nail, we perceive that the noise occasioned by the striking of the object does not reach our ears until some seconds after the moment of contact. We see the flash of a cannon before we hear the sound of the discharge, and lightning before thunder.

We need not give any particular experiments here save one—the *Wooden Whistle*, a toy much in vogue amongst schoolboys.

Take a piece of lilac or willow-wood, and cut the bark round it with a penknife in a circle. Moisten the bark, and then beat it on your knee with the handle of the knife. Then hollow out the pith, and you will have an ordinary whistle, as in a key, A, or by cutting the wood (as shown in B and C) a true whistle can be fashioned.

An excellent whistle can be produced with the cowl of an acorn, which forms a small cup. Place this cup between the first and middle fingers, and close the fingers so that only a very small orifice is left. If you blow into this opening a whistle will result.

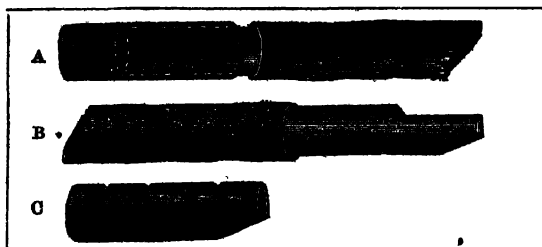


Fig. 53. Wooden Whistle, which a Lad may make for Himself.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE PAGES.

92.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A FAMOUS physician, who, during the plague in Athens, distinguished himself by his unwearied diligence and care for the sick, and greatly increased his reputation. He lived in the third century B.C.

1. A large river; one of the most rapid in Europe. In some parts the scenery on its banks is remarkably beautiful, and on this account it is much frequented by tourists.

2. An Indian king who made a noble resistance to Alexander the Great, and thereby acquired his friendship.

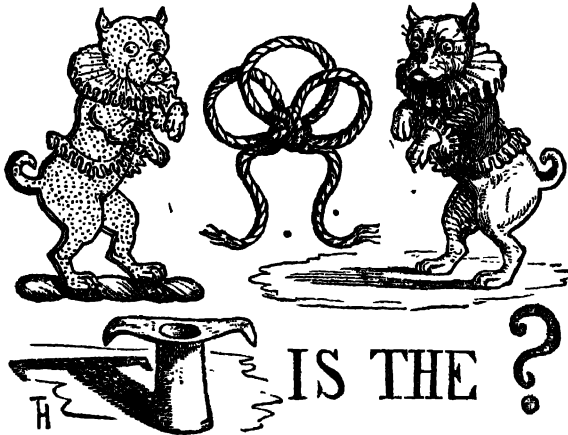
3. A public monument in Athens where were deposited in all ages the bones of those who had fallen in battle.

4. An ancient geographer and founder of the Ionic sect of philosophers, so named from Ionia, where he was born.

5. The contemporary and rival of Demosthenes the orator.

From the first name take the 2nd and 3rd letters; from the second, the 1st twice, and the 2nd; from the third, the 1st, 3rd, and 4th; from the fourth, the initial; and from the fifth the two last letters.

93.—A LINE FROM SHAKSPEARE.



94.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A large city which derives its present name from its founder. Its streets are narrow and dirty, and it is subject to immense fires; in one which occurred during the present century 18,000 houses were burnt. It is bathed on the south by the sea, on the north by its splendid harbour; and in the distance its appearance is very imposing, though on nearer inspection the pleasing impression soon vanishes. The name of this city contains fourteen letters.

4, 2, 13, 11, 3, a wise Athenian, who established excellent laws of justice and discipline.

12, 14, 13, 2, 12, 4, a Phrygian who gave to the Peloponnesus its name, which he derived from his own.

12, 13, 6, 5, 2, the disciple of a wise and illustrious Athenian, who taught and enforced his doctrines.

12, 13, 6, 8, 14, 6, a Grecian town noted for a victory gained by the Greeks over the Persians.

1, 6, 13, 13, 6, 2, the port of Lima, which was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1756. When the sea is clear, part of the old town may be seen beneath the waters.

1, 2, 13, 11, 3, 7, 6, a Grecian cape, so named from some splendid columns, the remains of a fine temple of Minerva, which crowned its summit.

12, 2, 5, 11, 4, 9, a Peruvian town, whose silver mines have produced more silver than any others in the world. But the valuable metal appears to be now almost exhausted.

PUZZLE PAGES.

99.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

96. On Midsummer Day I rode with 4 young friends, Malcolm, Spencer, Danyers, and Norton, from Frensham Church (F) to see the view from Sir W. Erle's Stone Cross on Hind-head (C), where 20 churches are visible on a clear day, and thence to Haslemere (H), and to Cotechet Farm on Blackdown (B), near the Summer House, from which a prospect is obtained more extensive even than from Hind-head, extending over 6 counties, and including 30 churches. Owing to indifferent roads, our average rate when actually in motion was only 5 miles per hour, but, by loss of time in dining, &c., we took altogether in getting from F to B $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer than we should have been going there and back at our average rate, so that we made only $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile per hour. The different stages F to C, C to H, and H to B were in the proportion of 11, 5, and 6 in length. How far are C, H, and B from F?

97. If the 4 gentlemen just named together weigh 320lb., and have a mean specific gravity of .960, what would be the total pressure of their feet on the ground if they stand in the sea (the specific gravity of which is 1.028), near the shore, with only $\frac{1}{4}$ of their persons immersed?

98. The product of Danyers' and Norton's ages is 224, but when Danyers attains his majority the product of their ages will then be 399. How old is each?

99. I walked from Rose Cottage, Frensham, to Aldershott Camp in 2 hours, exclusive of a short rest half way at Farnham, and having spent $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours looking over Caesar's Camp, &c., I started again, at 3 P.M., and got back to dinner at 6, having rested on the way 6 minutes longer than in going. My average rate going (*i. e.*, including the rest) was $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, but my actual rate walking back was $3\frac{1}{2}$. Find how far I went from Rose Cottage, and the time at which I started.

100. Malcolm opposite Spencer, weighing 90lb. each, and Danyers opposite Norton, 70lb. each, are swinging at equal distances from each other by a circular gymnastic swing, the ropes being inclined to the pole at an angle of 80° . Find the pressure on the top of the pole.

101.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

AAEEHPTLN.—An Indian island near Bombay, which contains a cave, with temples and idols, all cut in the solid rock.

LLEESSIMRA.—One of the most ancient cities of France, having been founded by a colony of Greeks from Asia Minor, between 500 and 600 B.C.

IITSMHDRAE.—A King of Pontus, who, for a long time, bravely opposed the Romans, but was at last overcome by them.

UUSSEEL.—One of the captains of a great conqueror. He reigned in Syria after the death of his master; was a good and wise prince, valiant in war, prudent in peace, and consulting the welfare of the nations over which he ruled; he was also a patron of the arts and sciences.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c. (Pages 302, 303, and 304.)

63. Gesner—Watts (Dr. Isaac)—Hastings—Swansea—Seine—Tasso. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

67. Juba.

68. Delays are dangerous. To be read—D lays—R—dangerous.

69. A cat may look at a king. To be read—A cat—may—loo cat a king.

70. Prince Metternich—Rowena—Versailles—Wolfe—Cabul—Prince Le Boo—Quebec—New York. *HAVELOCK.

71. Since in "Reverend" there are 8 letters, and e recurs 3 times, r twice,

\therefore number of permutations = $\frac{1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8}{1.2.3.1.2} = 3,360a$.
= £168 gross = £112 net income.

72. 104 weeks at Cambridge, 114 at Bedford, 12 at Brighton, 64 at Fordwich, 54 at Exford, 129 at Margate. Paid, £322.

73. 300lbs.

74. 142½lbs.

75. Each man had had 5 turns; and they rowed $101\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

76. 13 miles' walk altogether; and from Frensham Church to Chertea, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

77. Let the right-angled triangle B C A represent the triangle of forces, B C being the direction of the line, C A the horizontal force = 8oz., then B C will represent the force to be exerted; and since

$$D C A = 60^\circ B C = C A \times \frac{B C}{C A} = C A \times \frac{1}{\cos 60^\circ} = \frac{8}{\cos 60^\circ} = \frac{8}{\frac{1}{2}} = 16oz. = 1lb.$$

78. The letter "i".

79. When the cat's away the mice will play. To be read—W hen—THE cats—a way—THE mice—WILL play.

80. Potent-ate—Potentate.

PUZZLE PAGES.

102.—CHARADE.



EE, a revel's afoot 'neath the branching
fern,
Now the moon's pale crescent begins to
burn,
Fairies and elves from the floweret-calls
Creep out at the sound of the sweet hare-
bells,
While the mushrooms spring for a banquet
spread,
And the dew-drops hang on the leaves o'er-
head.
Titania and Oberon hold to-night
Their fairy court by the moonbeam's light.

The feast is ready; each tiny fay
Is decked in his gala-garments gay,
With plume of the moth and lace of the
bee;
And they cluster under the fern's tall tree,
Till my first Titania leads forth by hand,
And welcome bids to the elfin band;
Then they trip and skip to the minstrelsy
Of the humming gnat and the drowsing bee.

At last the rose-leaf's shrill trumpet-call
Proclaims the banquet is spread for all.
And when each fairy has ta'en his place,
My first uprises with lordly grace—

"Oberon drinks to his guests. Fill high
The monarch's goblet!" The pages hie,
And, kneeling before his throne, uphold
My second's blossom of carved gold.

"Drink!" cries my first, "to the bright and fair
Who deign our revels to grace and share!"

"Drink!" cried the fays, "to our gracious lord,
By queen and people alike adored!"

Then my first proclaimed—"As a memory
Of all who have feasted to-night with me,
While the stars shall shine and the planets roll,
This golden bloom shall be named my whole!"

103.—TRANSPOSITION.

MNEYGRA.—A country of Europe which has been rightly termed "The Fatherland of Thought."

104.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

One of a number of independent states (that form a republic) which was founded and colonised by an Englishman. Its capital is a large manufacturing city, and one of its towns has been called "The Birmingham of the West," being noted for hardware manufactures. The first four letters of its name compose that of its founder; the remainder means a wood. The name of this state contains in all twelve letters:—

6, 2, 11, 8, 2, make a French river.
5, 1, 2, 6, a Scotch river.
7, 2, 12, an English river.

7, 2, 4, 9, an Asiatic river.
8, 2, 8, 12, a Russian river.
4, 11, 7, 2, an African river.

The Black Man's Ghost.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS' BURIED TREASURE
OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

AUTHOR OF "PICKED UP AT SEA," "ON BOARD THE ESMEERALDA," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

ABINGDON ISLAND.

AFTER the first grating, grinding shock of going ashore, the ship did not bump again; but, listing over to port, she settled down quietly, soon working a sort of cradle bed for herself in the sand at the spot where she stranded.

This, at least, was our conclusion, from the absence of any subsequent motion or movement on board, the deck being as steady now as any platform on dry land, although rather downhill on one side, from the vessel heeling as she took the ground.

However, it was all guess work, as we could see nothing, not even our own faces, save when brought immediately under the light of the galley lantern, around which all the hands forward were closely huddled together, like a drove of frightened sheep; for, the darkness could be almost felt, as it hung over the ill-fated *Denver City*, a thick, impenetrable, black pall, that seemed ominous of evil and further disaster.

This continued for nearly an hour; the men near me only speaking in hushed whispers, as if afraid of hearing their own voices. The fact of not being able to see any fresh peril or danger that might be impending over us, and so face it manfully, in the manner customary with sailor folk with any grit in them, took away the last lingering remnant of courage even of the bravest amongst us; and I'm confident there was not a single foremost hand there of the lot grouped by the galley and under the break of the fo'c's'le, not excepting either Tom Bullover or the American sailor, Hiram, plucky as both were in ordinary circumstances, but was as panic-stricken, could their innermost feelings be disclosed and the truth out-told, as myself—although I was too dazed with terror to think of this then.

And so we remained, awaiting we knew not what, coming from we knew not where, in terrible uncertainty and dread expectancy, thinking that anything might happen, still more awful than what had

THE BLACK MAN'S GHOST.

already occurred, the gloomy stillness and mysterious mantle of darkness that had descended on us increasing our fears and suggesting every weird possibility, until the prolonged suspense became well-nigh maddening!

"I'm durned if I ken stand this much longer," I heard Hiram whisper hoarsely, as if uttering his thoughts aloud, for he addressed no one in particular. "Guess I'll jump overboard and drown myself, fur the devil's in the shep, an'thaar's a cuss hangin' over her!"

A shuffling sound of feet moving on the deck followed, as if the poor, distraught fellow was about to carry his senseless and wicked design into execution; and then I caught the tones of Tom Bullover's voice also coming out from amidst the surrounding darkness.

"Hush, avast there!" said the latter solemnly. "Is this a time for running in the face of your Maker, when in another minute or two we may be all mustered afore Him in eternity? Besides, bo, what's the use o' jumping overboard, when you couldn't get drowned? for the ship's hard and fast ashore!"

Before Hiram could reply to this, or make any further movement, a shout rang out from the poop aft, where previously all had been as still as with us forwards, wrapped in the same impenetrable gloom and deathly silence.

I recognised Jan Steenbock at once as the person hailing us.

"Land, ho!" he exclaimed; "I sees him! It vas lighten oop, and I sees him on ze port bow!"

As the second-mate spoke there was a perceptible movement of the heavy, close atmosphere, which had hitherto been still and sultry, like what it generally is during a thunderstorm, or when some electrical disturbance is impending in the air; and the land breeze springing up again, the wind, first coming in little puffs and subsequently settling down into a steady breeze off shore, the heavy curtain of black vapour that had previously enveloped us began to drift away to leeward, enabling us after a bit to see the ship's position and our surroundings, albeit all was yet wrapped in the semi-darkness of night, as it was close on 11 o'clock.

The frowning outlines of a big mountain towered up above the vessel's masts on our left or port bow, hazy and dark and grim. On the starboard hand a jutting point of land, evidently a spur of the same cliff, projected past the *Denver City* a long way astern, for we could distinguish the white wash of the sea on the sand at its base; while, right in front, nearly touching our bowsprit, was a mass of trees, whose dusky skeleton branches were waved to and fro by the tropical night breeze, making them appear as if alive, their mournful whishing as they swayed bearing out this impression.

THE BLACK MAN'S GHOST.

It seemed, at first glance, that the ship had been driven ashore into a small land-locked bay, no outlet being to be seen save the narrow opening between the cliffs astern through which she had been carried by the wave that stranded us, fortunately without dashing us on the rocks on either hand.

While we all gazed around in startled wonder, striving to take in the details of the strange scene, the misty, brooding vapour lifted still further, and a patch of sky clearing overhead, the pale moon shone down, illuminating the landscape with her sickly green light and throwing such deep shadows that everything looked weird and unreal, the perspective being dwarfed here and magnified there to such an extent that the ship's masts appeared to touch the stars, and the men on the fore'st'le were transformed into giants, their forms being for the moment out of all proportion to their natural size, as they craned their necks over the head rail.

Jan Steenbock's voice from the poop at this juncture recalled my wandering and wondering imagination to the more prosaic and practical realities of our situation, which quickly put to flight the ghostly fancies that had previously crowded thick and fast on my mind.

"Fore'st'le, ahoy!" shouted the second-mate, his deep, manly tones at once putting fresh courage into all of us, and making the men pull themselves together and start up eager for action, abandoning all their craven fears. "How vas it mit yous vorvarts? Ze sheep, I zink, is in deep vaters astern."

"I'll soon tell you, sir," cried Tom Bullover in answer, jumping to the side in a jiffy with a coil of the lead line, which he took from the main chains, where it was fastened. "I'll heave the lead, and you shall have our soundings in a brace of shakes, sir!"

With that he clambered into the rigging, preparatory to carrying out his intention; but he had no sooner got into the shrouds than he discovered his task was useless.

"There's no need to sound, sir," he sang out; "the ship's high and dry ashore up to the foremast, and there ain't more than a foot or two of water aft of that, as far as I can see."

"By thunder!" roared the skipper, who had meantime come up again on the poop from the cuddy, where he and the first-mate had no doubt been drowning their fright during the darkness with their favourite panacea, rum, leaving the entire control of the ship after she struck to Jan Steenbock; "is thet so?"

"I says what I sees," replied Tom Bullover brusquely, he, like most of the hands, being pretty sick by now of the captain's drunken ways, and pusillanimous behaviour in leaving the deck when the vessel and all on board were in such deadly peril; "and if you don't believe

THE BLACK MAN'S GHOST.

me, you can look over the side and judge where the ship is for yourself."

Captain Snaggs made no retort; but, moving to the port bulwarks from the companion hatchway, where he had been standing, followed Tom's suggestion of looking over the side, which indeed all of us, impelled by a similar curiosity, at once did.

It was as my friend the carpenter had said.

The *Denver City* was for more than two-thirds of her length high and dry ashore on a sandy beach, that looked of a brownish yellow in the moonlight, with her forefoot resting between two hillocks covered with some sort of scrub. This prevented her from falling over broad-side on, shoring her up, just as if she had been put into dry dock for caulking purposes; although, unfortunately, she was by no means in such a comfortable position, nor we on board, as if she had been in a shipbuilder's yard, with more civilized surroundings than were to be found on a desert shore like this!

Her bilge under the mizzen chains was just awash, and the water, deepening from here, as the shore shelved somewhat abruptly, was about the depth of four fathoms or thereabouts aft by the rudder post, where the bottom could be seen, of soft, shining white sand, without a rock in sight—so far, at least, as we were able to notice in the pale greenish moonlight, by which we made our observations as well as we could, and with some little difficulty, too.

"Guess we're in a pretty tight fix," said Captain Snaggs, after peering up and down alongside for some time, Tom Bullover in the interim taking the hand lead with him on to the poop and sounding over the taffrail at the deepest part. "But we can't do nuthin', I reckon, till daylight, an' as we're hard an' fast, an' not likely to float off, I'll go below an' turn in till then. Mister Steenbock, you'd better pipe the hands down an' do ditto, I guess, fur thaar's no use, I ken see, in stoppin' up hyar an' doin' nuthin'."

"Yous can go below; I vill keep ze vatch," replied the second-mate, with ill-concealed contempt, as the skipper shuffled off down the companion way again, back to his orgey with the equally drunken Flinders, who had not once appeared on deck, after perilling the ship through his obstinacy in putting her on the course that had led to our being driven ashore. The very first shock of the earthquake, indeed, which we felt before the tidal wave caught us, had been sufficient to frighten him from the poop even before the darkness enveloped us and the final catastrophe came.

As for Jan Steenbock, he remained walking up and down the deck as composedly as if the poor *Denver City* was still at sea, instead of being cooped up now, veritably, like a fish out of water, on dry land.

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He did not abandon his post, at any rate!

After a while, though, he acted on Captain Snaggs' cowardly advice so far as to tell the starboard watch to turn in, which none of the men were loth to do by this time; for the moon was presently obscured by a thick black cloud, and a torrent of heavy tropical rain descending made most of us seek shelter in the fo'c's'le, where I soon fell asleep, utterly wearied out, not only from standing about so long, having been on my legs ever since the early morning when I lit the galley fire, but also quite overcome with all the excitement I had gone through.

I awoke with a start.

The sun was shining brightly through the open scuttle of the fo'c's'le and it was broad daylight.

It was not this that had roused me, though; for, habituated as I now was to the ways of sailor folk, it made little difference to me whether I slept by day or night so long as I had a favourable opportunity for a comfortable caulk; and my eyes might have been "scorched out" without awaking me had it not been for something else—an unaccustomed sound which I had not heard since I left home and ran away to sea.

It was the cooing of doves in the distance.

"Roo-coo-coo! Roo-coo-coo! Coo-coo! Roo-c-o-o!"

I heard it as plainly as possible, just as the plaintive sound would catch my ear from the wood at the back of the vicarage garden in the old times, when I used to love to listen to the bird's love call—those old times that seemed so far off in the perspective of the past, and yet were only two years at most ago!

Why, I must be dreaming, I thought.

But, no; there came the soft, sweet cooing of the doves again.

"Roo-coo-coo! Roo-coo-coo! Coo-coo! Roo-c-o-o!"

Thoroughly roused at last, I jumped out of the bunk I occupied next Hiram, who was still fast asleep, with a lot of the other sailors round him snoring in the fo'c's'le; and rubbing my eyes with both knuckles, to further convince myself of being wide awake, I crawled out from the fore-hatchway on to the open deck.

Here, almost as soon as I stepped on my feet, I was startled; for all the starboard side, which was higher than the other, from the list the ship had to port, was covered, where the rain had not washed it away, with a thick deposit of brown, sandy loam, like snuff; while the scuppers aft, where it had been carried by the deluge that had descended on the decks, were choked up with a muddy mass of the same stuff, forming a big heap over a foot high. I could see, too, that it had penetrated everywhere, hanging on the ropes, and in places where the rain had not wetted it, like powdery snow, although of a very different colour.

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Recollecting the earthquake of the previous evening, and all that I had heard and read of similar phenomena, I ascribed this brown, dusty deposit to some volcanic eruption in the near neighbourhood. This was probably the cause, as well, of the unaccountable darkness that enveloped the ship at the time we experienced the shock; but, just then, catching a sight of the land over the lee bulwarks, every other consideration was banished by the outlook on the strange scene amidst which we were so wonderfully placed.

If our surroundings appeared curious by the spectral light of the moon last night, they seemed doubly so now, with the glaring tropical sun blazing already high up in the heavens, whose bright blue vault was unflecked by a scrap of cloud to temper the solar rays, albeit, a brisk breeze, blowing in from the south-west, gave a feeling of freshness to the air and raised a little wave of surf, that broke on the beach with a rippling splash far astern; the cooing of the doves in the distance chiming in musically with the lisp of the surge's lullaby.

But, the land!

It was stranger than any I had ever seen.

The high mountain on our left, which looked quite as lofty by day as it had done the night before, quite two thousand feet or more of it towering up into the sky, was evidently the crater peak of an old extinct volcano; for, it was shaped like a hollow vase, with the side next the sea washed away by the south-west gales, which, as I subsequently learnt, blew during the rainy season in the vicinity of this equatorial region. At the base of this was a mound of lava, interspersed with tufts of tufa and grass, that spread out to where the sloping, sandy beach met it, laved further down by the transparent water of the little sheltered harbour formed by the outer edge of the peak and the other lower projecting cliff that extended out into the sea on the starboard side of the ship in a semi-circle, the two almost meeting by the lava mound at the base of the broken crater, there not being more than a couple of cables length between them.

Most wonderful to me was the fact of the ship having been carried so providentially through such a narrow opening, without coming to grief on the Scylla on the one hand, or being dashed to pieces against the Charybdis on the other.

More wonderful still, though, was the sight the shore presented, as I moved closer to the gangway, and, looking down over the bulwarks, inspected the strange scene.

It was like some antediluvian world.

Near the edge of the white sand, on which the ship was lying like a stranded whale, with her prow propped up between two dunes, or hillocks, that were up to the level of her catheads, was a row of stunted

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trees without a leaf on them, only bare, skeleton branches; and, after these, a wide expanse of barren brown earth, or lava field, utterly destitute of any sign of vegetation.

Then came a grove of huge cacti, whose fleshy, spikod branches had the look of so many wooden hands, or glove stretchers, set up on end; and beyond these again were the more naturally-wooded heights, leading up to the summit of the mountain peak, the trees growing more luxuriantly and freely, and appearing to be of much larger size, as they increased their distance from the sterile expanse of the lower plain, until, at the top of the ascent, they formed a regular green crest covering the upper edge of the crater and sloping side of the out-stretching arm of cliff on our right, whose mantle of verdure and emerald tone contrasted pleasantly with the bright blue of the sky overhead and the equally blue sea below, the latter fringed with a line of white surf and coral sand along the curve of the shore.

The outer aspect of the scene, however, was not all.

Right under my eyes, waddling along the beach, and rearing themselves on their hind legs to feed on the leaves of the cactus, which they nibbled off in huge mouthfuls, were a lot of enormous tortoises, or land turtles, of the terrapin tribe, that looked the most hideous monsters I had ever seen in my life; while several large lizards also were crawling about on the lava and basking in the sun, with a number of insects and queer little birds of a kind I never heard of.

All was strange, for although I could still catch the cooing of the doves away in the woods in the distance, there was nothing familiar to my sight near.

While I was reflecting on all these wonders, and puzzling my brains as to where we could possibly be, the second-mate, whom I had noticed still on the poop when I came out from the fo'c's'le, as if he had remained up there on watch all night, came to the side and addressed me.

"Everyzing's sdrange, leedel boys, hey?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "I was wondering what part of the world we could be in."

"Ze Galapagos," he replied laconically, answering my question off-hand, in his solemn fashion and deep voice. "It vas call't ze Galapagos vrom ze Spanish zat means ze big toordles vat yous zee zero."

"Then Captain Snaggs was right after all, sir, about the ship's course yesterday, when he said that Mr. Flinders would run us ashore if it was altered?"

"Yuse, zat vas zo," said Jan Steenbock. "Zat Voorst-mate one big vool, and he vas ground ze sheep! Zese is Abingdon Islands, leedel boys—one of ze Galapagos group. I vas recollecks him. I vas here

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before. It vas Abingdon Islands; and ze voorst-mate is von big vool!"

As Jan Steenbock made this observation, a trifle louder than before, I could see the face of Mr. Flinders, all livid with passion, as he came up the companion hatch behind the Dane.

"Who's thet durned cuss a-callin' o' me names? I guess, I'll spifflicate him when I sees him!" he yelled out at the pitch of his voice; and then, pretending to recognise Jan Steenbock for the first time as his detractor, he added, still more significantly, "Oh, it's you, my joker, is it?"

CHAPTER XI.

SETTLING MATTERS.

"YASE, it vas me," said Jan Steenbock, at once turning round and confronting the other, not in the least discomposed by his sudden appearance, and speaking in his usual slow, deliberate way. "I zays to ze leedel boys here you's von big vool, and zo you vas!"

"Tarnation!" exclaimed Mr. Flinders, stepping out on to the deck over the coaming of the booby hatch, and advancing in a threatening manner towards the Dane, who faced him still imperturbably. "You jest say thet ag'in, mister, an' I'll —"

The second-mate did not wait for him to finish his sentence.

"I zays you's von big vool, the biggest vool of all ze vools I vas know," he cried in his deep tones. Every word sounded distinctly and trenchantly, with a sort of sledge-hammer effect, that made the Yankee mate writhe again. "But, my vren', you's badder zan zat, vor you's a droonken vool, and vas peril zo sheep and ze lifes of ze men aboard mit your voolness and ze rhum yous trink below, mitout minding your duty. Oh, yase, you's more bad zan one vool, Misther Vlinders; I vas vatch yous ze whole of ze voy-age, and I spik vat I zinks and vat I zeets!"

"Jee-rusalem, you white-livered Dutchman!" screamed out the other, now white with rage, and with his eyes glaring like those of a tiger, as he threw out his arms and rushed at Jan Steenbock, "I'll give you goss fur ev'ry lyin' word you've sed ag'in me, you bet. I'm a raal down-east alligator, I am, you durned furrin reptyle! You'll wish you wev never rizzed or came athwart my hawse, my hearty, afore I've plugged you out an' done with you, bo', I guess; fur I'm a regular screamer from Chicago, I am, an' I'll wipe the side-walk with yo, I will!"

This was "tall talk," as Hiram remarked, he and several others of the crew having turned out from their bunks by this time, roused by

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the altercation, and gathering together in the waist, full of interest and expectancy at witnessing such an unwonted treat as a free fight between their officers. But, the first-mate's brave words, mouthed them out as he did with great vehemence and force of expression, did not frighten the stalwart Dane, self-possessed and cool to the last, one whit.

No, not a bit of it.

Quietly putting himself into an easy position of defence, with his right arm guarding his face and body, Jan Steenbock, throwing out his left fist with a rapidity of movement quite unexpected in one of his slow, methodical demeanour, caught the blustering Yankee, as he advanced on him with hostile thoughts intent, full butt between the eyes, the blow being delivered straight from the shoulder and having sufficient momentum to have felled an ox.

At all events, it was enough for Mr. Flinders.

"Whack!"

It resounded through the ship; and, uttering a half-stifled cry, the mate measured his length along the deck, the back of his head knocking against the planks with a sound that seemed to be the echo of the blow that brought him low, though softer and more like a thud, tempered and toned down, no doubt, by the subduing effect of distance!

This second assault on his thick skull, however, instead of stunning him, as might have been imagined, appeared to bring the mate back to consciousness, and roused him to further action; for, scrambling up from his recumbent position, with his face showing unmistakable marks of the fray already, and his eyes not glaring quite so much, for they were beginning to close up, he got on his feet again, squaring up to Jan Steenbock, with his arms swinging round like a windmill.

He might just as well have tried to batter a stone wall, under the circumstances, as endeavour to break down the other's guard by any such feeble attempt, although both were pretty well matched as to size and strength.

Jan paid no attention to his roundabout and random onslaught, fending off his ill-directed blows easily enough with his right arm, which was well balanced, a little forward across his chest, protecting him from every effort of his enemy.

He just played with him for a minute, during which the Yankee mate, frothing with fury and uttering all sorts of terrible threats, that were as powerless to hurt Jan as his attack, danced round his watchful antagonist like a pea on a hot griddle; and then the Dane, tired at length of the fun, advancing his left, delivered another terrific drive from the shoulder that tumbled Mr. Flinders backwards under the hood of the booby hatch, where he nearly floored Captain Snaggs, on

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his way up from the cuddy—the skipper having been also aroused by the tumult, the scene of the battle being almost immediately over his swinging cot, and the concussion of the first-mate's head against the deck having awakened him before his time, which naturally did not tend to improve his temper.

"Hillo, ye durned Cape Cod sculpin!" he gasped out, Mr. Flinders' falling body having caught him full in the stomach and knocked all the wind out of him. "Is thet the kinder sorter way to come tumblin' down the companion, like a mad bull in fly time! What's all this infarnal muss about, hey?"

So shouting, between his pauses to take breath, the skipper shoved the mate before him out of the hatchway, repeating his question again when both had emerged on the poop. "Now, what's this infarnal muss about, hey?"

Taken thus in front and rear Mr. Flinders hardly knew what to say, especially as Jan Steenbock's fist had landed on his mouth, loosening his teeth and making the blood flow, his countenance now presenting a pitiable spectacle, all battered and bleeding.

"The—the—thet durned skallowag thaar hit me, sirree," he stammered and stuttered, spitting out a mouthful of blood and a couple of his front teeth, which had been driven down his throat almost by Jan Steenbock's powerful blow. "He—he tried to—to take my life. He did so, cap. But, I guess I'll be even with him, by thunder!—I'll soon rip my bowie inter him, an' settle the coon; I will so, you bet!"

Mr. Flinders fumbled at his waistbelt as he spoke, trying to pull out the villainous-looking, dagger-hilted knife he always carried there, in a sheath stuck inside the back of his trousers; but his rage and excitement making his hand tremble with nervous trepidation, Captain Snaggs was able to catch his arm in time and prevent his drawing the ugly weapon.

"No ye don't, mister; no ye don't, by thunder! so long's I'm boss hyar," cried the skipper. "Ef ye fits aboard my shep, I reckon ye'll hev to fit fair, or else reckon up with Ephraim O. Snaggs; yes, so, mister, thet's so. I'll hev no knifing aboard my ship!"

The captain appeared strangely forgetful of his own revolver practice in the case of poor Sam Jedfoot, and also of his having ran amuck and nearly killed the helmsman and Morris Jones, the steward, thinking he was still in pursuit of the negro cook—which showed the murderous proclivities of his own mind, drunk or sober. However, all the same, he stopped the first-mate now from trying to use his knife; although the latter would probably have come off the worst if he had made another rush at Jan Steenbock, who stood on the defence, prepared for all emergencies.

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"No, ye don't. Stow it, I tell ye, or I'll throttle ye, by thunder!" said the skipper, shaking Mr. Flinders in his wiry grasp like a terrier would a rat; while, turning to Jan, he asked: "An' what hev ye ter say about this darned muss—I s'pose it's six o' one an' half-dozen o' t'other, hey?"

"Mishter Vlinders 'vas roosh to shtrike me, and I vas knock him down," said Jan Steenbock, in his laconic fashion. "He vas get oop and roosh at me vonce mores, and I vas knock him down on ze dock again; and zen, you vas coom oop ze hatchway, and zat vas all."

"But, confound ye!" cried the other, putting in his spoke, "you called me a fool first!"

"So ye air a fule," said Captain Snaggs, "an' a tarnation fule, too, I reckon—the durndest fule I ever seed, fur the barquey wouldn't be lyin hyar whaar she is but fur yow darned pigheadedness!"

"Zo I vas zay," interposed Jan Steenbock. "I vas tell hims it vas all bekos he vas one troonken vool zat we vas wreck, zir."

"Ye never sed a truer word, mister," replied the skipper, showing but little sympathy for Mr. Flinders, whom he ordered to go below and wash his dirty face, now the "little unpleasantness" between himself and his brother mate was over. "Still, hyar we are, I guess, an' the best thing we ken du is ter try an' get her off. Whaar d'yer reckon us to be, Mister Steenbock, hey?"

"On ze Galapagos," answered the second-mate modestly, in no ways puffed up by his victory over the other or this appeal to his opinion by Captain Snaggs, who, like a good many more people in the world, worshipped success, and was the first to turn his back on his own champion when defeated. "I zinks ze sheep vas shtruck on Abingdon Islands. I vas know ze place, cap'n; oh, yase, joost zo!"

"Snakes an' alligators, mister! Ye decan't mean ter say ye hev ben hyar afore, hey?"

"Ja zo, cap'n," replied Jan Steenbock, in his slow and matter-of-fact way, taking the other's expression literally; "but zere vas no shnako, zat I vas zee, and no alligator. Zare vas nozings but ze terrapin tortoises and ze lizards on ze rocks! I vas here one, doo, dree zommers ago, mit a drading schgooner vrom Guayaquil after a cargo of ze orchilla weed, zat fetch goot price in Equador. I vas sure it vas Abingdon Islands vrom zat dall big peak of mountane on ze port side zat vas gal't Cape Chalmers; vor, we vas anchor't to looard ven we vas hunting for ze weed orchilla and ze toordles."

"Oh, indeed," said the skipper. "I'll look at the chart an' take the sun at nocn, so to kalkerlate our bearin's; but I guess ye're not fur out, as I telled thet dodrotted fule of a Flinders we'd be safe ter run foul o' the cussed Galapagos if we kept thet course as he stered!"

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Howsomedevever, let's do sunthin', an' not stan' idling hyar no longer. Forrud, thaar, ye lot o' star-gazin, fly-catchin' lazy lubbers! make it eight bells an' call the watch to sluice down decks! Ye doan't think, me jokers, I'm goin' to let ye strike work an' break articles 'cause the shep's aground, do ye? Not if I knows it, by thunder! Stir yer stumps an' look smart, or some o' ye'll know the reason why!"

This made Tom Bullover and the other hands bustle about on the fo'c's'le, although buckets had to be lowered over the side aft to wash down the decks with, so as to clear away all the volcano dust that was still lying about, for the headpump could not be used as usual on account of the forepart of the ship being high and dry.

Meanwhile, Hiram and I busied ourselves in the galley, blowing up the fire and getting the coffee ready for breakfast, so that ere long things began to look better.

The sun by this time was more than half-way up overhead, but a steady south-west breeze blowing in still from the sea right across our quarter, for the ship was lying on the sand with her bowsprit pointing north by west, the temperature was by no means too hot, in spite of our being so close to the equator; so, after our morning meal was over, the skipper had all hands piped to lighten the vessel, in order to prepare her for our going afloat again.

Captain Snaggs took the precaution, however, of getting out anchors ahead and astern, so as to secure her in her present position, so that no sudden shift of wind or rise of the tide might jeopardize matters before everything was ready for heaving her off, the sheet and starboard-bower being laid out in seven-fathom water, some fifty yards aft of the rudder post, in a direct line with the keel, so that there should be as little difficulty as possible in kedging her. These anchors were carried out to sea by a gang of men in the jollyboat, which was let down amidships just where we were awash, by a whip and tackle rigged up between the main and crossjack yards for the purpose.

By the time this was done, from the absence of any shadow cast by the sun, which was high over our mastheads, it was evidently close on to noon, so the skipper brought his sextant and a big chart he had of the Pacific on deck, spreading the latter over the cuddy skylight; while he yelled out to the dilapidated Mr. Flinders, who was repairing damages below, to watch the chronometer and mark the hour when he sang out.

Captain Snaggs squinted through the eye-glass of his instrument for a bit with the sextant raised aloft, as if he were trying to stare old Sol out of countenance.

"Stop!" he roared out in a voice of thunder. "Stop!"

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Then he took another observation, followed by a second stentorian shout of "Stop!"

A pause ensued, and then he roared below to Mr. Flinders, asking him what he made it, the feeble voice of the first-mate giving him in return the Greenwich time as certified by the chronometer; when after a longish calculation and measuring of distances on the chart, with a pair of compasses and the parallel ruler, Captain Snaggs gave his decision in an oracular manner, with much wagging of his goatee beard.

"I guess yo're about right this journey, Mister Steenbock," he said, holding up the chart for the other's inspection. "I kalkelate we're jest in latitood 0° 32 north, an' longitood 90° 45 west—pretty nigh hyar, ye see, whaar my finger is on this darned spec, due north'ard of the Galapagos group on the equator. This chart o' mine, though, don't give no further perticklers, so I reckon it must be Abingdon Island, as you says, as thot's the furthest north, barrin' Culpeper Island, which is marked hyar, I see, to the nor'-west, an' must be more'n fifty leagues or more away."

"Joost zo," replied Jan Steenbock, mildly complacent at his triumph. "I vas zink zo, and I zays vat I zinks!"

This point being thus satisfactorily settled, the men had their dinner, which Hiram and I had cooked in the galley while the anchors were being got out and the skipper was taking his observation of the sun; and then, after seeing that everything was snug in the caboose, I was just about sneaking over the side to explore the strange island and inspect more closely the curious animals I had noticed, when Captain Snaggs saw me from the poop and put the stopper on my little excursion.

"None o' your skulkin,' my loblolly b'y!" he shouted out. "Jest ye go aloft an' send down the mizzen royal. This is no time fur skylarkin' an' jerymanderin'. We wants all hands at work."

With that, I had, instead of enjoying myself ashore as I had hoped, to mount up the rigging and help the starboard watch in unbending the sails, which, when they reached the deck, were rolled up by the other watch on duty below and lowered to the beach over the side, where they were stowed in a heap on the sand above high-water mark.

The lighter spars were next sent down, and then the upper and lower yards by the aid of strong purchases, all being similarly placed ashore and the ropes coiled up as they were loosed from their blocks and fastenings aloft; so, by the time sunset came the ship was almost a sheer hulk, only her masts and standing rigging remaining.

Poor old thing! she was utterly transformed, lying high and dry there, with all her top hamper gone and shorn of all her fair proportions!

I noticed this when I came down from aloft, the *Denver City* looking so queer from the deck, with her bare poles sticking up, like monuments

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erected to her past greatness; but, although I was tired enough with all the jobs I had been on unreefing ropes, and knotting, and splicing, and hauling, till I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my heels, I was not too tired to take advantage of the kind offer Hiram made me when I went into the galley to help get the men's tea ready.

"You ken skip, Cholly, an' hev a lark ashore, ef you hev a mind to," said he; "I'll look arter the coppers."

"Didn't I 'skip,' that's all!"

I was down the side in a brace of shakes and soon wandering at my own sweet will about the beach, wondering at everything I saw—the lava bed above the sand, the tall many-armed cactus plants, with their fleshy fingers and spikes at the ends, like long tenpenny nails, the giant tortoises, which hissed like snakes as they waddled out of my path—wondering, aye, wondering at everything!

Hearing the cooing of doves again, as I had done in the morning, I followed the sound, and presently came to a little grove of trees on an incline above the flat lava expanse, on the right of the bay where the ship was stranded.

Here grass and a species of fern were growing abundantly around a pool of water, fed from a tiny rivulet that trickled down from the cliff above; and I had no sooner got under the shelter of the leafy branches than I was surrounded by a flock of the pretty grey doves whose gentle cooing I had heard.

They were so tame that they came hopping on my head and outstretched hand, and I was sorry I had not brought some biscuit in my pocket, so that I might feed them.

It was so calm and still in the mossy glade that I threw myself down on the grass, remaining until it got nearly dark, when I thought it about time to return to the ship, though loth to leave the doves, who cooed a soft farewell after me, which I continued to hear long after I lost sight of them.

I got back to the shore safely without further adventure, until I was close under the ship, when I had a fearful fright from a huge tortoise that I ran against, and which seemed to spit in my face, it hissed at me so viciously.

It must have been four feet high at least, and what its circumference was goodness only knows, for I could have laid down on its back with ease, as it was as broad as a table.

I did not attempt to do this, however, but scrambled up the ship's side as quickly as I could, and made my way to the galley, in order to get my tea, which Hiram had promised to keep hot for me.

Outside the galley, though, I met the American, who frightened me even more than the big tortoise had done the minute before.

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"Say, Cholly," he cried, his voice trembling with terror, "the ghost of the nigger cook is hauntin' us still; I see him thaar jist now a-sottin' in the corner of the caboose a-playin' on his banjo, as I'm a livin' sinner!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE GOLDEN MADONNA.

"My goodness! you don't mean that, Hiram?" I exclaimed, seeing from his earnest manner that he was not trying to hoax me, but stating what he really believed to be a fact. "When was it that you saw it?"

"Jest on sundown, Cholly, arter the men hed thaar tea an' cleared out, the whole bilin' ov 'em, skipper an' all, goin' ashore, like as you did, sonny, afore 'em, to prospect the country an' look at the big turtle an' other streenge varmint. Thaar warn't a soul left aboard but thet brute Flinders an' myself; an' he wer so basted by the lickin' as Jan Steenbock giv him thet he wer lyin' down in the cabin an' pizenin' hisself with rum to mend matters. But, I wer thet dead beat, with shiftin' gear an' sendin' down yards, thet I wer fit fur nuthin' but ter lean over the gangway an' smoke a pipe afore turnin' in, fur I wer mighty tired out, I wer!"

"You must have been, Hiram," said I, "for, I'm sure I was, and am so still."

"Yes, I wer dead beat, an' thaar I rested agen the gangway, smokin' an' lookin' at the chaps a-skylarkin' with a big turtle they hed ca-sized on ter his back, so as he couldn't make tracks; when all at once I thort o' the gully fire a-goin' out an' yer tea, Cholly, as I promist to keep bilin', an' so I made back fur the caboose. It wer then close on dark, an' a sorter fog beginnin' to rise from seaward afore the land breeze riz an' blew it off."

"And then," I put in, on his pausing at this point, hanging on his words intently, "what happened then?"

"Lord sakes! Cholly, it kinder makes the creeps come over me to tell you," he replied, with a shudder, while his voice fell impressively. "I wer jest nigh the galley when I heerd a twang on the banjo, same as poor old Sam used ter giv' the durned thin' afore he began a-playin' on it—a sorter loudish twang, as if he gripped all the strings at once, an' then ther' come a softer sort o' toonful 'pink-a-pink-a-pong, pong,' an' I guess I heerd a wheezy cough, as if the blessed old nigger wer clarin' his throat fur to sing—I did, so!"

"Goodness gracious, Hiram!" I ejaculated, breathless with expectation, "you must have been frightened!"

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"I wer so," he replied,—“I wer so skeart thot I didn't know what ter du; but, thinks I, let's see if anythin's thaar; an' so I jest look't round the corner o' the galley through the half door, an', b'y, thaar I seed Sam a sottin', as I sod, an' a playin' his banjo as nat'rel as ever wor!”

“But the banjo wasn't there last night,” I interposed here. “I looked for it almost as soon as we heard the sound of it being played at the time of the earthquake, and I couldn't see it hanging up over the door where Tom Bullover, you remember, pointed it out to us.

“Waall, all I kon say is thot I seed the gghostess with the dtrned thin' thaar in his grip. I didn't wait fur to see no more, I can tell you, Cholly!”

“What did you do?”

“I jest made tracks fur the fo'c's'le, an' turned inter my bunk, I wer so skeart, till the skipper an' the rest o' the hands came aboard ag'in, when I comed out an' stopt hyar fur you. I ain't seed Tom Bullover yet; so, you're the fust I hev told o' the sperrit hauntin' us ag'in, Cholly.”

“Do you think it's gone yet?” I asked; “perhaps it's still there.”

“I dunno,” he replied. “P'raps you'd best go fur to see. I'm jiggered if I will!”

I hesitated at this challenge; it was more than I bargained for.

“It's all dark now,” I said, glancing towards the galley, from which no gleam came, as usual, across the deck, as was generally the case at night time; “I suppose the fire has gone out?”

“S'poso it air,” answered Hiram; “gness it's about time it wer, b'y, considerin' I wer jest agoing fur to make it up when I seed Sam. I reckon, though, if you hev a mind fur to look in, ye can get a lantern aft from the stooard. I seed him a-buzzin' round the poop jest now, fur he hailed me as he poked his long jibboom of a nose up the companion; but, I didn't take no notice o' the cuss, fur I wer outer sorts like, feelin' right down chawed up!”

“All right,” said I, anxious to display my courage before Hiram, his fright somehow or other emboldening me. “I will get a lantern at once and go into the galley.”

So saying, I went along the deck aft, passing into the cuddy by the door under the break of the poop. I found Morris Jones, the steward, in the pantry. He was putting a decanter and glass on a tray for the captain, who was sitting in the cabin, preparing for a jollification after his exertions of the day; for he had returned in high glee from his inspection of the ship's position with Jan Steenbock, whom he took with him to explain the different points of land and the anchorage.

Jan Steenbock was just leaving him as I returned, refusing, as I

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surmised from the conversation, the skipper's pressing invitation to have a parting drink—a sign of great cordiality with him.

"Wa-all, hev yer own way, but a drop o' good rum hurts nary a one, as I ken see," I heard Captain Snaggs say. "Good-night, Mister Steenbock. I guess we'll set to work in airnest ter-morrer, an' seo about gettin' the cary out to lighten her; an' then, I reckon, mister, we'll try yer dodgo o' diggin a dock under her."

"Yase, zat yas goot," said the Dane, in his deep voice, in answer. "We will dig oop the zand vrom her kil: an' zen, she vill float, if zero was no leaks an' she vas not hoort her back by taking ze groond."

"Jest so," replied the skipper; and Morris Jones having gone into the cabin with the glasses and water on his tray, I heard a gurgling sound, as if Captain Snaggs was pouring out some of his favourite liquor and gulping it down. "Ah, I feel right chunky arter thet, I guess! Yes, Mister Steenbock, we'll float her right off; fur, I don't think she's started a plank in her; an' if we shore her up properly we ken dig the sand from under her, as ye sez, an' then she'll go off as right as a clam, when we brings a warp round the capstan from the ankers astern."

"Ja zo," agreed Jan Steenbock. "We vill wait and zee."

"Guess not," retorted the skipper. "We'll dew better, we'll work an' try, my joker, an' dew thet right away smart ter-morrer!"

Captain Snaggs sniggered at this, as if he thought it a joke; and then, I could hear Jan Steenbock wish him good-night, leaving him to his rum and the companionship of Mr. Flinders—who must have smelt the liquor, for I caught his voice muttering something about being "durned dry," but I did not listen any longer, looking out for the steward, who presently followed Jan Steenbock out of the cabin.

"Well, younker, what d'ye want?" Morris Jones asked me, when he came up to where I was still standing alongside his pantry. "I didn't have time to speak to ye afore. What is it?"

"I want a lantern," said I. "The galley fire's gone out."

"All right, here you are, you can take this," he replied, handing me one he had lit. "Any more ghostesses about forrud? That blessed nigger's sperrit oughter go ashore, now we've come to this outlandish place, and leave us alone!"

"You'd better not joke about it," I said solemnly. "Hiram has seen something awful to-night."

"What d'ye mean?" he cried, turning white in a moment, as I could see by the light of the lantern, and all his braggadocia vanishing. "What d'ye mean?"

"Only not to halloo too loud till you're out of the wood," said I, going off forwards. "Hiram has seen Sam's ghost again, that's all!"

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I felt all the more encouraged by this little passage of arms with the funky Welshman, and marched up to the galley door as brave as brass, holding out, though, the lantern well before me, so as to light up the place, Hiram, ashamed of his own fears, coming up behind me, and looking in over my shoulder.

Neither of us, though, saw any cause for alarm, for there was no one there; and I was inclined to believe that Hiram had fallen asleep and dreamt the yarn he told me, the more especially as there was a strong smell of tobacco about the place, as if some one had been there recently smoking.

The American, however, was indignant at my suggestion of this.

"What d'y'er take me fur, Cholly," he said. "I tell you I seed him a-sottin' down thaar in thet corner, an' heerd the banjo as plain as if it wer a-playin' now! Look at the fire, too; ain't that streenge? It wer jest a-staggerin' out when I comed hyar fur to put on some more wood to make it burn up, an' thaar it air now, as if some one hez jest been a-lightin' on it!"

It was as he said. The fire seemed to have been fresh lit, for there was even a piece of smouldering paper in the stoke hole.

It was certainly most mysterious, if Hiram had not done it, as he angrily asserted he had not, quite annoyed at my doubting his word.

While I was debating the point with him, Tom Bullover appeared at the door, with his usual cheerful grin.

"Hullo!" cried he; "what's the row between you two?"

Thereupon Hiram and I both spoke at once, he telling his version of the story and I mine.

"Well, don't let such foolish nonsense make you ill friends," said Tom, grinning. "I dare say you're both right, if matters could only be explained—Hiram, in thinking he saw Sam's ghost, and you, Charley, in believing he dreamt it all out of his head. As for the fire burning up, I can tell you all about that, for seeing it just at the last gasp, I stuck in a bit of paper and wood to light it, so as to be more cheerful. I likewise lit my own pipe arterwards, which fully accounts for what you fellows couldn't understand."

"Thaar!" exclaimed Hiram triumphantly; "I telled you so, Cholly."

"All right," I retorted. "It's just as I said, and there's nothing mysterious about it."

Each of us remained of his own opinion, but Tom Bullover chaffed us out of all further argument, and we presently followed the example of the other hands, who were asleep snoring in the fo'c's'le, and turned into our bunks; while Tom went aft to relieve Jan Steenbock as lookout, there being no necessity for all of the watch to be on deck, the ship being ashore, and safer even than if she had been at anchor.

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In the morning I was roused up by the cooing doves again, and the very first man I met after turning out was Morris Jones, who looked seedy and tired out, as if he had been awake all night.

"What's the matter?" I asked him, as he came into the galley, where I was busy at my morning duty, getting the coppers filled for the men's coffee, and poking up the fire, which still smouldered, for I had banked it, so as to keep it alight after I turned in. "Anything happened?"

"You were right, Cholly, in tellin' me not to holler till I was out of the wood last night," he said solemnly. "I seed that arterwards the same as Hiram!"

"Saw what?"

"The nigger's ghost."

"Nonsense!" I cried, bursting out into a laugh, his face looked so woo-begone, while his body seemed shrunk, giving him the most dilapidated appearance. "You must have been taking some of the cap'en's rum."

"None o' your impurence, master Cholly," said he, aiming a blow at my head, which I dext'rously avoided. "I never touches none o' the skipper's rum; I wouldn't taste the nasty stuff now, arter all I've seen it's done. No, I tell you straight, b'y, I ain't lying. I see Sam Jedfoot last night as ever was, jest soon arter you went away from the cuddy with the lantern."

"You did?"

"Yes, I'll take my davy on it. He comed right through the cabin, and walked past my pantry, stepping over the deck jest as if he was alive; and then I saw something like a flash o' light'ing, and when I looked agen, being blinded at first, there he was a-floating in the air, and disappeared over the side."

"Did you go to see what had become of him?" I said jokingly, on hearing this. "Where did he make for when he got over the side?"

"I didn't look no more," answered the steward, taking my inquiry in earnest. "I was too frightened."

"What did you do, then?"

"I just stopp'd up there in my pantry all night, locking the door, so as to prevent no one from getting in. Aye, I kep two lights burning, to scare the ghost if he should come again; and theer I stop't till daylight, when I heard you stiring, and comed here to speak to you, glad to see a human face agen, if only a beast of a b'y like you—fur them sperrits do make a chap feel quar all over! Besides, too, the fear o' seeing the blamed thing agen, I thought the skipper, who was drinking awful arter Jan Steenbock left, he and Flinders having a regular go in at the

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rum, 'might have another fit o' the horrors, and bust out on me with his revolver. Lor, I 'ave 'ad a night on it, I can tell you!"

"Poor fellow! wait and have a pan of coffee," said I sympathisingly, pitying his condition and not minding his polite allusion to me as a "beast of a boy," which no doubt my manner provoked. "It will soon be ready."

"I will," he replied, thoroughly beaten and speaking to me civilly for the first time. "Thank you, kindly, Cholly!"

By-and-by the crew turned out; and, after having their coffee, began again the same work they had been at the previous day of lightening the ship, Captain Snaggs superintending operations and not looking a bit the worst for the drinking bout in which Morris Jones said he had spent the night with his kindred spirit Mr. Flinders.

The scene on the beach all that day and the next was a busy one all hands hard at it unloading the *Denver City*, preparatory to our trying to restore her to her native element, the sea—which latter rippled up along her dry timbers forward, as far as the mizzen chains, the furthest point where she was aground, with a lispng sound, it seemed to me, as if wooing her to come back and float on its bosom again once more, as of yore!

A great deal more had to be effected, however, before this could be accomplished, for a sort of dock, or trench, had to be dug out beneath the vessel's keel, so as to bring the water beneath her and help to lift her off the sandbank where she was stranded; and this could not be done in a day, work we our hardest, despite the men taking shifts turn and turn about by watches at the task.

Fortunately, while unloading the cargo, a lot of pickaxes were found amongst the miscellaneous assortment of "notions" stowed in the mainhold; and these now came in handy, the hands learning to wield them just as if they had been born navvies, after a bit, under the experienced direction of Captain Snaggs, who said he had been a Californian miner during a spell ashore at one period of his life.

On the third day of this labour, the dock was becoming perceptibly deep amidships and the water beginning to ooze through the sand; when, all at once, Tom Bullover, who was wielding a pick like the rest, struck the point of it against something which gave out a clear metallic ring.

After a dig or two more, he excavated the object, which, preserved in the lava that lay beneath the sand and shells on the beach, was found to be an image of the virgin, such as you see in Roman Catholic countries abroad. It was of a bright yellow colour and shining, as if just turned out of a jeweller's shop.

It was a golden Madonna!

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Anakraja appears in his true colours—I, with Tom Cox and six others, are tried for treason—Tom is condemned and executed—I receive a terrible sentence—Through the clemency of my judge I am launched to death in princely style—Ribut Bungat's final act of friendship.

"YOU won't say a word to him concerning what I have revealed to you?" said Tom anxiously, as Anakraja, with no abatement of his haste, came toiling up the hill, and approached our house; "promise me that you won't, Reuben."

"Then your better plan, Tom," replied I, "will be to start a conversation with him which shall lead up to the subject. I tell you frankly that I will have no part in this diabolical business, and the sooner our friend the doctor is made aware of it the better. I may be over-cautious, Tom, but if this isn't a trap, why——"

"Hist!" interrupted Tom, "he's coming in at the gate."

But we need not have troubled ourselves to discuss the merits of Anakraja's scheme, and its probable chances of success or failure, or to argue the policy of my joining the confederacy: the secret was blown. Ribut Bungat himself, as will presently be seen, made the discovery the details of which were at this very moment horrifying such of the chief's councillors as he had chosen to take into his confidence. This was the cause of Anakraja's hot haste; and, as he burst through our little garden wicket, his demeanour was that of a man well-nigh crazed with fear and apprehension.

"It is all discovered!" cried he as we entered the house together. "Alas! that a scheme so wise and perfect should miscarry! Ah, Orang Reu! ah, Tomcox! from my heart I pity you—I tremble for you. But Anakraja will not desert his dear friends in their trouble. Fly, my brothers! Take the smallest and most precious of your goods, and flee into the depths of the woods. To-night I will take care that a sampan shall be ready for you on the shore, and by that means you may escape to another island, and avoid those who at this moment are thirsting for your blood."

All this he uttered in the most rapid and earnest way, laying his hands first on one and then the other intreatingly, and even catching up such portables as he knew we valued, and attempting to force them into our possession. As for Tom, weakened as he was by conscious guilt, the doctor's panic had immediate effect on him; he turned deadly pale, and was for accepting Anakraja's advice, and acting on it on the instant. That I was not similarly affected seemed much to astonish him, and he remonstrated with me in an angry manner for what he mistook for my helpless terror.

"Rouse yourself, Reuben," said he. "Why do you stand there freezing with fright? Pluck up your manliness, and let us be off while there is yet time. Are you deaf? don't you hear what the doctor says? The plot is discovered!"

All this time I had stood with my arms folded, regarding Anakraja steadily, and becoming each moment more convinced that solicitude for our safety was not the

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real purport of his visit. Besides, what did I know of "plots?" Tom's very latest words to me, when we were discussing the matter, were that I should not acknowledge to the secret, and I had distinctly told him that I would have no finger in the precious pasty in course of concoction; therefore, when Tom urged me to run off because the "plot" was discovered, I turned to the doctor, and said—

"What business is this? I know of no plot. Can you show me a plot I am engaged in?"

"I?—how can I?" Anakraja replied. "God forbid that I should meddle with such things. It is only you wise men who can make paper talk, and who hold the spirits of the air and the sea in your service, who dare tread such perilous ground. You two understand each other—you *know* that you do. Fly at once, I intreat you. You would not endanger the life of your friend by letting him be discovered here in friendly converse with you?"

"But you will come with us?" observed Tom to the doctor. "You are as deep in the mess as I am—deeper, for it was you who made the proposition. What will become of you if we go and leave you to bear all the blame?"

"But they don't suspect me," Anakraja replied, with an ugly grin. "I am the chief's faithful friend and prime councillor; it is my zeal for his safety that brings me to arrest you two for your treason; but if, on arriving at your house, I find that you have already taken alarm, and made your escape, it is no fault of mine. Surely I speak plainly enough," continued he meaningly.

"And suppose we are not disposed to take your advice?" said I, for plainly enough I now saw through this double traitor, and that his design was to entice us to furnish undoubted proof of our guilt by running away; that accomplished, nothing would be easier than for Anakraja to heap all the blame on to our shoulders. "And suppose we decline to take your advice?" said I.

"Then," said he, "it will be my duty to hold you here prisoners till the chief sends me some assistance. But you will not be such fools as to hold out your necks to the kris—for that, or worse, will surely be your doom. You will run off. You may rely on me; the sampan shall be ready an hour before the moon rises, and——"

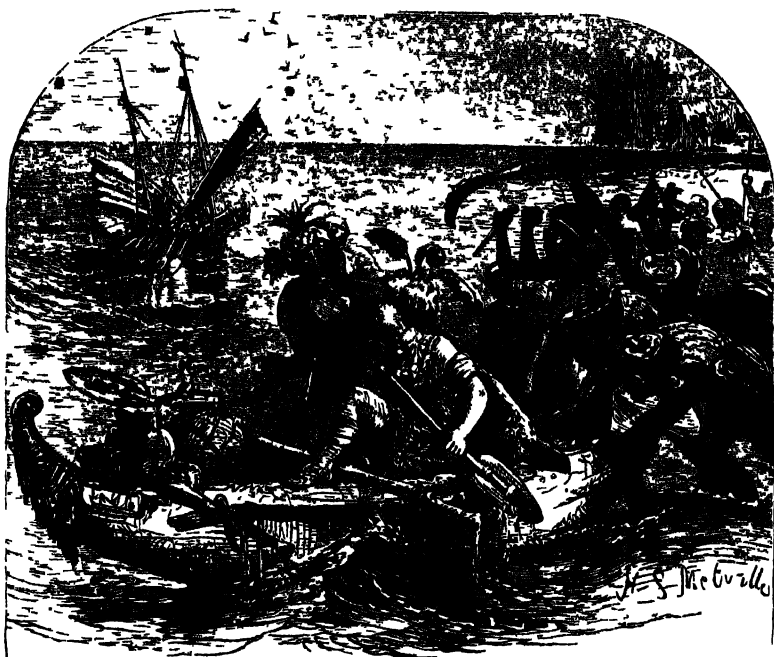
Here he suddenly paused and caught in his breath, while his face became blanched with terror, for there suddenly reached the top of the hill the shout of a mob, and, looking towards the village, there, through the twilight, we saw approaching a great number of persons, all very eager, and with the blades of their naked swords flashing in the fading rays of the sun. It was only for a moment, however, that Anakraja was silent; after but a single glance at the vengeful mob his rage broke through his dumb despair, and his mask of friendliness slipped off with an ease that showed how paltry a thread had hitherto upheld it. He happened—as was very unusual with him—to have come to us unarmed, as, indeed, so were we, having no fear that we should need our weapons; there was, however, lying on a bench close by, a contrivance of stone with a wooden handle with which we used to pound our grain, and, catching up this pounder, Anakraja made full aim with it at Tom's head.

"You crocodile spawn! you breeders of mischief!" shouted he. "If I may not save my life through you, you shall not live to see my disgrace. Die!"

Tom put up his hand so as to ward off the first blow, but before he could prevent it the pounder was swung the other way, catching him such a blow on the

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forehead that poor Tom came down like an ox before the pole-axe. Doubtless the same fate would also have been mine had I not been pretty nimble, but, in the nick of time, I seized and cross-buttocked the villain, after a fashion imparted to me by my unlucky companion, and the doctor fell, with no little weight, with me sprawling over him. But these Dyaks are lithe as cats, and as slippery as eels; he was on his feet before I was, and hastening to possess himself of the pounder, which had been jerked out of his hand. Again I was too quick for him, and, calling to



The old Chief does me a last service

my aid another of Tom Cox's boxing lessons, delivered at his head a couple of fair, straight-out hits, and floored him for the second time. But no sooner was he down than up again, screaming with fury, and making at me with all his limbs and teeth as a tiger might; and by this time the crowd of men from the village were half-way up the hill, every one of them yelling almost as loud as Anakraja, and clashing their kniases, and banging their little gongs—so that, on the whole, the reader may understand how thoroughly Tom Cox was stunned, since, through all this skirmishing and hubbub within and without, he lay as dumb as the pounder itself, and without a sign of life.

Ribut Bungat was at the head of the multitude that now surrounded our house, and, accompanied by half a dozen soldiers, he came in at the door while Anakraja and myself were still in the midst of our conflict; and no sooner did my antagonist perceive his master than he fell on his knees before him, and commenced howling louder than before, changing his theme, however.

"Here, O my chief, are the arch-traitors! here are the crafty ones who would

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have given the idol of his people to the fish of the sea! Succour me, O my chief, for I am nearly spent in striving to prevent this, the stronger ruffian, from escaping to the woods, out of reach of your just vengeance."

At a sign from Ribut Bungat I was instantly seized by two of the soldiers, and my arms pinioned behind with strings of twisted bark; but, indignant as I felt at this treatment, it was nothing to my vexation to observe with what reproachful anger the old chief regarded me.

"And is it for this, Orang Reu," said he, "that I have raised you from the condition of a slave to be the companion of my right hand? Yesterday I gave you a necklace of pearls; to-night a kris's edge shall make you one."

I could scarcely control my rage to find myself in such a predicament, and to see my rascally detractor fawning on Ribut Bungat, who, however, was in no mood for carressing, and pushed him aside somewhat unceremoniously. I could only reply—

"Though I meet my death where I now stand, O Ribut Bungat, I can only declare, in simple truth, that never since I have tasted of your generosity have I harboured one evil thought against you. Since, however, I am to die, let me beg of you a little grace—not so much that I fear death as that your chief enemy may live to laugh."

I saw at once that Anakraja winced under this latter observation; and, half aloud, he whispered into the chief's ear—

"Be advised, O Ribut Bungat; let not these dealers in magic live another instant. Say the word, and their guilty heads shall roll at your feet."

Now it happened that the soldiers, having bound me to their satisfaction, turned to Tom Cox, and, finding that life still remained in him, commenced hustling him about, the better to secure his arms and legs. Their handling being none of the gentlest, Tom was roused from his insensibility, and recovered his wits in time to comprehend Anakraja's last observation.

"What does the villain say?" cried Tom, so suddenly that the fellows who stood sentry over him jumped again. "Does he talk of our guilt? Was it not him who hatched the infernal scheme, or set it ready for hatching? Was it not him who gave me the names of the head men who were in the plot? and who——"

Snatching a spear from a man beside him, Anakraja made such a lunge at Tom, that, had not his arm been struck up in time, there would have been a gash in my companion's throat that would have stopped his mouth to a certainty.

"Do you speak what is true?" asked Ribut Bungat eagerly, and as though he more than half suspected that it was so. "Can you show me that you speak the truth?"

"Let your eyes convince you," replied Tom. "There is a pocket in the inside of my jacket; put your hand there, one of you fellows, and pull out a piece of paper you will find."

This order the man addressed obeyed, and, sure enough, there was the paper Tom alluded to, and on it were inscribed, in Anakraja's unmistakable scrawling letters, the names of six of the leading men in the country, together with an intimation that they might be depended on, and would be found ready, "when the moment arrived, to take such measures as would insure success for the scheme."

From that moment Anakraja had nothing further to say, but, silent, ghastly,

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and grim, held out his hands that he might be bound, according to Ribut Bungat's prompt command; and, while this was taking place, the old chief hurried away to the town to insure the arrest of the other six conspirators. I may as well here state, however, that he was only successful in arresting three of them, the others, having no doubt of the fate in store for them, choosing to end their lives according to their own devices, one of which was the swallowing of poison, and the other two the piercing the bowels with the *sankoh*, or native spear.

The administration of justice in Borneo—at least, in this part of it—is very different from what one finds in civilised countries. There are no prisons on the island—no places where a culprit could be confined for a single night without the strictest watching. Therefore, such a punishment as imprisonment is unknown; instant trial with instant penalty is the order of the day, whether the said penalty be fine, maiming, or death—indeed, the executioner invariably sits at the end of the justice-hall, and the carrying out of the extreme sentence of the law is only delayed for just so long a time as the victim can be conveyed outside the building.

In accordance with this principle of speedy justice, we—that is to say, Tom, myself, and the villanous Anakraja—were marched straight from the hill to the familiar hall of audience, which now, however, wore a very different appearance from that it commonly presented. Even in the little time which had elapsed since the discovery of the plot, the white decorations of the hall had given place to a vivid red colour; the walls were daubed with it; the chief's seat was draped with red cloth; the very *pedangs* and *dukus*, or chopping-knives, of the guards had their blades and their handles smeared with the sanguinary colour.

This was how we found the hall when we entered at the door, and all that I have described or shall have to describe was revealed (for it was now dark night) by the flickering, smoky torches the guards held in their hands. In his customary corner sat the headsmen—a hideous giant, black as a coal, and with no other garment than a short petticoat of bark—toying with his tremendous chopping-knife, and jesting with two other fellows who from time to time directed his attention towards us, and grinned with devilish glee at the prospect of the tragedy shortly to take place.

I should like to have spoken a few words to Tom, by way of ascertaining his views as to the terrible mess we now found ourselves in, as well as to learn if he intended to offer any defence, and what; but there was no chance for anything of the kind. Three gaolers stood between us; and once, when I uttered his name, one of the fellows brought the flat of his kris down on to my lips, and uttered "*Djan!*" (Be silent!) in such a threatening manner that I did not repeat the experiment. Anakraja was a witness to this, and, observing my disappointment, said scornfully—

"Patience, Orang Reu; there will be opportunity for your talk presently, when you mount with Tomcox to the fine place up there which you tell us of."

And he being a countryman, and quite a favourite with all who knew him, was allowed to talk on without check.

Presently, however, every one's talk was hushed, for, entering at the rear of the judgment-seat, Ribut Bungat made his appearance, clothed in a long red robe, and with a sort of skull cap, also of red, half covering his grey hair. Following him came the other six prisoners. Nor do I make any mistake when I say the other six, although, as I have before stated, three of them had died by the violence of their

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own hands. It would have been impossible to find a more vindictive man than Ribut Bungat when roused to a vengeful mood; and he was so roused now, and ordered that the lifeless carcasses should be put on their trial as well as the living men, that, if found guilty, the body of each might be dishonoured and thrown as food to the crocodiles, instead of being given over to female relations, that they might "wake" it (for this Irish custom prevails in Magindano), and roll it in fine mats, and kill a fowl over it, as a sacrifice to the spirit who guards the dead; and, as the three dead men could not be made to stand, and there was no convenient way of propping them against the wall, they were ingeniously slung by the neck with a rope, and drawn up over the beams till their heads hung level with those of their guilty living partners, who were placed in a row with them.

Then our trial—if so it could be called—began. Ribut Bungat himself was chief witness as well as judge. In brief terms he explained to the assembly that on the afternoon of that day, while in council with Anakraja and some others, he had need to send written word (he had grown amazingly fond of writing, and would scarcely send a message next door without it) to one of his councillors who was sick. Turning suddenly to Anakraja, he asked him for a piece of paper to write on, and the doctor, taken off his guard, thrust his hand into his pouch, and produced the only piece he had with him, which was Tom Cox's latest despatch concerning the progress of the conspiracy. When, however, I say that he produced this paper, it is not strictly correct. He only drew it partly from the pouch, and then, suddenly, bethinking himself, thrust it back again with a stammering excuse that he had no paper, but would go home and fetch a piece. Observing Ribut Bungat's rising suspicion, however, and knowing that there was no help but to produce the damning evidence, he affected an easy and unconcerned demeanour, and, again withdrawing Tom's note (which had no address), observed that here certainly was a scrap of paper, yet when he said he had none to give he was right, inasmuch as it did not belong to him—that he had picked it up just outside the village, where either Orang Reu or Tomcox must have dropped it, as it was in the handwriting of one or the other. His intention was to have returned it to the first of the white men he happened to meet. That was all he knew about it—he was ignorant of the contents of the note, or for whom it was intended. The chief might, of course, read it if he pleased.

Ribut Bungat did please, and, having read the note through, started up in a rage, and cried—

"Treachery! These vipers we have nourished are turning to sting us! Where is this Orang Reu and his villanous brother? Fetch them instantly, but without alarming them, lest they make off or rob themselves of that life which is no longer theirs, but ours."

"Orang Reu! Tomcox! treacherous!" cried Anakraja, with well-simulated indignation and amazement; "then let it be your servant's business to bring them here before you, and in so unsuspecting a manner that they shall never dream of the just punishment which awaits them."

With this he had started off before the chief could even say yea or nay, and, hurrying up the hill to our house, presented himself before us in the manner the reader has already been made acquainted with. This evidence, coupled with what transpired in the presence of the chief at the time of Anakraja's arrest, completed the case, and a pretty clear case it seemed against all of us. True, I was

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innocent; but when the three Dyaks had been asked what reply they had to make to the heinous charge preferred against them, and they simply pleaded "innocence," and when Anakraja was asked, and he, too, whined out, "My life is, as it ever was, in the hands of my chief, and, innocent though I am, should Ribut Bungat decree that I have lived long enough, I shall die proclaiming his countless virtues, and how great, and good, and generous he is"—when I say that this arch-villain impudently asserted that he was not guilty (an assertion which, I am happy to record, Ribut Bungat received only with a gesture of impatience), what would it avail me to follow suit? As it happened, however, it did not fall to my lot to answer next, but to Tom's, and—peace to poor Tom's soul!—he did a noble action, and one which wipes completely away from his character the stain of selfishness which, as the reader is aware, it had hitherto borne.

"Are you, too, innocent, Tomcox?" asked Ribut Bungat sneeringly.

"No, I am not," replied Tom. "I am guilty of aiming at the lives of men who, in the eyes of the people of my country, are murderers. That white-livered calf (Anakraja) is the suggester and prime mover in the business, and I agreed to act under him. The only innocent man standing bound before you is Orang Reu, as you call him. He knew nothing of the conspiracy from first to last."

But conscientiousness carried to this extent was unknown among these people. The chief shook his head, and one sage councillor, addressing Ribut Bungat, earnestly warned him against trusting what Tom had said.

"Clear the land at once of these sowers of mischief," urged he; "we may as well have two of them among us as one, for no sooner will the bad spirit of the one whom we slay escape from its house than it will fly into the other, and, instead of two men, each with a devil's nature, there will remain to bring destruction on us one man with *two* devil natures, and what, then, shall we have gained by the death of one?"

This speech, ludicrous as it may appear, was evidently regarded as a marvel of wisdom by all who heard it, and there was a loud murmur of "Badas! badas!" (Good! good!) and as great an amount of head-wagging as though Solomon himself had spoken.

Ribut Bungat, however, neither cried "Badas!" nor shook his head. As I have before intimated, the old chief and I had grown to be capital friends, and he was only too glad to have his inclination to think me innocent justified in so direct a manner. Still, the question of duality of devil nature, as raised by the last speaker, seemed to have impressed him considerably, and, as the sequel proved, it was this very argument, raised for my destruction, that saved my life. As I have before had occasion to remark, the Dyaks of this part of Borneo are extremely superstitious, and the chief was no exception to the rule; and, though his shrewdness was decidedly superior to that of his countrymen in general, that circumstance tended no more to his advantage than that it allowed him wider scope for his superstition. It was very well for his councillors to say that if one of his adopted white men was slain his evil spirit would straightway take a lodging in the other white man, but what would be the result of killing both the white men? What security did he have that the two emancipated spirits of evil were so fastidious that they would not take up their abode in a couple of his wickedly-disposed subjects? Would it not be better to put one white man out of the world, and then to pack off the other white

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man to carry his double burden of devilry elsewhere? or, better still, so to manage that he should sink with the said objectionable double burden far out at sea?

I don't say that these were Ribut Bungat's cogitations as he sat regarding his prisoners perplexedly, and seemingly considering what his verdict should be. It would be uncharitable to say so, because he may have been actuated by a secret desire to give me a chance—certainly a very meagre one—of saving my life. Of this, however, the reader is as capable of judging as myself. Presently the chief raised his head to speak, and the crowd was hushed by the cries of “Dian! dian!” (Be silent!) uttered by the guard.

“This, my children,” spoke Ribut Bungat, “is my decision. You have heard the evidence, and will agree with me that the prisoners are one and all equally guilty and worthy of death?”

“Bisi! bisi!” (Yes! yes!) was the loud response of the audience, while Tom Cox cast at me a pitying look, and shook his head deprecatingly.

“Then,” again spoke Ribut Bungat, “all that remains is to settle the manner of their death. As you know, there is but one fate in Magindano for traitors—that they be beheaded, and their bodies thrown as food for crocodiles; and with all these criminals, except one, shall this law be carried out; and understand I make the exception in the case not of the least but of the most guilty. That one is Orang Reu. He, you know, has long been my close friend. How I have favoured him before all others in the land is no secret to you” (this observation called forth the cry of “Bisi! bisi!” most emphatically from all parts of the hall); “therefore it should have been his duty to have acquainted me with my peril. He did not, and therefore he is the greater traitor, and his death shall be the cruel one he, with the others, contrived for us. He shall be sent to sea in a sampan so leaky that, except himself how he may, it shall not live many hours; and he will sink and drown in the depths of the waters, but where no man shall ever be able to tell. Thus will he and his evil spirit be wiped out from amongst us. As for the rest of the prisoners, the dead as well as the living, take them out instantly, and return to me with their heads.”

And though it was dark night, so that you could not see to do anything without the assistance of the torches, the three inanimate bodies were hauled down and dragged along by the ropes about their necks, and the three Dyaks, and Anakraja, and, lastly, my poor friend Tom, whose acquaintance I had originally made in so singular a fashion, and who had, for so many years, been my constant friend and companion—my only companion, I may say—were carried off in procession, headed by the executioner. There was no opportunity for farewell or parting embrace; he could do no more than wave his manacled hands towards me and utter “Good-bye, and God bless you, Reu!” when he was hurried out at the door, and that was the last, the very last, I ever saw of him. It was strange to reflect on the vicissitudes of human life as illustrated in poor Tom's case. Nobody at home could ever dream what had become of him. His mother at Stepney would have evinced no great surprise had he that very night knocked at her door. The blacksmith, his master, had, most likely, not yet forgotten him, but, on the contrary, ever kept a broad look-out for the runaway apprentice in any smithy he chanced to visit; while, during the greater part of the time, Tom had been among savages, eating, drinking, and dressing like them or nearly, and now he was about to die a savage's death, and his body thrown to outlandish monsters, concerning whose

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very existence the good folks of Stepney were more than doubtful. And were my prospects more cheerful than Tom's? Had not I been selected, on account of my superior atrocity, to die a death more cruel and lingering than that visited on Tom and the rest? Adrift at sea in a leaky boat! To see Death in the distance sauntering towards you leisurely, and to know of a surety that you will presently feel his icy-cold-arresting hand! Yes, surely the fate of Tom Cox *was* preferable!

It fortunately happened that the terms of my sentence involved some necessary delay, for the sampan in which I was to float to my death was not to be simply a vessel leaky through long usage, but one regularly prepared for sinking after it had been out at sea a certain time; and to my great satisfaction, when I had been in suspense for about a quarter of an hour, word came from Ribut Bungat that I was to be taken up to my house for the night, and there to be closely guarded till he himself came in the morning and witnessed my departure in the leaky boat to be prepared meanwhile.

It must have been about midnight when, in custody of three well-armed Dyaks, I, for the last time, entered the wicket of the little garden where I had spent so many hours of content. The chief room was just in the condition in which we had left it, that is to say, in a pretty state of disorder from my scuffle with Anakraja. However, my custodians, who were all of a grade, and on capital terms with each other, seemed resolved to make their duty as easy as possible, and at once set about making themselves comfortable, merely fastening my legs as a precaution against my slipping out at the door. They lit the lamp and spread the mats, and, the night air blowing chilly atop of the hill, they made a fire, and, seeing them so inclined to luxuriate, I thought it not amiss to give them my good-will.

"If my brothers are hungry," said I, "they will find in the corner there a sucking-pig of this morning's cooking, and some baked rice and some sago cake."

They needed no second invitation. The eatables mentioned, together with every other the cupboard contained, including a jar of pickled pumpkin (poor Tom and myself were getting along excellently in the cookery department, and had lately made good vinegar out of sugar and water), were quickly produced, and devoured with many expressions of admiration. They were even generous enough to offer me some of the meat, but, as the reader may imagine, I had no appetite for eating.

"If, however," said I, "you would do me a kindness, hand me a cupful of the old palm wine you will find in the keg yonder."

Now, palm wine was another article to which Tom and I had devoted considerable attention; we had tried all sorts of experiments with it, and at last had managed to bring it to such a state of perfection that, while in the mouth it was mild as milk, its potency was that almost of the best cognac. Their alacrity in serving me with wine was not less than that with which they helped themselves to meat, and when I had partaken of a cup, they, too, helped themselves to a brimmer, and so much was it to their palates that they ventured on another draught, and then laid down to smoke.

Exactly as I expected—nay, to admit the truth, as I had calculated—the old palm wine and the tobacco-smoke soon began to make their influence felt. The worst of it was, however, that their increasing drowsiness alarmed them. "What if they should all fall asleep and I should escape?" they said to each other; so, by way of extra precaution, they shifted from the fireplace and laid along the inside of the

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closed door, and then began to tell stories by way of keeping themselves awake. This pastime, however, was not vigorous enough to counteract the soporific effect of the old palm wine, and by the time the story-teller's voice had become a mere unintelligible hum, his audience—at least, his native audience—were in a condition to attest their appreciation of his eloquence by the heartiest snoring, and a very few minutes afterwards I was the only being awake in the house.

If my thought, however, had been to escape, I should now have found myself no better off than ever, for the bodies of the three sleepers formed an impassable barrier to egress through the doorway, and to have attempted to remove the obstacle would, doubtless, be to have courted a thrust from a spear, for they slept with their arms in their hands. But I had no desire to escape from the house, even if I had the chance. What good would it have brought me? There was the sea before me, and the vast, tangled, interminable forest behind me; and for any hope I could entertain of emerging safe and sound at the other side (wherever that might be) of the latter, I might as well have jumped into the ocean with the notion of arriving a live man on the other side of that.

If my object in making my gaolers drunk was not that I might escape, what, then, was it? This: that I might possess myself of my great diamond, and some of the largest of my pearls, and my roll of bank-notes. They were all together in a little unlocked box in our cupboard, but, unluckily, this same cupboard was at the end of the chamber farthest from me, and, as I have before stated, I was bound hand and foot. I managed, however, by dint of great exertion, to stand on my feet, but, at the very first attempt at putting one foot before the other to walk, I stumbled with no little noise; but the mighty old palm wine held the brains of my gaolers in such strong fetters that they never heeded the noise, but snored away as contentedly as ever. Not caring, however, to risk another crash, I resorted to an expedient that should have occurred to me at first—that of rolling. I rolled over and over till I reached the cupboard-door, and then I got on to my knees and ransacked my jewel-box at my leisure.

My anxiety was where to stow the articles I was desirous of carrying off with me. For all I knew to the contrary, I might be stripped before I was allowed to enter on my voyage, and in such a case all the precautions by way of stowage I might choose to take would be of no avail. At last, however, it occurred to me that I might carry my diamond and four of my biggest pearls in my mouth. It was not probable that I should be called on to talk much during my stay at Magindano, and, even if I were, my choked utterance would doubtless be attributed to dismay and grief. As for my bank-notes, I laid them flat, and, dividing them, placed each half between my feet and the soles of my sandals; and, simple as the operation may read, it occupied me so long a time fumbling and pawing with my hands closely bound at the wrists, that by the time the job was completed, and I had rolled back to my original corner, daylight came streaming through the chinks, and the crowing of the cocks roused my custodians, who at first were in a great fright, but presently finding me, as they thought, calmly reposing, they bestirred themselves to clear away all evidence of the orgies of the preceding evening, and were presently in such trim array that it was impossible for any one to say that they had not fulfilled their trust like honest soldiers.

It was not, however, till at least four hours afterwards that, looking out, one of my guards announced the approach of Rihut Bungat and his officers. The chief,

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however, was not walking, as was his wont, but was carried in a sort of sedan-chair, and when he came close I saw plainly enough that he was haggard and feverish, and far from well. He scarcely looked at me at all, but, whenever I did catch his glance, I could find in it much more of compassion than of anger, and his very first act towards me was one of mercy.

"Untie his bonds," said he, and then immediately afterwards inquired if I had eaten, and, being answered, petulantly ordered me food and drink, remarking that my sentence was to drown, not to starve. I could not, however, venture to partake of the least refreshment, but mournfully shook my head.

"Do the people of your nation in no way prepare themselves for death, Orang Reu?" asked the old chief meaningly.

I could only regard him with surprise, being not the least aware what he could mean.

"I have heard that in some nations it is the custom to array the dead in their most valuable clothes and ornaments, that they may secure the respect of the god of spirits; indeed, if it is not the custom with such people as you are of, I command you to adorn yourself with your golden rings, and ear-weights, and your necklaces, for, meeting your death at sea, the great spirit who controls the waters may ask you what you sent you, and I, Ribut Bungat, who live by the sea, and thrive by grace of the great spirit who rules it, would be thought neither miserly nor ungrateful."

This command, in which the chief's followers saw nothing but a tribute of respect to the sea, and as such most cordially assented to it, bore in my eyes a very different complexion. Evidently the old fellow was sorry indeed to part with me, and would have doubtless saved me had he not known how useless it would be to declare to his thick-headed councillors his belief in my innocence; and not only his councillors, but the entire population of Magindano; for, judging me by hearsay, they were convinced of my guilt, and clamoured for my destruction. How else, then, could he serve me but by giving me all the chance of life in his power, together with such means as should make me an acceptable guest on whatever shore fortune might please to cast me? In almost as little time as it takes to relate I drew on my gold arm and ankle rings, to the number of twenty-eight in all, and placed round my neck my fine pearl necklace, and in my ears the most massive and precious ear-drops I had; then, with leopard-skin mantle on my shoulders, and my state headdress, composed of black monkey-skin and ivory and gold, I signified that I was ready; and so we set out for that part of the beach that lay just under the brow of the hill.

On the shore were congregated a vast number of people, and at the water's edge was a sampan of the largest size, with its paddles, and two jars, one containing rice and the other water. Jars, paddles, and sampan were painted the glaring and ominous colour, and, amid the yells and execrations of a thousand voices, I was invited to enter the treacherous boat which was to drift me to death. As I stepped on board, Ribut Bungat was close by, and though, for the sake of appearance, he was forced to draw back from my proffered hand, he regarded me very kindly, and softly uttered the single word—a word which was as precious as all the wealth concealed within my mouth, and within my sandals, and draped about me from top to toe—

"North!"

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CHAPTER X.

I bid goodbye to Magindano, and commence my perilous cruise—My water runs short—I discover the true contents of the second jar, and drink a terrible toast—I come within an ace of death, and have reason to regret my evil thoughts of Ribut Bungat—I am discovered by a pirate prahu, and become a galley-slave.

TO a man in a little boat out at sea, and provided with neither rudder nor compass, it is no easy matter to steer in a given direction. Still, from the



I am watched as I secrete my jewels.

circumstance of the sun's setting exactly before the door of our house on the hill, it was easy to judge in which direction "north" lay, and, taking the paddles in hand, thitherward I pulled. When I had got some fifty yards from the shore, I halted for a moment to contemplate for the last time the country in which I had witnessed so many marvels, and received from the inhabitants treatment so various. Yet

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On the whole, I had no fault to find with Magindano; and though, in leaving that place, I had been certainly bound for my own native land, much sadness might well have mingled with my sensations of delight; but as it was, now that I was leaving the domain of the friendly chief of the Sea Dyaks to seek a grave in the sea's bed, or, what seemed scarcely preferable, permission to live in any strange country, and among savage barbarians of any sort it might please the winds and the waters to cast me among—when, as I say, these reflections came crowding about me, my heart overflowed with bitter sorrow, and for half a pin I would straight have pulled back to the Magindano shore, and said to the angry mob there assembled, "Pray kill me: let me at least end my life among you with whom I have lived so harmlessly." But, even as I halted in my uncertain mood, the people seemed instinctively to know what my thoughts were, and, raising their arms, they made as if to drive me away, and caught up stones from the beach and hurled them towards me, and yelled and screamed so, that, despite my distance from them, their curses came distinctly to my ears. Knowing how little I deserved this treatment, however, it rather served me than otherwise. Had they seemed sorry for my departure, had they evinced signs of relenting in their hatred of me, then, undoubtedly, I should have rowed back to them, and, in all probability, met my death; but, finding myself hooted at, and cursed, and pelted, my tender thoughts rapidly faded, giving place to indignation and anger, and, flinging on my cap with much less deliberation and solemnity than had marked its removal a few moments before, I snapped my fingers at the savage crew and uttered a shout of defiance, and, taking careful hearings of the direction in which I should pull, caught up my paddles and laid to my work in real earnest.

So I pulled, with no abatement of speed, till the sun overhead told me it was noon. Not that I needed to look that I might find it. The fire of its rays was terrible. Within less than an hour of my setting out on my solitary cruise, I had discovered, that my skin cloak was an incumbrance, as were the rings as well on my legs as on my arms. So for awhile I scudded along with nothing on but my sandals and my drawers of native cloth, and my cap, or rather helmet, for that it more resembled than any other article of headdress familiar to Europeans. But I speedily found my back blistering under the scorching sun, and my head aching cruelly from the weight of my helmet, though, being aware of the danger of exposing the head under such circumstances, I was loth to remove it. At last the throbbing of my temples became so excruciating that I was obliged to remove the cumbersome thing, and, with foolish petulance, was for casting it into the sea; as good luck would have it, however, I altered my mind, and, instead, pitched it to the end of the boat. Then I took my skin cloak, and, ripping it in two with my knife, made it into a sort of hooded tippet, secured round my neck with a thong of the skin, which I cut from that part of the cloak I had no need for. Previous to putting it on I dipped it in the sea, and wrung it as dry as I could, and, though the damp fleshy side of the mantle was grateful and cool, there was enough of salt hanging about it to give my excoriated shoulders such a pickling that, had I not had much more important business to think of, would have caused me such pain as to make it unendurable.

As at this time of year the sun rises in Magindano about three o'clock, and as, to the best of my calculation, I stepped into my sampan about four hours afterwards, I had by this time been at sea between five and six hours. As before

mentioned, I had on board a jar of water as well as one of cooked rice, but they were both small jars, holding, I should conjecture, little more than about three English pints. As to the rice, although it was decently dressed with oil and spices, it at present had no attractions for me. But with the water it was different. I had begun by taking a great swig at it, demolishing a pint, I dare say. But no sooner did I take to the paddles and pull for half-an-hour than I was as thirsty as ever, and felt inclined for another pull at the jar, and, indeed, paused in my paddling for the purpose of obtaining it; but when I raised the vessel to my mouth, and had thus an opportunity of observing how low the precious liquid within had already sunk—when I saw this, and looked about me and saw nothing but blazing sky and salt sea, with no more promise of land than though I had been in the middle of the Atlantic, it behoved me to be prudent, and I took but a single steady gulp, and though, through my having injudiciously allowed it to stand in the sun, it was fully lukewarm, how delicious that gulp was! Had it been cool, it would, no doubt, have been more delicious still, so I prepared for my next treat by dipping the remainder of my skin cloak into the sea-water and wrapping it round my jar. I had resolved that I would drink no more for an entire hour, by which time I knew from experience I could cover nine miles at least, and be brought probably within sight of land; but, alas! my urgent thirst outstripped my resolution by full half, my arms began to flag, and I had no energy except to gaze on the reeking goat-skin that enveloped my treasure; the nectar, doubtless by this time as cool as melon-juice, brilliant as diamonds—more brilliant than my diamond, the great dull, yellow one—the useless thing!—not worth a single splash of cold water, and more harm than good to me, tucked with the pearls under the waist-band of my drawers, and hurting me as I bent at my paddles—but no, I must not yet drink more of my water. Suppose I ate some of the moist rice?

The experiment might be worth trying, especially as I set so little store on the contents of my second jar so I plunged in my hand to take a mouthful. But who can picture my disappointment, my rage, my despair, when, at the depth of a finger in the jar, my fist encountered a substance that, from its hardness, was not boiled rice, and which, when I withdrew my hand, proved to be a sort of black and evil-smelling pitch! The sticky, filthy-looking stuff hung and clung to my knuckles, looking all the more odious contrasted with the white rice within my hand. Here, then, was wanton cruelty and treachery of the most refined nature, and that Ribut Bungat was well aware of it I could not but believe; for, now that I came to think of it, it was the chief's own man who had placed the jars, and Ribut Bungat himself had directed him. These reflections sent me into a very bitter mood, and in the midst of it I did a very wicked thing: I took up my water-jar, and in a deep draught drank to the eternal destruction of Ribut Bungat and all his false and hypocritical kith and kin. I think it likely that the toil and heat I had undergone may have touched my brain a little. I hope so; for when I think on that solitary boatman, with his Bedlam dress and his Bedlam rage, standing up in his boat with his jar aloft—when I reflect how close he was to death, and that he had no reason to hope otherwise—and when I hear him crying aloud for misery and ruin to fall on his fellows—I am ashamed of him. If there is any one who thinks I am too hard on the solitary boatman, I advise him to suspend his judgment a little while.

My great drink of water had much refreshed me, and, though I had become

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sullen and miserable (for what could I hope from steering north after my discovery of Ribut Bungat's treachery?), I still continued to paddle with a will, and, meanwhile, the afternoon grew. Now, singular as it may seem, never once since I had set out from the Magindano shore had I given a single thought to what should have been my chief concern—the condition of my sampan—as I was led fully to understand it was to be an unseaworthy vessel in which I was to be sent adrift in—an artfully prepared craft, which, at a moment when least expected, should fracture and send me at once, and without the least warning, plump down to the ocean's flooring. True, there was nothing, up to the present time, in the appearance of the sampan to recall the terrible terms of my sentence to my mind when it had once slipped therefrom. From stern to stern the boat was sound enough, and for many hours she had carried me over the smooth sea without shipping a pint of water; but now, just as I was looking towards the sun, and thinking that at about that very moment it was creeping round the first row of palm-trees that skirted our little garden on the hill, and that by-and-by it would glow ruddily on the bench within the porch around which the little scarlet flowers trailed—the bench on which Tom and I had sat many and many an evening, smoking our outlandish pipes and drinking palm wine; while I was so cogitating I was recalled to my present condition by feeling water about my feet, and, looking eagerly down, there, in the centre plank at the bottom of the sampan, were two spots within a foot of each other, and as large as the palm of the hand, sinking away from the surrounding wood, as it were, while about the edges of the sinking spots the sea came gurgling and rippling through. I put down my hand and felt at one of the leaky places, and found it soft and yielding, and so feeble a barrier against the pressure beneath that it seemed a miracle that the water did not instantly come spouting up, overwhelming me in an instant.

Now, indeed, the terrors of death appeared to me, and, clasping my hands, I cried aloud to that very Being whom I so recently had invoked for His wrath, to extend to me His mercy and forgiveness for sins committed in a world I had so short a time to stay in. I seized the cape and hood from my shoulders, and trod them over the treacherous holes, and kept my feet pressed over them; but the sea came steadily in notwithstanding, and my feet were invisible below the ankles. Then I seized my helmet, which, it will be recollected, I had thrown to the other end of the boat, and, sitting down, began baling out the water might and main; and, to my great joy, in a few seconds I was able to clear the sampan so as to be able once more to see the leaky places.

Now was my time, if ever! How—with what—could I plug the holes? I cast about me, and my eyes fell on the jar of pitch. Reaching forward, I plunged in both my hands, and brought out as much as I could hold of the black, slimy stuff, and pressed it closely over one of the leak-holes; and judge of my joy when I found that the stuff tightly adhered to the parts surrounding the vent, and that the sea no longer came through! To adopt the same course with the other hole was but the work of an instant, and—at least for the present—my boat was seaworthy again. Need I describe how anxiously I sat and watched the two tiny hillocks—the trusty shields that stood between me and death? Need I describe to the reader with what fear and trembling I poked at every other inch of the bottom of the sampan with the handle of one of my paddles, expecting at each poke that I should drive out a concealed plug, and that the enemy would assail me again?

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that—thank Providence and Ribut Bungat—there were no more leaky places, and those which were stanchd held bravely.

After all, then, the good old chief had not deceived me. Instead of being a cruel device to inflict on me pain and disappointment, the pitch (I call it pitch for want of a better name; it was not pitch, however, but a mixture of resins and gums peculiar to Borneo) concealed beneath the rice was kindly provided by him, knowing how urgent would be my want of it. It was humiliating to reflect on the way in which I had anathematised the good-natured old fellow, who, barbarian as he was, had shown himself so much wiser than myself. Well, I only know that I blessed him many, many times more than I had cursed him, and I very heartily hope that he received full advantage of the balance.

There was one circumstance arising out of my temporary disbelief in Ribut Bungat's honesty, however, which it was impossible now to amend, however sorry I might be that in my foolishness I had allowed it to transpire. From the very moment of my suspecting my old friend, I had thought it no longer worth while to follow his hint about making for the north: indeed, after what appeared so manifest a revelation of his treachery, the north, of all quarters of the compass, seemed a proper direction to avoid. Consequently, I had, during the past four hours, paid no attention to the direction in which I was proceeding; and, for all I knew to the contrary, I might now be altogether on the wrong track. True, I could still glean a notion as to the way I should go by the direction of the sun; but when the sun went down—as it clearly would do within two hours—then what would become of me? However, no good could come of indulging in bitter regrets, so I righted my boat for north as well as I was able, and began once more to paddle as fast as my weary arms would allow me.

However, I might have spared myself my exertions, for I was destined never to reach the northern shore Ribut Bungat had recommended; and this, not because my leak-patches did not hold good, or that my strength flagged, or what night overtook me, but because of a mishap that is likely to befall any one caught cruising in the China seas.

What happened to me came about in this wise. It may have wanted about an hour of sunset, and, resolved on making the most of the remaining light, I was paddling my hardest, with my head down, as is the experienced paddler's method, when, out of the stillness which had lasted all day long, a sound of the blowing of a Dyak reed-pipe met my ear. In a moment I ceased to paddle, and, half rising in the sampan, looked longingly what I hoped was shoreward, thinking that my journey was so nigh at an end that I could hear sounds from the people among whom I must endeavour to find a home. But, look intently as I might, there was no sign of land in view; but when I turned my eager eyes in the contrary direction I was no longer mystified as to the source of the piping, for scarcely a mile away was a prahu, and that I was perceived as soon as I descried the vessel was certain, for, while still irresolute whether to make off or run for her, the prahu lowered a sampan, and a man, springing into it, began paddling swiftly towards me.

What should I do? That I had met a vessel out at sea, instead of being allowed to make land, occasioned me disappointment, though why it should were hard to explain; as, without doubt, the one was just as promising as the other. If I had reached this northern island which Ribut Bungat had spoken of, I should certainly have found it an abode of pirates, and, let the worst come, the crew of the prahu

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I had sighted could be no worse. But, argue how I might, I could not get over the impression that it was an ill wind which had blown me into this vessel's path. No doubt I was helped to this conclusion by the circumstance that, when the sailor had leapt from the prahu into the sampan, I could see that he had on him not so much as a scrap of covering from his head to his feet.

However, it would not do to remain longer undecided as to the proper course to pursue, for already the sampan-man had diminished the distance between us by at least a quarter. He was a swift paddler, and I saw that I should have no chance of escaping from him; so I resolved to stand my ground.

But about the disposal of my riches? Since, whether I liked it or no, they would rob me of everything I possessed, if it so pleased them, I thought it might be as well to give myself as dignified an appearance as possible; so, laying down the paddles, I put on my arm and ankle rings, and my pearl necklaces, and my helmet, reeking from being used as a bale, but still magnificent. My gay cloak was now such a matter of rags and flinders, that it would only have detracted from the splendour of my other ornaments if I had attempted to hang it on me; therefore I cast it over the side. My sandals had remained on all day, and it was only now that they were brought under my notice that I recollected the bank-notes they concealed, and that they must be pretty well saturated with sea-water. However, this was no time to attend to such trifles. There remained nothing for disposal but my three great pearls and my yellow diamond, and it seemed that they could not be safer stowed than they had been in the morning—that is, in my mouth. So, with my lips concealing wealth enough to buy an English estate, and with not so much as a shirt to cover my sunburnt back, with my naked shoulders laden with necklaces a queen might envy, and with a good quarter of a hundredweight of gold in rings on my legs and arms, I sat still to await the coming of the man in the sampan.

His surprise as he approached to find so strange a looking being as myself was unmistakable; and, indeed, it was no easy matter for me to preserve my composure when I came to closely inspect the Dyak. He was a man of a very different stamp from any I had seen at Magindano, even among the lowest field-labourers or slaves who worked in the woods or manned the war-prahus. As I suspected, he was literally naked, and so ill-savoured that I could smell him a good three boats'-lengths away. His teeth were dyed a brilliant red, and his hair, shaggy as the mane of a bison, was matted and tangled, and hung about his fierce eyes.

"Who are you? what are you?" inquired he. "You are not a Dyak; you are more richly dressed than a chief!"

Now it happened that I had never thought of concocting a story to account for my singular position, and it would never do to tell this sea-savage, who, in turn, would carry the tale to his masters, that I was banished from Magindano for conspiring to destroy the fleet; so I resolved to say nothing at all, but simply signed to the fellow that I desired to be taken aboard the prahu, and, without further parley, took up my paddles and made towards the great vessel, which was slowly bearing down towards us. My companion, however, kept close by my side, scarcely once taking his eyes off me; and, long before our sampans reached the prahu, he began eagerly bawling to the people aboard concerning the prize he had picked up—how that I was a marvel and a wonder—a man neither white, black, nor brown, and whose like was never seen in the world—that I was dumb, and could not open my mouth—that I was covered with gold and jewels; and all this

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in such an eager voice, and, with such earnest gesticulations, that, had I been a veritable water-king or an ordinary merman, greater fuss could not have been made, nor a more anxious rush to the ship's side to see the singular creature that was approaching. Even the slave rowers became so daring in their inquisitiveness that they paused in their labours, and, all of a row, turned their amazed faces and staring eyes towards me. These latter, however, were speedily brought to a sense of their indiscretion by a big giant of a fellow who presently stalked among them, and struck and kicked them worse than I ever saw any pack of dogs served. This fellow was evidently the commander of the prahu, though there was nothing in his appearance to denote his superiority, except that he was taller and blacker than those around him, and wore enormous copper rings in his ears.

To tell the truth, I was not at all sorry to note all this surprise and amazement at my appearance, as it seemed to denote that I should be treated as a person of consequence. Already I knew what a superstitious race the Sea Dyaks were, and it came into my mind that if these barbarians, even more ignorant than those whom I had lately known—if they chose to think me ever so exalted a being—nay, even though they should imagine that I had risen out of the sea or descended from the clouds—I would not contradict them. I think I must have been full of this conceit, for I prepared a little trick in furtherance of it. When we arrived right close to the prahu, with my heel I scraped away the pitch that covered the leak-holes in my sampan; so that, as a pair of hands were lowered to help me aboard, the frail bark in which I, the mysterious and unknown, was found, sank with a rushing and foaming, and vanished instantly.

But I had reckoned without my host. Had these Dyaks been only a little more ignorant than those of the island of Magindano, they might, indeed, have been led by superstition to think me something more than an ordinary man; but, unluckily for me, the villains were so utterly and completely benighted that they were quite insensible to awe, and so brutally matter-of-fact that had a flight of angels appeared they would have seen in them nothing but a flock of a new sort of bird, and concerned themselves no further than to inquire whether they were as fair eating as other winged creatures.

The hands that assisted me up the prahu's side were those of the chief, and, with no other remark concerning the wonderful disappearance of the sampan than a curse on me for my clumsiness in capsizing it, he lugged me aboard as unceremoniously as though I had been a sack of meal. Standing me before him on the deck, he examined the pearl necklaces, and felt the rings on my arms, and touched them with his tongue (the Dyak mode of testing gold); and, satisfying himself that they were really as valuable as they seemed, he laughed an ugly laugh which not at all improved his appearance, and followed this rudeness by another; viz., he snatched my illaid helmet from my head and perched it atop of his own tangled crop. This behaviour sent my spirits to their lowest ebb; and whereas a moment ago I had hopes of being taken for a demi-god, I now saw that I should be lucky to escape being thrown into the sea; that is, as soon as my finery was stripped from me.

"Well!" exclaimed the giant, after he had favoured me with a long stare, "who-are you? Whence do you come?"

I might have astonished these savages, had they been capable of astonishment, by the marvellous exhibition of pearls and diamonds, instead of words, flowing from

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a man's mouth, but I plainly saw that neither words nor deeds would help me in my present strait, so I maintained my dumbness, and in reply to the chief's question only shook my head. However, thought I, since it is evidently your purpose presently to strip me, I may as well be generous at a cheap rate; so I took off my largest necklace and placed it in the chief's hands. At this he laughed contemptuously, and in a twinkling whipped off my other necklaces, and then taking my four limbs in succession in his great hands, as unscrupulously as though they had each been an eel for skinning, he stripped them of the gold rings, leaving me naked but for my drawers and sandals; then turning to those about him, said ho—

"What think you? will he be worth his food?"

"Since he has no voice to complain, I should say yes," replied one with a grin, and as though he had uttered a good joke. The rest laughed.

"He may be a stubborn brute who will not work," said another wisacre, anxious in his leader's interest; "see, he carries tally of the driver's whip on his back already."

"Why so he does!" said the chief, turning me about and passing his hand roughly over my sun-blistered shoulders. "Here is a tongue which tells us plainly enough who and what he is. He is a slave. Yesterday, as on many a time before, he was beaten, and in the night he steals his master's gold and pearls, kills him, perhaps, and makes off in his sampan. It were too merciful a thing to drown so base a villain. Off with you! take your place among the other slaves and work till you die."

This command he seconded by a kick, my excuse for not returning which must be that my manliness was utterly prostrated for the time by the cruel turn affairs had taken. I staggered to that end of the prahu where the paddlers were, and they, with many devilish jokes and grins at my expense, made way for me, and placed a paddle in my hands. Thus, within an hour—much less, indeed, for it was yet daylight—how had my condition changed! But a little while ago I was a free sea-rover, wealthy of hope and worldly goods, with such confidence in my good luck that to have presently found myself a prince or ruling chief would not at all have surprised me, and now I was a naked and forlorn galley-slave, whose doom it was "to work till I died!" "Better," thought I despairingly—"better to have died with Tom Cox, and have found a grave in the maw of a crocodile—better even to have let the leak in my sampan have gone unstanched, and sunk peaceably to the bed of the ocean, than have lived to become a thing so despicable as a slave to such human monsters as these;" but, at the same time, a little voice within me whispered that, if this really was the proper way to regard the matter, I was as well off, at all events, now, as in the leaky boat, and that if by seeking the bottom of the sea my condition would be bettered, I had only to make one little jump and the trick was done. Not, I would have the reader distinctly to understand, that the little voice was a wicked one—so wicked, indeed, as to hint self-murder. On the contrary, it was the voice of my better self, and this was its method of showing me how contemptible and baseless were my arguments; and as I shut my ears to the jeers and malicious observations of my fellow-slaves, and gave the subject all my thoughts, I was not long in arriving at the conclusion that my rescue from the sampan, even by the hand of cut-throats of the prahu, was, without doubt, a thing to be grateful for. Bad as were my prospects, when I came to think of it they were, at various times, quite as bad at Magindano, and that

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as "the sweet little cherub, who sits up aloft" had protected me there, so I was here equally safe, and fairly in the way of any lucky breeze which might happen to blow.

These reflections tended to cheer me very considerably; and, fagged as I was with my day's exertion, I managed to keep stroke with the rest, so that the fellow who was set by the chief to watch my behaviour could find no excuse for exercising his stick on my shoulders, but even condescended to give me an approving nod. Over and over again I questioned myself whether it would be better to maintain my assumed dumbness or to acknowledge that I had speech; sometimes I thought that the latter course would be the more prudent, and that by giving up my three great pearls and my yellow diamond to the chief I might make a friend of him; but, on the other hand, it was even more likely that he should regard me, or pretend to regard me, as a more daring and unscrupulous thief than he had before thought me, and he might be tempted, by way of concealing the source from which he obtained such valuables, to take my life on the spot. True, I might have spat the diamond and pearls into the sea, and so have avoided the last-mentioned danger; but, after all, there was certainly more danger of my coming to grief through talking than keeping silence, so I resolved, at least for the present, to keep my lips closed and my jewels safe behind them. In the course of the evening, however, perceiving that certain preparations for eating were being made, and thinking it not improbable that I might come in for a share, I took the opportunity to remove my jewels from my mouth one at a time and slip them between the waistband of my drawers and the lining.

That the prahu was a pirate there could be no doubt: the brass gun at her bows, and the great array of small arms everywhere to be seen, were proof enough of this. This, however, was only evident to any one aboard of her. At a distance—and a very short distance, too—she would have passed as a trader, as the brass gun was cunningly masked, and not a man bore even so much as a kris at his waist. In this respect the vessel differed from any I had yet seen in these parts, and this was not a few, for it was a common matter for other pirate commanders to touch at Magindano for the convenience of barter and the exchange of slaves, at which times there would be great feasting and festivity, and no one would suspect for a moment that it was a case of one great thief entertaining another. In all these instances the profession of the ship-owners and commanders was not disguised; they were avowed sea-robbers, and honestly bade "Ware hawk" to whomsoever they might meet; but the villains who manned the vessel on board which I found myself were rogues of quite a different stamp—petty, treacherous rascals, whose sole business was to attack by stealth and subterfuge; no game being too small for them, not even the humble Malay rice-boat, or the Dyak sampau, sparsely laden with beeswax and edible birds'-nests.

As the reader may easily imagine, I was very anxious to find out to what island the prahu belonged, how long it had been at sea, and when it was going home; but, to my great uneasiness, it seemed perfectly "at home" where it was, and, instead of making for any particular point, tacked about here and there to such parts as it was thought that prey would be found. And so day after day passed amid greater hardships than it was ever my lot to bear. Rice twice a day, with a few inches of sugar-cane, was all the victuals we had, and it was only when we made a haul of tamarinds or other fruit, or perhaps of a few goats, that any variety was made in our diet; all day long at the paddle, and all night—or as much of it

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as could be spared from my duties—stretched on a filthy plank, with as filthy a mat to cover me, with no such thing as a pint of water to use for personal cleanliness; so I passed seven long weeks on board this villanous craft, till I began to lose all heart and hope, and was fast arriving at the morbid conclusion that it were better at once to throw over all my cherished notions of Christian decency and take heartily to savagery. Nor was the temptation a slight one; for while I was the wretchedest being in the world, ever sombre and melancholy, my companions were jolly enough, and sang and laughed as though they had not a single care. At the end of the seven weeks, however, the weather began to look threatening, and, to my great delight, the prahu put about for home.

"Now," thought I, "I shall have a chance to escape out of the hands of these barbarians; at least I will try, though the attempt costs me my life."

And all that afternoon, though the sky lowered more and more, and the waves began to rise, and, for fear we should not make port before one of those devastating hurricanes peculiar to these parts set in, the greatest consternation prevailed on board, I felt more cheerful than I had felt since the memorable evening when I escaped from the leaky sampan. But, alas! as their spirits rose mine fell; they neared land, and would presently see their friends and their wives and children, and all was joy and good-humour; but when I cast my eyes on the tiny island we were approaching, when I saw how bleak and dismal it looked, and that it was surrounded by the sea on every side, I began to fear that I might as well stay on board the prahu for all chances of escape there were for me.

Nor did my hopes revive when we touched the shore, and, with the rest, I disembarked and helped to unload the plunder. The village was but a few yards from the edge of the sea, and was composed of such a squalid collection of shanties as it was never before my misfortune to behold. When first I beheld Magindano it seemed unpromising enough, but compared with this it was a paradise. There the houses were tolerably clean, and on every side were to be seen wholesome-looking skins and mats, but here was nothing but filth and squalor; as for clothes, the inhabitants, both male and female, wore nothing but a wisp of dirty rag or a few shreds of bark about their loins, while the children ran about with their long hair matted about their heads and shoulders, and as naked as they were born. The huts were not built on a platform raised on piles, as at Magindano, but flat on the bare ground, and were composed of bark rudely stitched together, and plastered with mud from the shore. At Magindano, bullocks, and goats, and plump poultry were to be everywhere seen; but in this desolate place, with the exception of one or other of the animals mentioned, gaunt and wretched-looking, and picketed to a stump near the huts, no sign of a domestic creature was visible. The island, which was very flat, was, I should judge, not more than a mile in breadth any way, and bore not a solitary tree, and, indeed, as I afterwards discovered, no sort of vegetation except that loose, coarse sort of cabbage already spoken of as growing at Magindano.

Except from the children and one or two of the younger women, my presence attracted no observation, nor was there much reason why it should, since dirt and the sun had rendered my skin of as dark a hue as their own; and as to my features, they were doubtless accustomed to see brought home specimens of nearly every type of humanity to be found in Polynesia. In their eyes I was simply "one of the slaves," and as such, when the prahu was unladen, was told off one of a gang of ten, to which one of the hovels before mentioned was apportioned.

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Now, I have before stated that I had placed my bank-notes in my sandals, and there they had remained during the whole time I was in the prahu, as never once in all the seven weeks had I taken my shoes off my feet. In the course of the evening in question, however, having partaken of a supper of rice and honey, I slipped off from my companions, that I might uninterruptedly consider my situation, and whether there was any help for it. I had got a hundred yards or so away from the hut, and, finding a convenient jut of rock, I sat down behind it. My first care was to see that my pearls and diamond were secure in their hiding-place—the waistband of my trousers—and finding that they were, and that my drawers were extremely dirty, I thought I would give them a wash in the sea, and hang them to dry before the sun went down. Meantime, however, I must find a place for my jewels, for the four of them together made no inconsiderable bulk, and it was inconvenient to hold them in my mouth; besides, the edges of the diamond were very sharp, and my tongue and gums had already suffered considerably from abrasion by it.

Where should I conceal them? The hut in which I was lodged afforded no satisfactory place. I had no article of clothing except my drawers; therefore it seemed to me that the best course I could adopt would be to bury the jewels in the earth. The spot where I was seemed a likely one for the purpose, for evidently it was seldom or never frequented; so, taking the centre of the jut of rock as a starting-point, I took five steps forward, and, digging a little hole, dropped in a pearl, and, stamping the earth firmly down again, took ten steps and buried another, and then fifteen steps and deposited my third pearl, and finally seven steps more (for it occurred to me that, if it happened that any three of them should be found at equal distances apart, the discovery of the fourth would be certain), and there interred the most valuable item of my wealth, the great yellow diamond. This matter satisfactorily adjusted, it occurred to me that I might as well take off my sandals and see if any of the notes remained sound enough to be worth further preservation; but, as I might have suspected, they had been so frequently wetted and so constantly trodden on that they were reduced to a mere grimy mash, odious and useless. So I sat down, with my sandals in my lap, and began cleaning out the insides of them.

Now this may seem a trivial matter with which to trouble the reader, and so, doubtless, in itself it is, and one about which I should have thought nothing, except for one little circumstance connected with it, and which—though at the time it appeared unimportant enough—was, as the sequel proved, weighty in the balance of my fortunes. The little circumstance was this:—While I was busy turning out the black pulp from my sandals, a slight noise in my rear disturbed me, and, looking back suddenly, I was in time to detect a human face, wrinkled and hideous, leaning over the ledge of rock, and regarding me intently; as soon, however, as the owner of the face found that he had been discovered, he came deliberately sliding over the rock, and, after regarding me curiously for about half-a-minute, limped off (for he was lame) with what seemed to be utter indifference, and busied himself among the small craft hauled up on to the beach. I felt very much alarmed by the old fellow's apparition, making sure that he must have seen me depositing my jewels in the ground; but at that very moment there was the sound of the beating of a gong, and, looking about me, I saw the slaves hurrying to their quarters for the night, and was obliged to hurry off too, leaving my washing for another day.

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EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

IX.

REFRACTION.

To illustrate refraction we have only to plunge a stick into water and it will appear broken. We can also place a piece of money at the bottom of a basin and stoop until the coin is no longer visible. If then some one pours water into the basin the coin will appear, as if the bottom of the basin had been raised.

THE MIRAGE.

Amongst the optical experiments easy to make, we may instance those relating to the curious phenomenon of the mirage. If we warm an iron plate and look beyond the column of heated air which arises from the plate, we shall see the object we are gazing at deformed, or its image will appear in a different place from the true object. These effects are due to the difference in the density of the air-strata, through which the visual rays pass. This is the effect whereby the traveller in the desert is deceived when the sun is very hot.

HOW TO MAKE A FLORIN APPEAR LIKE FIVE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

This experiment requires for its performance a tumbler, a plate, a little water, a florin, and a match. With these appliances we can solve the astonishing problem of how to make a two-shilling-piece appear like five shillings and sixpence.

Take the florin and place it in the centre of a plate containing water just sufficient to cover the money. Then take an ordinary tumbler, and holding it upsidedown, warm the interior with a lighted match. When the air within the tumbler has been well warmed—which will be when the tumbler looks steamy—place it over the florin in the plate.

The water in the plate will ascend then into the tumbler in consequence of the contraction of the cooling air in the glass, and because of the exterior atmospheric pressure. Look at the surface of the water and you will see that the florin is doubled in size by refraction. You will distinguish the florin, and a little below it will appear the image of a coin as large as a five-shilling piece. Again look at the tumbler

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from the top. The bottom of it forms a lens, which gives you the reduced image of the florin as that it resembles a sixpence in size. So the problem is solved, and we have five shillings and sixpence for our florin.

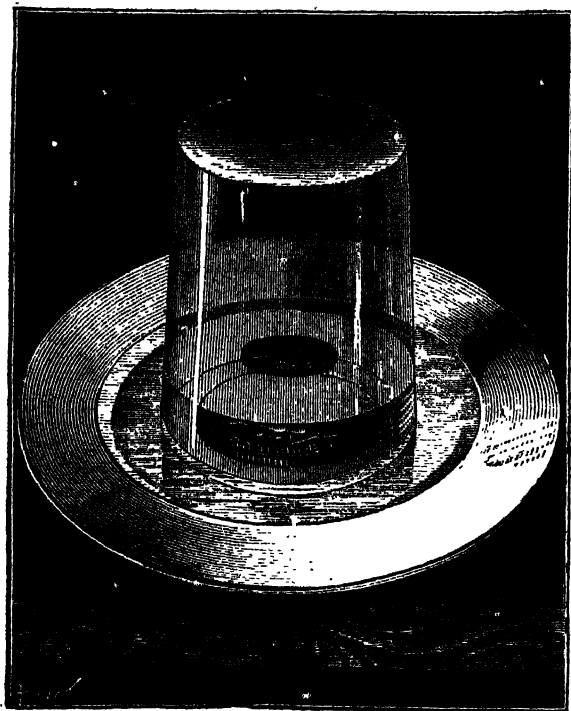


Fig. 54. Experiment of Refraction and Divergent Lens obtained with a Tumbler.

VISION AND OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

The eye is an optical instrument of the greatest delicacy, and the phenomena of vision may be regarded as amongst the most complicated and the most worthy of the attention of physicists. We cannot here enter upon the great theoretical developments of the subject, but will confine ourselves specially to the consideration of some curious illusions which will be found adapted to simple experiments.

Let us, in the first place, notice that nature on all sides offers to us opportunities to observe these phenomena. In the morning we see the sun rise in the east, we notice it on its course across the sky during the day, and watch it setting in the west in the evening. This move-

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ment is an optical illusion; the sun is immovable as regards the earth: it is our globe which turns around the orb in the twenty-four hours.

A somewhat similar phenomenon may be observed in a train in motion. The telegraph poles appear to fly past with great rapidity, and give the traveller an impression of immobility, which is a sensation contrary to fact.

These optical illusions are numerous, and present to us many opportunities for amusement; as follows:—

THE WHITE AND BLACK SQUARES.

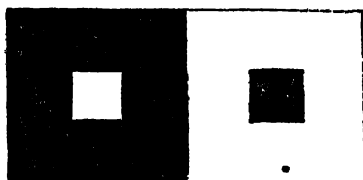


Fig. 55. The White appears larger than the Black.

The illustration herewith presents to us (Fig. 55) a white square on a black ground, and a black square on a white ground. Although the squares are precisely of the same dimensions, the white one appears to be the larger. For designs formed of white and black squares, like those of the draught-board (Fig. 56), the angles of the white squares unite by irradiation, and separate the black squares. If we look at a draught-board in its entirety the effect will be more fully appreciated.

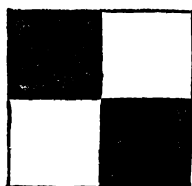


Fig. 56. The Angles of the White Squares seem to Unite.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE PAGES.

105.—CHARADE.



SIR GUY is a bookworm, Sir Guy is a churl,
He dwells in a dreary old tower,
And yet for my first Fortune sent him a girl,
The fair orphan child of his uncle the earl,
To bloom by his side like a flower,
To light with blue eye and with gold-rippled curl
The gloom of the lone "lady's bower."

Sweet Amy has conquered. The wandering beam
Has chased all the shadows away.
Sir Guy leaves his books—for a visible dream
Disperses his visions. The rustle and gleam
Of my second his thoughts lead astray.
From the lord of the tower to the swans on the stream
All bow and acknowledge her sway.

Fair Amy is Empress. Sir Guy is her slave,
Fast fettered by licence and ring.
Fair Amy looks merry; Sir Guy he looks grave;
For to husband a wife, and yet treasure to save,
He finds an impossible thing;
While my whole must such frequent replenishing have,
That for ever its door's on the swing.

106.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A voluptuous prince: according to Greek and Roman historians the last King of Assyria. The initials of the following names give his name; the finals of the first seven that of his kingdom; and the remaining finals that of a country whose governor was chiefly instrumental in procuring the destruction of the Assyrian monarch.

1. A country which, in the earliest periods of Jewish history, was a powerful kingdom, whose capital was Damascus.
2. The uncle of Mahomet, who was at first an enemy to that impostor, but, being taken prisoner by him, changed his sentiments and became a zealous Mussulman.
3. A celebrated English painter, and the first president of the Royal Academy. He died in 1792, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.
4. An English writer, the author of "Sandford and Morton." His manners were eccentric, and his opinions romantic. He died in 1789.
5. A French Jesuit, whose work, "Gradus ad Parnassum," is so well known in the schools of Europe.
6. A lake in Africa, discovered by Livingstone in 1849. It stands 2,825 feet above the level of the sea.
7. The father of Mahomet.
8. A large city of Prussia; near it is the favourite palace of Frederick II.
9. An eminent Portuguese commander, who

has been called "The Portuguese Mars," from the magnitude and extent of his military exploits. He was the first to lead a European fleet into the waters of the Red Sea. He died at Goa, in 1515; and, fifty years after, his remains were taken to Portugal.

10. The founder of a religious sect in Germany, about 1315. After gaining many followers on the Continent he came to England, where he also had numerous disciples. He was burnt at Cologne, 1322.

11. A learned German writer, who has written a book in which he seeks to prove that Shakspeare wrote with a deeply religious moral beneath his plays; and another entitled "History of the Poetical Art in Greece." He is also professor in the University of Halle. He was born in 1806.

12. A city of Spain, the capital of the old kingdom of Aragon. It has a cathedral, celebrated throughout Spain for its sanctuary. In 1808 and 1809 it sustained some dreadful sieges, when the women displayed great heroism.

PUZZLE PAGES.

107.—ENIGMA.

You'll know if right my first you do,
And can my second thus eschew,
That, right or wrong, my whole are you.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

108. Pigeons have been known to fly 50 miles an hour, and that for hours together. If they could travel at that rate for 10 hours every day they would be 55 weeks traversing the distance passed by a ray of light in a single second. Light takes 8 minutes coming from the sun to us. What is the sun's distance?

109. Early in July I visited Selborne, Hants, where the first object of Natural History which arrested my attention was a large viper, which I killed, and found to be in length 4571428 of my own height, 5 ft. 10 in., and guessed to be of a certain weight, such that, if 12 times as heavy, it would have been a mean proportional between its supposed actual weight and mine, which is 10 stone 4 lbs. What was its length and supposed weight?

110. A boy, being asked the size of his papa's park, could not tell; he only knew that it was rectangular in shape, and that he took 10 minutes running straight from the house to the farther end, but only one-third as long to the near end or to either of the sides. He can run $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. What is the length, breadth, and area of the park?

111. In a school-class there are 3 divisions, and the number of different sets of 2 boys each that can be made from the 1st division is 78, but from each of the other divisions (which are equal) only 45 sets. How many boys are there in the class?

112. Playing at cricket lately, I stood 80 yards from a boy (C), who, like myself, was an outfielder, when the ball (B) fell beyond us both at such a distance that the angle between its direction and C's from me was 60° , and the angle between C's and my direction from the ball was 75° . Now, C ran a third faster than myself for the ball. Which of us got it?

113.—ENIGMA.

My first is five-fourths of a yard;
My next is one-third of a card;
My third's—why, the answer's not hard;
And my whole is the song of a bard.

114.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

RACEHS.—A celebrated statuary, who made one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

CSPURY.—The favourite isle of Venus, which was first colonised by the Phœnicians.

FOICSPNET.—A celebrated architect, who built the famous Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c. (Pages 352, 353, and 354.)

81. Media—Madai—Ila. DEIDAMIA.

82. Helping a lame dog over the stile. To be read—Helping alo—Aim dog over THE's tile.

83. A little pot is soon hot. To be read—A lit—THE pot—IS—SOON hot.

84. Miltiades, who gained the battle of Marathon.

85. Panjaub—Waldo (founder of the Waldenses)—Bradley (Dr. Jas.)—Irwell (on which Manchester is seated)—Tycho Brahe. BOVLN, ROBERT (who was born at Lisamore, Ireland, the same year that Lord Bacon died).

86. Let x = number of lines copied per minute.
 $\therefore 30x$ = in first half-hour.

$\therefore (1) (30x + 10)^2$ = number of lines in MS.
Next 49 x = number of lines copied in 49 minutes.

$\therefore (2) 2401x^2 = 2(900x^2 + 600x + 100 - 49x)$
 $= 1800x^2 + 1102x + 200$
 $\therefore 601x^2 - 1102x = 200$

$\therefore x^2 - \frac{1102}{601}x + \left(\frac{551}{601}\right)^2 = \left(\frac{551}{601}\right)^2$

$\therefore x - \frac{551}{601} = \frac{551}{601}$ and $x = 2$

$\therefore (30x + 10)^2 = 4900$ = number of lines in MS.
Answer.—2 lines per minute; and 4900 lines in MS.

87. Let x = time Bacchus would have drunk the cask; let y = time Silenus would have drunk the cask; and B = quantity in the cask.

Then $\frac{1}{x}$ = what Bacchus drank in 1 hour; and

$\frac{2y}{3x}$ what Bacchus drank altogether.

$\therefore B - \frac{2y}{3x}$ = what Silenus drank; next

$\frac{x+2}{xy}$ = time they would have drunk it together.

$\therefore \frac{x+2}{xy} =$ quantity Silenus drank.

$\therefore B = \frac{x+2}{xy} + \frac{2y}{3x}$

Next $\frac{x+y}{xy} + 2 = \frac{2y}{3} + \left(B - \frac{2y}{3x}\right)y$

$= \frac{2y}{3} + \frac{x+y}{xy}$

$\therefore \frac{2y}{3} = 2$ and $x = 6$

Answer.— $x = 6$ = time Bacchus took.
 $y = 2$ = time Silenus took.

88. Pen-i-tent—Penitent.

89. None but the brave deserve the fair. To be read—NUN butt—THE brave—D serve—THE fair.

90. Poitiers. Here, in 732, Charles Martel defeated the Saracens; and, in 1356, John, King of France, was defeated and taken prisoner by the English under the Black Prince.

91. Pyrrhus—Henry VII.—Elizabeth, on the defeat of the Spanish Armada—Coslanauz—Wolsey. PERICLES.

115.—A LINE FROM GRAY.



- 128.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



c 432

The Black Man's Ghost.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS' BURIED TREASURE
OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

AUTHOR OF "PICKED UP AT SEA," "ON BOARD THE ESMERALDA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

JAM STEENBOCK GETS CONFIDENTIAL.

"MY stars, Chips!" exclaimed Hiram, who was standing near by when Tom Bullover held up his treasure-trove to view. "What hev ye got thaar, shipmet?"

"Sorry o' me knows," returned the other, examining the object closely. "Seems like one o' them blessed saints they has in the cathedral at Lima, which I went over one day last v'y'ge I took this side, when I sailed from Shields to Valparaiso, and arterwards come up the coast, our skipper looking out for a cargy, instead o' going back home in ballast. It seems a pretty sort o' himage, too, bo, and I'm hanged if I don't think it's gold, for it's precious heavy for its size, I can tell you!"

"Chuck it over hyar an' let's see what it's like," said Hiram, his curiosity at once roused. "I'll soon tell ye if it's hunkydory as soon as I hev the handlin' on it; fur I ken smell the raal sort, I guess, an' knows it likewise by the feel it kinder hez about it."

"Right you are, bo," sang out Tom Bullover, pitching it towards him. "Catch!"

"Bully for you!" cried Hiram, putting up his hands and clutching hold of the figure as, well thrown by the other, it came tumbling into his ready grasp. "I'll soon tell ye what it's made on, I reckon!"

He thereupon proceeded to inspect the object carefully, giving it a lick of his tongue and rough polish with his palms, to remove the dirt and dust with which it was partly encrusted, sniffing at it and handling it as if it were a piece of putty.

"Well, bo," asked Tom at length, tired of waiting and eager to learn the result of the other's examination; "is it all right?"

"You bet," responded Hiram, tossing up the image in the air and catching it again and raising a triumphant shout, that at once attracted the attention of the other hands, who dropped their pickaxes and shovels instantan and came clustering round. "I'm jiggered if it

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ain't gold, an' durned good metal, too, with nary a bit o' bogus stuff about it. Hooray!"

"Hooray!" yelled out the rest of the men in sympathy, the precious figure being passed round from one to another, so that each could see it in turn and judge for himself. "Hooray!"

"Hillo!" cried Captain Snaggs, noticing the commotion and coming bustling up, with his wiry goatee beard bristling and his pointed nose and keen eyes all attention. "What d'ye mean droppin' work an' loafin' up hyar in a crowd, makin' all thet muss fur, hey?"

"We've just found this here figger, sir," explained Tom Bullover; "and Hiram says it's made o' gold."

"Thet's so, cap," corroborated the American sailor. "It air all thet; an' goold of good grit, I reckon, too, or I'll swaller the durned lump, I will, without sass!"

"Humph!" snorted the skipper, holding out his hand for it; "give us holt, an' I'll prospect it fur ye, if ye like. They usest to tell me I warn't a bad jedge when I wer at the Carraboo diggin's an' went in fur minin'."

The little image of the Madonna was accordingly har led to him, and the skipper's nose wrinkled up, and twitched and jerked sideways, while his billygoat beard bristled out like a porcupine's quills, as he sniffed and examined the figure, turning it over and over in his hands and feeling it, the same as Hiram had done. He even went so far as to pinch it.

"Jeerusalem!" he at length exclaimed; "it's gold sure enuff!"

"Hooray!" again burst from the men around. "Hooray!"

"I don't see nothin' to holler fur," said Captain Snaggs, in response to this, bringing them up, as the saying goes, 'with a round turn,' as he turned round angrily. "Guess ye won't find no more o' the same sort skatin' round the ranche!"

But, just then, Jan Steenbock came on the scene.

He had been busily engaged overseeing the construction of a species of coffer-dam across the shore at right angles and up to the keel of the ship at the point where the tide came up to, just by the mizzen-chains; so that the water should not get down into the excavation that the men were digging until this should be deep enough to float the vessel, or, at all events, assist in easing her off the beach—for, if flooded prematurely, the labour would be doubled.

The hands helping him having, however, deserted for the nonce and joined the rest of the crowd around Tom Bullover and Hiram, he came up, also, to the spot where all of us were standing, with the object of coaxing his gang back to their task. The sound of the men's wild shout and the skipper's voice, raised in anger, as he thought,

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hastened his footsteps, too, for he feared that some mischief was brewing, and that the crew had mutinied at the least.

The moment he got near, though, he could perceive, from the grinning faces and expression of those close by, that nothing very desperate was in the wind; and, he was just on the point of asking what the row was about, when, all at once, he caught sight of the image.

"Mein Gott!" he ejaculated, looking the picture of astonishment, and more excited than I had ever seen him, from the first day I stepped on board the ship until now,—*"it vas ze Madonna of ze golt, ze Madonna of ze golt!"*

We all stared at him, filled with wonder at his apparent recognition of the figure. The skipper, however, at once interrogated him on the point.

"Jehosophat, mister!" cried Captain Snaggs, with mixed curiosity and impatience—"what d'ye mean? Hev ye ever seed this hyar figger afore?"

"Yase," said the Dane, in his deep voice; "yase; I vas zee him one long time befores. I vas know hims ver' well!"

"Thunder, ye don't mean it! What, this durned identical image?"

"Yase, mitout doubt. I vas know zat zame idenzigal vigure," replied the other imperturbably, his passing fit of excitement having cooled, leaving him as calm and impassive as usual. "It vas ze Madonna of ze golt dat we vas loose overboart vrom ze schgooners, one, doo, drie year ago."

The skipper looked at him, without speaking further for a second or more, Jan Steenbock confronting him as steadfastly and placid as a periwinkle might have been under the circumstances; while all of us around gazed at them both, open mouth with expectancy.

"What d'ye mean?" presently said Captain Snaggs, breaking the silence; "what schooner air ye talkin' on?"

"Ze schgooners dat I vas zail in vrom Guayaquil dat time as I tell yous vor to gatch ze orchillas veeds."

"But, mister, say, what hez thet stuff, which in coorse I knows on, to do with this durned old image hyar?" again interrogated the skipper, in an incredulous tone. "I guess ye're gettin' a bit kinder mixed up, an' yer yarn don't hitch on an' run smooth like!"

"Joost zo," returned the imperturbable second-mate, in no way disturbed by this impeachment of his veracity. "You joost wait; I vas hab zometing vor to zay. Joost wait and I vas tell yous."

"Carry on then," said Captain Snaggs impatiently. "By thunder! ye're ez long gettin' under way, I guess, ez a Cape Cod pilot. Fire away, an' be durned to ye, an' tell us the hull bilin', mister!"

Jan Steenbock, however, would not allow himself to be hurried in

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this fashion. Quite unmoved by the skipper's impatience, he went on in his slow, deliberate way, all of us listening with the keenest attention and steadying ourselves for a good yarn.

"It vas dree year ago dat I vas meet mit Cap'en Shackzon, of ze schgooners *Mariposa*, at Guayaquil," he began sententiously, clearing his throat, and seeming to speak in deeper and deeper tones as he proceeded with his narrative. "He vas go, he tells me, vor a drading voy'ge to ze Galapagos Islants, and he vas vant a zecond-mate, and vas ask me vor to confe mit hims."

"An' you wanted," interrupted the skipper—"hey?"

"Yase, I vas go! Cap'en Shackzon zays, zays he, bevore we sdart, dat ze schgooners vas to zail vor Jarls Islant, call't by ze Sbaniards 'Vloreana,' vere zere vas a lot of beeples vrom Equador dat collect ze orchilla veeds, and vas drade likewise to ze mainland mit ze hides and zalt vish, and ozer tings."

"I reckon all that don't consarn us, mister," said the skipper, arresting any further enumeration of the exports from Charles Island; "an' so, ye went thaar to trade, hey?"

"Nein," came Jan Steenbock's unexpected answer, "ze schgooners vas not go to Jarls Islant."

"Jeerusalem!" exclaimed the skipper, taken aback by this naïve announcement. "Then, wha-ar in thunder did ye go?"

"Vait, and I vas tell yous," said the other calmly, going on with his story in his own way. "Ven we vas zail vrom Guayaquil and vas at zee zome days, Cap'en Shackzon zays to me, zays he, 'I vas engag' yous'—dat vas me—'vor and bekos I vas vant a man dat I can droost, mit all dis crew of gut-throat Sbaniards around me. Can yous be zeegret and keep in ze gonfidence vat I tells you?' In ze course, I vas zay to Cap'en Shackzon 'yase'; and, zen——"

"What happened?" eagerly asked Captain Snaggs; "what happened?"

"We zails to ze norzard," continued Jan provokingly, refraining from disclosing at the moment the confidential communication he mentioned having been made to him. "We vas zail vor dree more day, and zen we vas zee dat cap zere, dat Cap'en Shackzon vas zay is Cape Chalmers, and dat ze lant vas Abingdon Island vere we vas now vas; and zen he vas tell me his zeegret."

"An' thet wer what, eh, mister?" said the skipper, while all of us hung on his words, breathless now with excitement, our curiosity being aroused to the highest pitch. "Don't kep us a-waitin', thaar's a friendly coon, fur I guess we're amost bustin' to haar what thet airt secret wer!"

"I beliefs zere vas no harms vor to tell?" observed the Dane

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reflectively, as if cogitating the matter over in his own mind and anxious to have another opinion to say whether or no his narration of the circumstances would be any breach of the trust reposed in him. "Cap'en Shackzon vas det, and ze crew vas det, and zere vas nobozy dat vas aboart ze schgooners dat vas alifes but meinselvs."

"Nary a bit o' hârm at all, mister, as I ken see," said Captain Snaggs decisively; "not where ther' ain't no folk alive to complain o' yer tellin' on it. Nary a bit o' harm, I reckon!"

"Yase, I do not zee no harms," continued Jan Steenhook, as if he had now made up his mind on the point; "and zo I vas tell yous. Ze zeegret dat Cap'en Shackzon tell to me vas dat he hat discovert von dreazure in a cave in ze islant von day dat he vas plown into ze bay in a squall; and ven he vas go back to Guayaquil, he vas charter ze schgooners to zail back to ze islant again. He vas tell ze boeples zere dat he vas go vor ze orchilla veeds and ze toordle; but, he vas mean to dig oop ze dreazure and take hims back zeegretly in ze schgooners to ze mainland, as if he vas only hab ze orchilla veeds and ze toordle on boart. He zays to me, zays Cap'en Shackzon, 'ze Sbaniards in Equador is von bat lot, and vill murter a mans like one mosquito vor a tollar,' and he vas know dat zey vas kill hims if zey vas dink he vas hab ze dreazure on boart; and, dat vas ze reason dat he vas vant von man dat he coot dropst, joost like meinselvs, mit hims!"

"A treasure hyar, mister," said the skipper, with his eyes aglow and his goatee beard bristling up, all agog at such news—"a treasure of gold, hey?"

"Yase, yase," replied the other affirmatively; "oh, yase!"

"How came it hyar?"

"It vas burit by ze boocaneer in ze olt time—one, doo, drie huntert year ago," explained Jan. "Cap'en Shackzon vas zee it writ in von book dat he vas zee at Guayaquil; and zen, ven he vas zail here, he vas come to de zame blace dat ze boocaneer spoke of in ze book and hat burit ze golt. It vas ze ploonder of ze churches of ze coast, dat ze boocaneers hat collect in von big heep and zegreet in ze cave till zey coot take hims away mit dem, and zere it vas remain till Cap'en Shackzon vound it."

"He found it, hey?"

"Yase, he vas vind it von day, as I zays. His vas stooble in ze hole, and dat give vays; and zen, he doombles into ze cave, and zee all ze dreasure of golt and silber and ozer tings."

"An' did you see it, too, mister?" inquired Captain Snaggs anxiously. "P'r'aps thet air coon wer only bamboozlin' ye, an' made up the yarn!"

"No, he vas not make it oop," replied Jan. "I vas zee dat Madonna

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of goit zere and ozer, tings dat he vas bring back vrom ze cave ven we vas coom here in ze schgooners and anchor't in ze bay zere as ze sheep vas now lay. But, Cap'en Shackzon vas von sdrange mans!"

"Thunder!" ejaculated the skipper, on the other pausing at this point, as if waiting for the question to be put. "How wer he streenge, mister, hey?"

"He vas like to keep zings to himself," said Jan Steenbock meaningly. "He vas not let me go to ze cave at all, and ze schgooner vas anchor't here in ze bay more zan a week!"

"I s'pose he didn't want the crew—them rascally Spaniards you spoke on—smellin' a rat an' spil'in' his game, I rackon," suggested the skipper; "but how did he manage, hey?"

"He vas keep ze mens all day hunting for ze orchilla veeds up ze montane dere," replied Jan; "and zen, ven ze night vas come, he vas tell me to shtop on ze vatch, and zen he vas go ashore to look for ze cave mit himself."

"He didn't spot it at once ag'in then?"

"Nein. He vas look in vain vor drie nights and vas near give oop ze hoont in despair; but on ze ozer night he vas come back to ze schgooners in goot sbirrits, and zays to me, zays he, 'I vas vind ze cave at last.' He vas zo glat he vas laf mit joy and I vas laf, too!"

"I guess ye hed sunthin' to snigger over, hey?"

"Yase, joost zo! I vas laf mit him; and zen, he vas bring oot dat Madonna zere, dat he vas heb stow away in his shirt, and shows it me, and ze vigure vas shine in ze moonlight. Ah, dat vas bat; vor, von of ze Sbianiards of ze crew vas zee it shine in ze light and show ze goit, and he vas tell ze ozers, a pack of raskels, and ze whole game vas oop vor us and ze dreazure!"

"How's thet, mister?" inquired the skipper, as Jan paused again here, his voice dropping. "Did the varmint spile ye?"

"Humph!" growled the other. "Dey vas spile zemselves! In ze mittle of ze night ze raskels go down into ze cabin vere Cap'en Shackzon vas ashleep and shtab him mit dere knifes. Den, zey shtole ze goit Madonna and brings it oop on ze deck; and zen, zey got yighting vor ze vigure, and shtab von ze ozers, and dey vas vake me oop mit ze row, vor I vas tired and vas ashleep in ze boate over ze taffrail."

"An' how did ye come off with a hullskin?" asked Captain Snaggs. "I guess ye wer in a durned tight corner."

"Ze goot Gott vatch overs me!" replied Jan Steenbock gravely, raising his eyes reverently upward as he uttered the word, "vor, in ze mittle of ze row, ven ze raskels vas all of zem murtering each ozers and ze deck vas rolling in bloot, a sudden gale vas spring oop; and ze schgooner vas dash on ze rocks zere to port, and she vas go

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down in ze deep vater, mit ze crew still vighting on ze deck to ze last. One—doo—dree—vore mens vas already kil't, besides Cap'en Shackzon—ze lifing and ze det going down zogeder into de zee, mit ze golt Madonna dat you vas now vind!"

"An' how did ye scrape through, hey?"

"I vas schvim ashore," answered Jan Steenbock, in reply to this question from the skipper, who followed his recital carefully, with his inquisitive long nose twitching every now and then and his billy-goat beard wagging as he nodded his head, watching apparently to catch the other tripping in his story. "I vas schvim ashore and go to landt all raite."

"What became o' ye then?"

"I vas shtop heros till I vas pick oop by a passing sheep."

"Her name, mister?" again interrogated Captain Snaggs, with keen pertinacity. "Thet is if ye reck'lects."

"Oh, yase, I vas romembers ver' well," rejoined the other, equal to the occasion. "She vas ze whaling barque *Jemima Greens*, of Bostone, I zinks."

"Thet's right; I knows her," interrupted the skipper, quite satisfied.

"Joe Davis master, hey?"

"Yase, joost zo," replied the other, "dat vas ze name of ze cap'en, I remembers."

"An' how long did ye remain aboard her?"

"Vor more zan vore months. She vas vishing yor ze whale ven she pick me oop vrom here; and I vas hab to vait till she vas load up mit ze oils, ven she vas go zouth, and landt me at Valparaizo. Vrom dat port I vas vork me in passage back to England ze next zommer—and dat vas dree year ago."

"Waal, thet's a tall yarn, anyhow," said the skipper, when Jan Steenbock had thus concluded his strange history; "but, dew yer mean ter say az how ye hev never ben nigh this place hyar agen sin' thet time?"

"Nein," replied the other frankly, "nevares."

"What! d'ye mean ter say as how ye hed no kinder sort o' curiosity like to find thet thaar cave, with the rest o' that gold an' treasure what them old buccaneers stowed away so snug, 'specially arter seein' it wer raad?"

"No, cap'en," said Jan Steenbock firmly, as if he had previously well considered all the bearings of the case and arrived at his final decision. "I vas nevares likes vor to zee dat blace nor ze golt again—no, nevares!"

"But, why, mister?" asked the skipper, with insatiable curiosity, winking to the hands round, to call their attention to the fact that he was about to take a rise out of the simple-hearted Dane, and 'trot him out,' as it were, for their mutual amusement. "Why shouldn't ye

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hankér arter seein' the gold agen, mister? I guess ye didn't hev too much on it afore; an', I'm durned if ye hev got much of a pile now, ez fur ez I ken see!"

Jan Steenbock's answer, however, completely staggered him, banishing all his merriment and facetiousness in an instant.

"It vas curst," said the Dane solemnly. "Ze golt and ze islandt and everyzing vas shtink mit a black man's bloot!"

CHAPTER XIV.

WE DISCOVER THE CAVE.

"WHAT d'ye mean?" Captain Snaggs managed to stammer out after a bit, his long face perceptibly longer and his rubicund complexion turned to an ashy grey. He was conscience-stricken and thoroughly frightened at the second-mate thus bringing up again, as he thought, his cruel murder of the negro cook; for, Jan Steenbock spoke in the same tone of voice, and pointed his finger at him like an accusing judge, in almost the same precise way that he had done on that eventful day when we were off Scilly, three months before. "What in thunder d'ye mean, man?—what d'ye mean?"

"I vas mean vat I zays," answered the other calmly: "ze drezure of ze boocaneer vas shtain mit ze bloot of von shlave."

"Oh!" exclaimed the skipper, somewhat relieved by the second-mate not mentioning Sam Jedfoot's name, as he and all of us believed Jan Steenbock intended doing, imagining his remark to refer to none other than the poor darkey. "I don't kinder foller you, mister, nohow, an' it strikes me, it dew, ez if ye're gettin' sorter mixed up, same ez jest now! What d'yer mean a-talkin' o' durned nigger slaves an' sichlike? Thaar ain't none now, I reckon, under the Stars and Stripes this side, nor yit fur thet matter in the hull o' the land, from Maine to Californy, sin' the war busted up the great southern 'institooshun,' ez they call'd it in Virginny. Thaar ain't no slaves, sirrec, now, I guess, on this free an' almighty continent! What d'yer mean, hey?"

The men gave out another loud hooray at this stump speech, which the skipper, quite relieved of his fears anent any allusion to Sam Jedfoot, delivered with much unction, as if he were holding forth from a platform at election time, his billygoat beard wagging while he threw his arms about in the excitement of his oratory.

Jan Steenbock, for the moment, seemed puzzled how to reply; for, he stood silently facing the other in the pause that ensued after he had finished his harangue.

At length, however, he spoke, the wild cheer of the hands spurring

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him up and giving an impulse to the slow current of his thoughts and words—the Dane not being prone, like Captain Snaggs, to talking for the mere pleasure of hearing his own voice.

"I vill exshblain vat I means," he began, in his deliberate way, answering the skipper's question, but speaking as if addressing all of us collectively, his deep tones getting deeper and increasing in volume as he proceeded, so that all could hear. "I vas shpeak vat I reat in ze book dat Cap'en Shackzon vas bringt mit him vrom Guayaquil in ze schgooners dat time. I vas likewise rec'lect vat I zees here ven we vas arrfve, an' Cap'en Shackzon's vas murter't, and ze mans vas kill ze ozers, and dere vas nuzzing but bloot and murter; vor, ze schgooners vas go down, mit ony meinselfs dat vas eshgape mit mein lifes, and zo I zays to meinselfs, zere vas a curse on ze goolt and ze dreazure of ze boocaneer vrom ze bloot of ze schlave dat vas murter't."

"Guess I don't foller ye yet, mister," said the skipper. "Who kil't thet air darkey ye're a-talkin' on, hey?"

"Ze boocaneer," promptly replied Jan. "Zey vas burit ze schlave vere zey vas burit ze dreazure."

"An' what did the cusses dew thet fur?"

"It vas to make ze Sbaniards and ze ozer begbles not, vor to dig oop ze dreasure, or vor to go vere it vas burit. Zey vas zink dat ze sbirit of ze black man vas harmt zem and vork mizcheef, ze zame as vas dit to hims, bekos he vas murter't vor ze dreazure. 'Bloot vor bloot' vas ze law of ze boocaneer, and zay vas dink dat ze black mans vas hab ze bloot of ze ozer mans dat coom vere his sbirit vas!"

"Oh, thet's the yarn ye hev got holt on!" exclaimed Captain Snaggs, with a grin on his face, winking round to us. "Guess yer ain't sich a durned fule ez ter swaller all that bunkum, hey?"

"I doos belief it, vor it vas droo," answered Jan Steenbock very impressively. "Oh yase, I vas zee it meinselfs. It vas droo as droo!"

"Wa-al," drawled out the skipper, with a snigger, which raised a sympathetic laugh from some of the men standing by, "thet beats ev'rythin' I ever know'd, it dew. Jest ter think of a straight up-an-down goon like you, mister, with raal grit in ye, a-believin' in sich a yarn ez thet!"

"I beliefs it, vor it vas droo," repeated the Dane, in no way discomposed by the other's ridicule. "I vas hab ze cause to beliefs!"

"What! thet a durned nigger buried two hundor' year ago, or thaarabouts, hez the power to kinder hurt airy a livin' soul now?"

"I beliefs it," returned Jan, doggedly; adding, much to the skipper's discomfiture and banishing his merriment in a moment.—"Dere vas sdrange zings happen zometimes. I vas hear ze mans zay dat ze ghost of ze cook dat you shoots vas haunt dis very sheep!"

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Captain Snaggs made no reply to this crushing rejoinder: but a sort of murmur of assent came from the others, while I caught Hiram's voice saying, "Thet's so; right enuff!"

"And zo, cap'en," went on the Dane, perceiving that he had scored a point, and that the laugh was no longer against him, "I vas hab nuzzing vor to do mit ze dreazure of ze boocaneer, and I vas hopes not vor to zee its again. It vas accurst, as I vas zay, vor ze boocaneer zemselves vas not able vor to vind it after zay vas burit it; and zen, ven Cap'en Shackzon vinds it, he vas also murter't, as the schlave was, and his crew vas murter't zemselves! Ze boocaneer dreazure vas accurst and bringt goot to no beebles. And zo, cap'en, I zays, zays I, let us not mindt it at all, mit its bat look, but go on vor to dig oop ze dock for ze sheep. We vas vaste ze time for nuzzin' if we looks vor ze dreazure; and if we vinds it, we vas nevares get no goot vrom it—nevares, nozzing but bat!"

"Wa-ll, thet's good advice, anyhow," said the skipper, thinking the palaver had lasted long enough. "Guess you chaps had better sot to work agen, ez Mister Steenbock sez. If we shu'd light on this air treasure, well enuff, but our fust job, I reckon's, to get the shep afloat agen; an' we won't do thet, you bet, by standin' hyar listenin' to ghost yarns an' sichlike! Now, you jokers, let me see ye handlin' them picks agen. Pr'aps ye'll dig up another gold figger or two; who knows?"

This set all hands busy, the men excavating the sand and hard lava from under the bilge of the vessel with an alacrity they had not displayed before; and, each man putting his heart to the job, the broad trench in which they were working was soon dug down considerably deeper than the level of the sea. To prevent the incroach of this latter all the stuff taken out was thrown up alongside, forming a sort of steep embankment on either hand, so that the *Denver City* looked by-and-by as if she had run her head into a 'railroad cutting, the coffer-dam fixed across the beach, right under her keel, by the mizzen-chains, where the water just came up to, blocking the entrance to our dock effectually. The ship herself aided us in this respect, by settling down more in the sand there as it became loosened, and we only had to take care now that the slight rise and fall of the tide shoul^d not cause too great a leakage into the trench between the keel below and the upper strakes of her timbers above, at the height to which the dam reached; and, after a while, although a little water did trickle through the wall of sand and lava forming the side of the excavation towards the sea, there was not a sufficient quantity of it to interfere with the labour of digging to any material extent, nor arrest our efforts.

The men, indeed, wielded their picks as if anxious to make up for

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the half-hour or so that had been wasted since Tom Bullover found the golden Madonna.

Nor did they content themselves merely with digging.

A keen watch was kept in case something else might turn up, and every piece of hard substance disinterred was carefully scrutinized; but, alas! no more golden images or nuggets of the precious metal gladdened our eyes! Nothing came in view but sand and lava, lava and sand, varied occasionally by the sight of some fragment of half-fossilized tortoise-shell, or the chalky bones of cuttlefish and similar débris of the deep, washed up by the sea, and buried 3 fathom deep and more amid the strata of the shore!

This was disappointing; still, the men comforted themselves with the reflection that they were really digging for something else beyond the mere chance of picking up stray finds, such as that of Tom, who was thought a right good fellow for declaring that he didn't consider the Madonna his own especial property, but would sell the figure, and go shares with all, when they got the ship afloat again, and reached San Francisco. My friend the carpenter thus artfully 'pointed his moral,' in order to make us work the harder at the novel navy work at which we were engaged—strange, at least, to sailor folk.

Of course, though, while toiling like this, digging and splashing about in the insidious water that percolated through the beach, and which gradually accumulated until it was now almost knee-deep in the bottom of the trench, we were by no means silent; for, a lot of talk went on in reference to the buccaneers' buried treasure that Jan Steenbock had spoken of. So, in spite of the second-mate's warning as to the 'curse' which he declared was associated with the hidden hoard, and would attach itself to any one discovering or touching the same, I heard more than one of the men give expression to a resolve to hunt for Captain Jackson's cave as soon as he should have an opportunity, when his spell of work was over, or, at all events, on the completion of the dock and the floating of the ship—a halcyon period most devoutly prayed for by all of us as we slaved at our unaccustomed task!

Amongst those who had thus made up their minds to go after the treasure was myself; and I got full of the subject, though keeping my own counsel the while, and not informing any one of my intention.

Presently, at 'eight bells,' the skipper told me I might leave off work in the trench, and go with Hiram on board the ship to prepare tea for the hands. Morris Jones was ordered to accompany us, at the same time, to get the captain's dinner ready; for, although we were ashore on a desert island, our ordinary routine as to meals and other matters was adhered to as regularly as if we had been at sea—the only exception being that no particular watch was kept, and that we

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all turned in together of a night and out likewise in the morning without distinction, all at the same time. Throughout the day we worked at digging out the trench, or "dock," as Jan Steenbock persisted in calling it, under the ship, in gangs, in similar fashion to the mode that had been employed when unloading her, so as to get the task accomplished as quickly as possible; and, to facilitate this, the hands were divided into two batches, each having a spell of navvy's work and a rest off between whiles, turn and turn about.

"Thet wer a mighty rum yarn the Dutchman spun jest now, I guess," observed Hiram, as soon as we had got on board and reached the galley, Morris Jones leaving us awhile to ourselves, and going aft to fetch the skipper's grub out of the pantry, where it was stowed. "I'm jiggered if I ever heerd tell o' sich a yarn afore!"

"Don't you think it true?" I said. "Mr. Steenbock isn't given to cramming, from all I have seen of him."

"No; he air a straight up-an'-down coon, I reckon," replied Hiram, proceeding to cut off a piece of tobacco from a plug he produced from his pocket, and placing a 'chaw' in his jaw. "Still, b'y, jest think o' buccaneers' tree-sors an' all sorts o' gold an' silver a-waitin' fur us to dig 'em up! Why, it beats Californy an' all I've heerd tell o' the diggin' days, when thaar wer the first rush, an' the folks as got in time made their pile!"

"But you heard what he said of the spirit protecting the treasure," I remarked. "Don't you think he's right about the curse hanging over it? I believe it would be unlucky to touch it."

"B'y, thaar's allars a cuss tied on to gold an' greenbacks, sich ez we used ter hev a little time back," said Hiram sententiously. "But I reckon the harm don't lie in the durned stuff itself: it's in the way some folks kinder handles it—thet's whaar the pizen is. Guess I ain't afeard o' no cuss, once I comes across thet cave the Dutch mate wer a-speakin' on!"

"And the ghost?"

"Oh, durn the sperrits, Cholly!" said he, with a laugh. "I ain't afeard."

"Recollect though, Hiram," I remarked, in answer to this, "how frightened we all have been on board by Sam, and the way you were in only a couple of days ago, when you said you saw him again here."

He looked serious again in a moment

"Guess I don't want ter run down thet air ghostess," said he apologetically. "Fur I reckon a man can't go agen a thin' he sees right afore his eyes."

"And how about the other one Mr. Steenbock spoke of?"

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"Oh, that's different, Cholly. A chap you sees a-sottin' down an' a-playin' a banjo ain't like a coon that's ben buried two or three hundred year, an' that no one hez seed, as I knows on, fur Jan Steenbock never sed ez how he seed it hisself! No, b'y, I guess I'll hev a hunt fur that thaar tree-sor ez he spoke on soon ez ever I hev the chance."

"Suppose we go this evening, when we strike work?" said I—"that is, Hiram, if you don't mind my coming with you?"

"Nary a bit, Cholly," he replied good-heartedly to this tentative question of mine; "glad to hev you along o' me, seein' as how you hev ben a-prospectin' the line o' country already."

"All right," I exclaimed joyfully. "We'll have a good hunt for the cave. I wouldn't be surprised if we find it near the place where I saw the doves, by the pool between the hills over there."

"Most like, b'y," said he, bustling about the galley and going on with his culinary work; "but hyar comes the stooard. Don't you tell him nutnin' o' what we hev ben talkin' on, or I guess the coon 'll be wantin' to jine company, an' I don't wants him, I doesn't. He's a won'erful slimy sort o' cuss, an' since he's ben skeart by Sam Jed-foot's ghostess he hez ben a durned sight too mealy-mouthed fur me!"

"I won't speak a word to him," said I. "He's a queer sort of man, and I don't like him either."

The entrance of the Welshman stopped our further conversation; for, although Morris Jones seemed anxious to talk, Hiram only spoke in monosyllables, giving curt answers, so that the steward in the end became silent too, busying himself in cooking the skipper's dinner at one fireplace, while the American attended to the men's tea at the other—filling the copper with the proper ingredients, as mentioned before, and diligently stirring its contents till it boiled.

At 'two bells,' later on, in the first dog-watch, work was abandoned for the day, all hands coming aboard to have their tea, Tom Bullover amongst them.

"May I tell him?" I said to Hiram, when I saw the carpenter coming forward, after slinging himself over the bulwarks; "may I tell Tom where we are going, and ask him to come too?"

"I don't mind, I guess," replied Hiram—"the more the merrier!"

Tom was perfectly willing; and so, half an hour later, the three of us started on our expedition, getting over the side of the ship while the rest of the crew were still busy with their pannikins and beef and biscuit, and so departing unobserved.

"Now we're off, I guess," said Hiram, when we had crossed over a plank that served for a bridge over the trench alongside, which was

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getting pretty deep by now. "Let us go straight fur thet buccaneers' tree-sor, shepmates!"

"And here's for the black man's ghost as the second-mate spoke on," replied Tom Bullover, with a grin. "I specs we'll as soon find one as t'other!"

"Durned ef I kear," said Hiram defiantly; "ghostess or no ghostess, I'm bound fur thet pile, I am, if we ken sorter light on it!"

"I only hope we will, I'm sure," I chimed in, as the three of us made our way across the beach and then traversed the sterile lava plain, shaping a course for the cluster of trees between the hills, on the right of the bay, which I had first investigated.

The doves we found as tame as ever, coo-coo-coo-ing away with great unction on our approach, and beside the borders of the pool were a lot of tortoises crawling about; but there was no cave near, concealed in the brushwood, although we searched through it all carefully, so we resumed our way up the hills.

As we ascended, the scenery became wilder and wilder, the trees increasing so greatly in size that some of the trunks of them, which apparently belonged to the oak species, were over four feet in diameter, growing, too, to a great height.

Nor was the scenery only wild.

About half a mile up a steep ravine, a drove of wild hogs rushed by us, nearly knocking Hiram down; he being in advance of the exploring party.

"Jehosophat, mate!" he exclaimed to Tom, laughing as he stumbled over him; "thaar's yer black man's ghost, I guess."

"Carry on," replied Tom grinning; "we ain't come to him yet. You just wait and see!"

Further up, we came to a beautiful plain of some extent between the hills, which had been at some former time planted for cultivation, for bananas, sweet potatoes, yucca palms, and many other sorts of tropical fruit, were growing about in the wildest profusion. There were the remains, too, of old buildings and broken mill machinery, such as used in the West Indies for crushing the sugar cane, a lot of which was planted in the vicinity—although, of giant proportions from not having been cut possibly for years; for, stump sprang up on top of stump, until the root clusters covered many square yards, the canes themselves being over twenty-five feet in height and more than fifteen inches in circumference, of a size that would have made a sugar-planter's mouth water.

"Guess some cuss hez ben a-cultivat'in' hyar," observed Hiram, looking critically round. "When I wer to hum down Chicopee way—"

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"Stow that, bo," said Tom Bullover, interrupting him, being always afraid of letting the other sail off on the tack of his home recollections, as he was doomed ever to hear the same old yarn, so that he was sick of its repetition. "I don't think you'll find no cave here; them old buccaneers wouldn't be sich fools to lug all their booty up this long way, when they could bury it more comfortable nearer the shore, and likewise come upon it the easier again when they wanted it."

"Specs you're about right, bo," answered Hiram, taking the interruption kindly, and no ways hurt at having his Chicopee remembrances once more nipped in the bud. "What shall we dew?"

"Why, go down again," replied Tom. "Here's a fresh track down to the beach on this side which leads to another bay, I fancy. Let's make for it and see where it leads to."

"Fire away; I'm arter ye, bo," said the other, the two now changing places and Tom Bullover showing the way. "Foller my leader—thet's the game, I reckon!"

All of us laughed at this, stepping gingerly in single file after Tom, who found some difficulty at first in pushing through the branches of the trees, which were thickly interwoven overhead and across the path; but the latter was distinctly marked out, as if it had been well trodden and was a regular pathway of communication at some previous time.

The bay below, to which this road led, was on the other side of the point of land that stretched past the ship; and as we descended the hill we could see the blue sea peeping through the trees.

Half-way down, the pathway abruptly terminated in front of what seemed a mound of earth, although this was now overgrown with trees, covered with orchilla weed, that enveloped their trunks and gave them quite a venerable aspect.

"Hillo," cried Hiram, "hyar's enuff of thet orchilla weed thet they vall'ys so in 'Frisco to make ary a man's fortin' ez could carry it thaar, I guess!"

"Is that the orchilla?" I asked. "I was wondering what Mr. Steenbock meant when he spoke of it."

"Aye," replied Hiram, dragging off a great bunch of it from what looked like the decayed trunk of one of the oak trees, hollowed out by age and exposure to the heavy tropical rains of the region, "thet's what they calls the orchilla weed, I guess. Hillo, though, what's this?"

"What?" exclaimed Tom Bullover and I, pressing up to where he was stooping, scraping away at the timber; "what is it?"

"I'm durned if it air no tree at all," said Hiram, all excitement and his voice thick with emotion and eager exultation. "It's a door o' some sort or t'other."

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"Really," I said, as eager as he, and helping him to pull away the fungus growth from the now partly exposed woodwork, which now certainly looked like a door, as he said, "do you think so?"

"Ay, Cholly. I'm jiggered if we ain't found the cave at last!"

CHAPTER XV.

RIVAL APPARITIONS.

"By Jingo!" said Tom, with a deep breath, bending down and helping Hiram to clear away the weeds and debris from the rotten old door, now clearly disclosed to view. "Jest fancy our lighting on it like this!"

"Perhaps it isn't a cave, after all," said I, likewise breathless with excitement, but not wishing to place my hopes too high, lest I should be disappointed; "it's too far from the sea, I think."

"Nary a bit," retorted Hiram doggedly. "I'll bet my bottom dollar it's the place sure enuff. Hyar goes, anyhow, fur a try!"

So saying, rising from his stooping posture, he administered a thumping kick with his heavy scamen's boot against the rotten wood-work.

This instantly gave way, a thick cloud of dust rolling up; and then, a hollow dark cavity appeared right in the centre of the mound, which we could now see was heaped up over the wooden framework, as if to conceal it from the notice of any one passing by.

"Hooray!" shouted Tom Bullover, waving his hat and jumping up in the air to further express his emotion. "We've found the Buccaneers' blessed treasure. Look out for the ghost, Hiram!"

"Durn the ghost!" retorted the other; "not twenty on 'em wud kep me back now, I guess!"

At the same moment, he made a dive to enter the opening, but Tom put his hand on his shoulder and half pulled him back.

"Stop, bo!" he said. "There might be foul air in it, 'cause of its being so long closed up. Let's wait and see."

"How ken you tell that?" asked Hiram; "guess it don't matter a red cent if ther air."

"You just wait," insisted Tom. "I'll find out in a jiffey; and then, if it's safe, we can venture in. The cave ain't a-going to run away from us, and you know the old saying, 'more haste less speed!' We're going to do things in proper shipshape fashion, bo: so, none o' your rushing matters; it'll all come right in time!"

With these words, Tom, who was a sensible, matter-of-fact fellow with his head screwed on straight and all his wits about him, took out a box of matches from the inside lining of his hat, where he always

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kept his pipe and tobacco and such things that he did not wish to get wet; and, lighting one of the matches, he proceeded to hold it within the dark cavity.

The flame flickered and then suddenly went out, although there wasn't a breath of air stirring, the trees around preventing the sea-breeze from reaching the spot where we stood—a sort of little hollow between the hills.

“There you are, bo,” said Tom; “see that?”

“Guess I don't underconstubble,” answered Hiram, staring at him in perplexity. “What d'ye mean, hey?”

“Didn't you see the match go out?” returned Tom. “Lord, I never did see such a feller!”

“Wa-all, what if the durned match did fiz out?”

“Don't yer know what it means?”

“Guess not.”

“It shows as how there's foul air there, bo—that's what the match's going out means. It tells us not to go in!”

Tom said this with a chuckle, for which Hiram gave him a dig in the ribs.

“Hev yer way, Chips, fur a bit,” he said; “but I'm jiggered if yer a-going to kep me from prospectin' that there hole.”

“Nobody wants to,” retorted Tom. “Only just wait a bit till the wentilation gets better and blows out all the gas. It would a-pizened yo if I'd let you go in at first, as you wanted.”

“Wa-ll, go ahead, an' hev another try fur to see if it's right now.”

In reply, Tom lit a second match, and held it in the opening of the cave as before.

This time it did not flicker so much, burning to a longer time, until the faint flame finally expired.

“Better,” said Tom; “but it ain't quite safe yet.”

“Hurry up,” replied Hiram. “I'm bustin' to see that buccaneer tree-sor oz the mate wer talkin' on.”

After an interval of another quarter of an hour or so, while we all waited on the tenter-hooks of suspense, an inquisitive land tortoise waddling up to see what we were about, Tom lit a third match.

This time it burnt bravely with a clear light, which showed us something of the interior of the cavern. It did not show us much, though: the darkness was too great for such a feeble illuminant to penetrate far into it.

“Now, boys,” said Tom, “I think we may venture in, as the foul air must be pretty well spent by this time; but, we'll have to get a torch or something to see our way by, or else we shall be breaking our necks, or smashing our heads agen the roof.”

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"Guess one o' them port fires we hev aboard would lightef it up to rights."

"So it would," replied Tom; "but we ain't got it now, and must try and find somethin' else to make a flare up."

"Hyar's some o' this old wood," observed the other, taking up a fragment of the broken door, which was crumbly with age; "strike another match, will ye. I think this timber 'll burn long enuff fur us to git inside an' prospect a few."

"Right you are, my hearty," returned the other, carrying out this suggestion; and the next minute the piece of old oak was in a blaze, when, holding it up in one hand, Hiram stooped down once more and stepped inside the cave.

There was nothing there, however.

Nothing!

"Wa-ll," exclaimed Hiram, after bending here and there, and searching in every direction. "I calls this a durned sell, I dow!"

"Hold the light 'up again," said Tom; "a little more to the right, bo, so as to throw it on that dark corner there."

But nothing was to be seen save the rocky walls of the cave, which was of peculiar shape, and more like a sort of fissure in the rock, riven open possibly by some volcanic shock, than if made by man—the roof being formed of lava, it seemed to me by the light of our impromptu torch, similar to the same substance we noticed on the arid plain near the shore of the bay, and again below the sand at high-water mark.

There were queer fragments of rock placed round the hard floor of the cavern like seats, with regular intervals between them; while in the middle apparently, as near as we could approximate, was a raised portion of the under stratum of rock shaped like a pulpit.

"Guess if thaar's any tree-sor hyar, b'ys," observed Hiram, pointing to this, "it's thaar!"

"No, bo," replied Tom, laughing, "that's the black man's pulpit, where he preaches a Sunday, same as 'Holy Joes' do ashore!"

Hiram paid no attention to this remark, but continued poking about the place, stamping with his feet and trying in every way to see whether the treasure we were in search of might not be buried in some spot or other; but his trouble was all in vain.

Presently, the piece of blazing wood began to give forth a more feeble light, being almost burnt out; and, then, all at once Hiram and I noticed another spark of light like a round hole, at the opposite end of the cave.

"Hillo!" shouted Hiram, "I guess thaar's another end to the durned hole, an' we hev taken the wrong track!"

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Making our way slowly, so as not to extinguish the torch, we advanced in the direction of the new light, which got bigger and bigger as we advanced nearer to it.

There was no doubt it was another entrance to the cave, and a far more convenient one, too, for it opened out on to a little spur of the hill that ran down a somewhat steep declivity to the seashore below.

"It must be the buccaneers' cave," said Tom. "It's just the sort o' place men, that were sailors would choose. I misdoubted it at first, from being so far inland, as I thought; but now I see it's near the sea."

"But there ain't nary a tree-sor thaar!"

"Don't you be too cocksure o' that," returned Tom, looking about him well, to make certain of his direction. "Howsomedever, we ain't got the time to sarch the place properly now, as it'll be dark soon, and we ought to be aboard."

"Durned if I likes givin' it up like this."

"Never mind, bo; there'll be plenty o' time for us to look the cave over to-morrer arternoon, and I'll bring one o' them port fires you spoke on to light up the place."

"Guess that'll jest about do, Chips," replied Hiram, turning round, as if about to go back within the entrance, loth to leave without finding the buccaneers' hoard, repeating his previous exclamation: "I'm durned, though, if I likes givin' it up like this!"

"Come along, my hearty!" cried Tom. "Come along, Charley. But, mind, neither on you be telling the hands what we've found out! There wouldn't be a chance for us if the skipper or that drunken cur Flinders knowed on it."

"Not me," replied Hiram, following Tom along the curve of the shore towards a little group of trees, which I recognised now as immediately above the pool frequented by the doves. "I won't tell nary a soul, an' I reckon we ken both on us anser fur Cholly?"

"Certainly," said I, replying to his implied question, as I came up behind the two, all of us retracing our way at once to the ship, on the fo'c's'le of which we could see several of the men already gathered together. "I'm sure I won't tell anybody, for I have nobody to tell except you, Tom, and Hiram—you're my only friends on board."

"Wait till you get hold of the buccaneers' gold, Charley," said Tom dryly. "You'll get plenty o' chums then, for money makes friends!"

Nothing further was said by either of us, and we presently found ourselves once more on board, when I turned in at once, for we had walked a goodish distance, and I was tired out.

The next afternoon, when work was ended and Hiram and I were ready to start on another excursion to the cave, we could not find Tom.

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"Nary mind thet, Cholly," said Hiram. "I guess we ken go 'long, an' Chips 'll pick us up by-an'-by."

Passing the grove and pool of the doves, we made our way over the brow of the little hill beyond, and sighted the second bay; when, just as the opening to the cave became visible, both of us heard the familiar sound of Sam Jedfoot's banjo. The same old air was being played upon it that we had heard immediately before the ship struck—and, indeed, almost always prior to every catastrophe and mischance that had happened throughout our eventful voyage.

Hiram turned pale.

"Jee-rusalem, Cholly!" he exclaimed, at once arresting his footsteps; "what on airth's thet?"

I was almost equally frightened.

"It—it—it—sounds like poor Sam's banjo," I stammered out. "I—I—hope he ha—ha—hasn't come to haunt us again!"

"Seems like," said he; and then, plucking up his courage, he started once more for the mouth of the cave, I following close, like his shadow, afraid to leave him now, because then I would be by myself. "Durned, though, if Sam's ghostess or any other cuss 'll kep me back now. Come on, Cholly!"

But, when we got up to the entrance, we saw a sight that stopped us at once, Hiram dropping to the ground as if he had been shot.

There, sitting on the very rock at the back which Tom Bullover had joked about on the previous day as being "the ghost's pulpit" was the dim apparition of a man, the very image of our whilom negro cook, leaning back and playing the banjo, just as Sam used to do on board the *Denver City*; but, stranger still, even as I looked, a queer supernatural sort of light suddenly illumined the interior of the cavern, and I saw another apparition rise, as it were, out of the darkness, immediately behind the one on the rock, the last spectral form raising its hand threateningly.

I stood there at the mouth of the cave, almost paralysed with terror, watching the weird scene that was being enacted within, the wonderful electrical glare making every detail come out in strong relief and lighting up the whole place, so that it was as bright as day—not the slightest incident escaping my notice.

As the second apparition rose from behind the rock at the back of the cavern, the first figure—which I had believed up to now really to be the negro cook's ghost or spirit, permitted for some occult purpose or other to revisit the earth—also jumped up out of the corner, dropping the banjo incontinently and displaying an abject fright that was too real for any inhabitant of the other world to assume; for, the face of the ghost seemed in an instant to grow as long as my arm, while its

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woolly hair crinkled up on top of its head until it became erect and stiff as a wire brush. At the same time, the eyes of this first "ghost," distended with fear, rolled round and round, the white eyeballs contrasting with the darker skin of the face, which, however, appeared to have become of an ashy grey colour, instead of black; though whether this was from the effects of fear or owing to the peculiar light that shone full upon it I could not tell, nor, indeed, puzzled my mind at the time to inquire.

The two figures thus confronted each other for about the space of a second, the headless apparition rising and rising till it seemed to touch the roof of the cave, when it extended its wide arms and made a clutch at the other, and now trembling, figure in front.

This was too much for the banjo-playing spectre.

Uttering a wild yell that only a human being could have emitted, and with his mouth open as wide as the mouth of the cave towards which he rushed, Sam Jedfoot—for it was his own substantial self, I saw, and no ghost at all, as I was now convinced—cleared in two bounds the intervening space that lay between him and the entrance to the cavern, seeking to get away as far as possible from his terrible visitant. He must have thought the other to be the "genuine Simon Pure," came to punish him for his false pretences in making believe to be a denizen of the spirit world whilst he was yet in the flesh, and so poaching unlawfully on what was by right and title the proper domain of the ghostal tribe!

In his hurry and haste to avoid this avenging spectre, however, poor Sam, naturally, did not see me standing in front of the cave blocking the entrance, nor had I time to get out of his way, so as to avoid the impetuous rush he made for the opening.

The consequences may be readily surmised.

He came against me full butt, and we both tumbled to the ground headlong together all of a heap.

Sam thereupon imagined that the terrible apparition was clutching him, and that his last hour had come.

"Oh, golly! de debbel's got me, de debbel's got me fo' suah!" he roared out in an agony of terror, clawing at my clothes and nearly tearing the shirt off my back in his attempts to regain his feet, as we rolled over and over together down the decline towards the shore. "Lor', a mussy! Do forgib me dis time, massa duppy, fo' play-aetin at ghostesses, an' I promises nebber do so no moah! O Lor'! O Lor'! I'se a gone niggah! Bress de Lor,' fo' ebbah an' ebbah! Amen!"

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

CHAPTER XL

I make a friend of Katam, the lame boat-keeper—He buys my old shoes, and loses by the transaction—My "aidu" much astonishes Katam—I pay a long price for a seat in a sampan—Katam is treacherous, and comes to a terrible end—I reach Maday, and fall into strange company.

FOR many weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter, my life was spent in a manner extremely wretched and monotonous. The "rainy season" set in, and the weather was so uncertain that the big prahu did not venture out to sea, but lay on the beach under cover of a great reed-thatched shed.

At first there was employment enough for us slaves in scraping and caulking the prahu, and repairing her sails, which, as with those of the prahus of Magindano, were made of skins of animals or grass matting. When that job was accomplished, except for such domestic work as we could find, we were idle, and lounged about from morning till night, smoking when we could obtain tobacco, and now and then (for the chief, although a great ruffian, had a sort of blunt good-nature) indulging in a boose of palm-wine.

But, as the reader may easily imagine, I grew daily more and more disgusted with my present mode of living, and lay awake of nights hours after my fellow-lodgers were happily snoring, turning over in my mind how it would be possible for me to escape. But, unless I had possessed the power of flying, this seemed hopeless, at least for the present, for there was no means even of attempting so daring a thing, except by a sampan, and just now the waves were so unruly that so shallow a vessel could not live a quarter of an hour among them; and even had the sea been calm I should have been in but little better plight, for the keeper of the prahus (the ugly lame man whom I had caught peeping over the rock) was most particular, as the evening approached, to go down to the beach and make all secure, carrying the paddles up to the chief's house, and this not so much because there existed any suspicion that any slave would endeavour to make his escape, as to prevent the fellows going out in the boats for their sport.

Yet, from a slave's point of view, I had less cause for grumbling than any man amongst them, as not one of them was so favoured. Not by the chief, however, nor any of the people immediately about him; for although, at first, and when the story of my singular introduction to the prahu became generally known, I was an object of some curiosity, at the end of a week even this subsided, and the chief would often pass me with my helmet on his head and my gold rings on his legs without deigning to cast a single glance at me. Only in one instance did he show me the slightest favour, and that was when, for decency's sake, I made myself a sort of cloak of softened bark, and which everybody about me persisted that the chief would strip from my shoulders the moment he caught me wearing the ridiculous thing. It turned out that he did not do so. He merely regarded me with comical surprise, and, bursting into a loud fit of laughter, bade me stand still while he fetched

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his wife, whose covering was by no means super-abundant, and who laughed as loudly as her husband; nevertheless, that was the extent of their notice of my new cloak, and after that I was allowed to wear it without molestation.

To return, however, to the point of digression. I have said that I was more favoured and enjoyed more advantages than other slaves, and so I did, and at the hands of the ugly lame man, of all people in the world. He was not without some sort of authority on the island, and was privileged to set the slaves to work whenever and however he pleased, and, on one excuse or another, he would always have me about him, either at his house or down on the beach among the shipping. He gave me tobacco, let me sit by his fire, and very often divided his comfortable dinner with me. He seemed uneasy when I was away from him, and often, when I thought myself alone, I would see the strange fellow spying me from an unsuspected spot, and taking the greatest interest in anything I might be doing. To what I was indebted for his politeness and good-will I did not know, and was the more surprised at it, since to every one else he was surly and malicious, and often got a fellow a flogging he did not deserve.

At last I was furnished with a key to the mystery. One evening, while I was sitting with him in his hut, he got up, and, fetching several sticks of tobacco, laid them before me, and made signs (the reader will remember that all this time I had feigned to be dumb) that they should be mine in exchange for—what?—for my sandals!

The paltry things were not worth a single one of the several sticks of tobacco he offered for them—no, not a single pipeful even; they were, indeed, so completely worn out that scarcely a day passed, that did not find me cobbling them in some way; it was only that very morning that I had pondered whether it would be worth while to put them on again. Under these circumstances I made no scruple, since he had made me so liberal an offer, to part with my sandals, and, pulling them off, immediately gave them to him.

His conduct on receiving them was even more perplexing than had been his offer to purchase them. He did not attempt to fit them on—he immediately began to tear them to tatters, tearing fiercer and with more impatience as he the more nearly demolished them, till at last, when they were quite reduced to flinders, he flung them from him, and stood stamping furiously and regarding me with the deepest malice. When, however, he found that his fuming had no effect on me, but that, having filled my pipe from my newly-acquired stock of tobacco, I regarded him through the clouds of it with apparent calmness, he presently checked his passion and again sat down beside me, and affected to laugh in a shamefaced way at his own folly. Nevertheless, and even while he laughed, he muttered, thinking that I could not hear him—

“Curse him! how shall I find him out? How shall I discover the antu that makes him gold and pearls?”

It was fortunate that my tobacco was in full blast, and that at that instant I was able to emit a cloud that completely hid my astonished face from his view. It was all clear enough now. In his barbarous state it seemed miraculous that I should be found possessed of such wealth, and he could arrive at no other conclusion than that my *antu*, or good genius, had provided me with it, and that I had more concealed about me. He had seen me, on the very first night of my landing, busy with my sandals, and, no doubt, had ever since yearned to possess them.

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Being so constantly on the alert to discover a means of escaping from my present wretched condition, it was not to be wondered at that the cherished topic now presented itself instantly to my mind. The lame boat-keeper was greedy for wealth; I was possessed of it; how would the lame boat-keeper serve me if I made him a rich present? Nothing, however, could be done while I persisted in remaining mute, so, resolving at once on active measures, I addressed my companion while the hazy curtain of smoke was still about me.

"I know thy thoughts, O Katam!" (the native name for a crab, and, doubtless, conferred on the boat-keeper on account of his lameness)—"I know thy thoughts: speak them freely. They will not astonish me, though they be clothed in the loudest words, and not in whispers."

At the first sound of my voice Katam bounded to his feet, and, while I continued to address him, stood half out at the hut entrance, with his knees shaking and his countenance expressive of much astonishment and fear, and he held his fingers in his ears as though my voice had been loud as thunder; and, truly, to myself it sounded strangely gruff and harsh after my long silence. Evidently Katam was much more inclined to run off and spread the news that the dumb slave had found his speech than to stay and converse with me; but for him to adopt the former course was the very last thing I desired.

"Sit down, Katam," said I, "and tell me how my 'antu' can serve you."

The words in an instant banished Katam's terror. He hobbled back, and, crouching down close to me, whispered hurriedly—

"It can make me rich; it can carry me far away from this accursed place. Let it do both these things, and ask of me anything—my right hand even—and I will freely yield it to you." But I shook my head.

"Truly," said I, "my antu is very powerful, but I cannot command it to serve another. It cannot serve even me to the extent of carrying me whither I like to go, or you may depend, my Katam, my first hour on this island would have been the last."

Katam was silent for a little time, and at last said he slowly—

"Is it your antu's wish that you should stay on this island?"

"So far from it," I replied, "my antu would be grateful to any one who would help me to escape. I have no doubt that my antu would behave very handsomely to any one who would help me."

"What would be the reward? Would it give such a one gold rings?"

"It would do more; it would give him pearls of great size, and diamonds," I answered him.

Katam's eyes sparkled with delight, but, with a strong endeavour to mask his emotion, he shook his head, and answered coldly—

"It is so easy to talk. Pearls of great size and diamonds do not fall with the rain. It is dew, not diamonds, one sees shining on the leaves."

"True," replied I; "but it is no easier for an antu to talk than to do. To talk, in fact, is to do. Tell me, Katam, if a man went out to-morrow night, which could he most easily find—a big sampan, sound, and such as would keep out the sea, with her paddles and enough of food and water aboard of her, on the beach, and ready to launch in an instant?—would it be easier, if one set out to-morrow night to make search, to find this, or big pearls and diamonds sprinkled over the earth, and ready to the hand of such as chose to pick them up?"

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Katam was so bewildered by the riddle, that, regarding me intently for a few moments, he rose, and, after looking out this way and that outside the hut, came in again, and pulled the mat securely over the entrance; then he deliberately lit his pipe, and, without saying a word, sat smoking for at least two minutes. Then said he—

"There are so many words to your riddle that I have lost some of them. Tell them over again."

Once more I slowly put my riddle to Katam. His answer was worthy of his cunning nature.

"At night," said he, "such nights as we now have, it is very dark, so that, even though the sampan lay all ready, as you say, on the beach, it could not be seen—that is, without a light. Little diamonds give little light; big diamonds show a great light. If there were many big diamonds lying near, the sampan might be seen."

So far it was evident that the lame boat-keeper understood me. To be sure, to hear him talk of the light of "big diamonds" as though they were common tallow dips was very preposterous, still, if I could only carry my point to a certain extent, he might be brought to his senses with the means at my disposal. Since the negotiation had proceeded so far, had it been an Englishman, or even a Scotchman, with whom I had to deal, I should have thought myself justified in dropping metaphor, and resorting to plain business language; but my long experience at Magindano showed me that such a course is quite impracticable with a Bornean, so the next step had to be discussed in the same roundabout terms as the preceding one.

Said I, "But suppose my antu spread its pearls and diamonds, and looked in vain through the darkness to find a sampan on the shore?"

"Ah?" said Katam interrogatively.

"Then," continued I, "the jewels would be jewels no longer, but only stones of evil; and whoever picked them up would die before the morning. My antu is terrible when angry."

"It is very dark in the night under the shed where the sampans are," observed Katam. "Even I, who am so used to the place, could not find my way there to bring out a sampan, unless I carried a light in my hand. A small light might do, but without a light I am sure that even I could not accomplish such a thing."

I seemed to reflect awhile, and then said—

"There is truth in what you say, Katam, and it seems to me that a soft light would be better than one that shone too fiercely. A big pearl would shed just the light required."

"Yes, yes," replied he eagerly, "that would do. Ah! how easy it is to talk!"

By this time it had grown quite dark, and, being very eager to clinch the bargain with Katam, I rose to my feet when he made this last observation, saying carelessly—

"Let us go out and find this lamp with the soft light."

With his superstitious mind but half convinced, full of avarice and fear, the lame boat-keeper followed me out of the hut into the darkness, and as I made my way to my treasure-spot he hobbled in my rear. I need not say that I knew to the breadth of an inch where each pearl lay; and though, there being no moon, it was too dark to make out a man's figure at a distance of a dozen yards, I presently found myself standing immediately over the smallest of my jewels. I did not at

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once pick it up, however, but stood still with folded arms, and, while Katam looked tremblingly on, uttered some commonplace sentence in the English tongue with great deliberation and solemnity. Katam was the first to break the stillness which followed.

"Let me go back to my house," said he timidly; "you can bring me the lamp with the soft light for which you have called on your antu; your antu might be displeased to see me; I will go away."

And he was for sneaking off, when I stopped him.

"My antu is invisible," said I, laughing; "it has been, and it has gone again."

"And the lamp!" exclaimed Katam eagerly; "it did not bring the lamp! You have deceived me!"

But I had been quietly grubbing up the soil under which the pearl was buried with my toes, and now, stooping down, suddenly picked up "the lamp with the soft light," and placed it in his hand without a word. The effect was almost magical. He turned the pearl over and over in his hands, he laid it on his tongue, he held it close to his eyes, all the time muttering, and mumbling, and crowing with delight as a child might; then he suddenly turned and darted off at a speed that I should have thought impossible, considering how much shorter was one of his legs than the other, and made for his hut, with me after him; he reached it first, however, by a long way, and when I got in there he was lying flat on his belly by the fire, devouring his beautiful prize with rapturous glances.

"Does the lamp with the soft light please you, Katam?" I asked. "With such a lamp may a sampan be found on a dark night?"

"By the light of such a lamp, O my brother," replied Katam enthusiastically, "a fleet of sampans might be found—a fleet of sampans all laden to the brim with honey, and rice, and tamarinds; it is a star—nay, it is as lovely as a moon!"

And, laying the gleaming pearl on his clasped hands, the idolatrous Katam, as he lay, rolled his forehead over it from side to side. Suddenly, however, it seemed to enter his mind that he was doing an unwise thing in making all this fuss about a single pearl when they were to be had in profusion at so cheap a rate, for he presently got up from before the fire, and, affecting to handle the jewel indifferently, observed—

"It is not the little lamp which makes me so glad, my brother; such things are common enough; our chief has thousands of them" (the lying rascal!). "I am glad that my brother has shown me that he speaks what is true. To-morrow night the sampan shall be ready to carry you away, and before you go we will take a basket and gather it full of pearls and diamonds, with which you will ask your good antu to strew the earth. We must take care, though, that we leave none lying about," continued the greedy old fellow; "we won't leave one even so little as a rice-grain."

But this arrangement did not suit me at all. Despite his fair behaviour to me, I knew Katam to be a treacherous villain, and even had it been in my power to have provided him with a "basketful" of jewels, it was more than doubtful if he would have kept his part of the bargain respecting the sampan. So I shook my head very gravely at his suggestion, and told him plainly that my antu allowed nobody but myself to see the pearls and diamonds he sprinkled on the earth, and that, therefore, it would be useless for him to think of accompanying me to gather them. That there was only one way to manage the affair, and this was it: he

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should get ready the sampan at the hour agreed, when I would steal out of the hut where I slept, and, picking up the jewels as I walked along, hide them all together in a certain spot, whence he might fetch them as soon as he had seen me fairly off. Nor did I make the proposition without honourable intentions; I should have so left my other two big pearls for him, and those, with the one he had already in hand, would have made a very handsome reward, as, no doubt, he himself would have thought when he had got rid of his ridiculous notion of pearls by the basketful; indeed, I should have made him the offer of the two jewels in a straightforward manner, had I not foreseen that, in his present mood, the proposition would have been met by higgling and delay, which was the one thing I was anxious to avoid.

Katam, however, did not seem to see the force of my amendment to his proposal; being a rogue himself, doubtless he had visions of me making off and leaving him in the lurch. Said he presently—

“Where would my brother go in his sampan?”

It seemed absurd to run away from a place and not know where you were going, so I answered vaguely—

“To an island in the North.”

He reflected a few moments, and then, to my surprise, said—

“I, too, will go; I am tired of this place; I will make ready a two-man sampan to-morrow in the middle of the night, and we will go to this Northern island together.”

The proposition seemed simple enough; indeed, it should rather have pleased me than otherwise, for there was much more chance for what Katam called a “two-man” sampan in crossing to another island than for one of a smaller sort; but, endeavour to conceal it how he might, there was that about Katam’s eyes which boded no good. But I affected to fall in with the scheme readily enough, at the same time hinting that, since we were to journey together, I need not invoke my aunt to send the pearls and diamonds until we landed; but at this Katam’s visage fell, and, after much meaningless fencing, he bluntly refused to have anything to do with the business unless the jewels were carried away with us; therefore there was nothing left but to agree, though I did so with much misgiving.

I had made Katam a box to hold his tobacco—a common square little box with a shut-over lid, and before I left him he gave it to me as a handy thing to put the pearls and diamonds in.

As was arranged, I did not meet Katam through the whole of the following day, and at night retired to rest with my companions in the ordinary way. When I had lain about three hours, however, I crept stealthily out of the hut, and, making straight for the spot, disinterred my two pearls and the diamond, and, first half-filling Katam’s box with pebbles, placed the jewels on the top, and, concealing the box under my bark cloak, hastened down to the beach.

To my delight, Katam was at least so far faithful; there was the “two-man” sampan, and in it was a jar of water and some provisions rolled in a mat. Katam himself was there, very anxious and frightened, and evidently only kept up by the prospect of the vast reward in store for him.

“Quick!” said he. “You have the diamonds and the pearls?”

I shook the box for his satisfaction.

“Yes, yes,” said he; “but no man can know a diamond by its rattle; show me.”

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With pretended impatience that he should doubt me, I lifted the box lid sufficiently to admit my finger and thumb, and, taking out my big yellow diamond, held it on the palm of my hand, where it lay flashing luridly. Katam clasped his great hands and caught his breath at the glorious sight, and made a snatch at it; but I was too quick for him, and clapped it in the box again and shut the lid.

"There will be time enough for you to examine them when we are out of danger," said I, and tucked the box under my arm.

"Yes, yes," said Katam, "when we are out of danger. Quick! jump in! Let us get out of danger."

As I stepped aboard the sampan, I saw lying at the bottom, and only half-concealed by the mat, one of those formidable short clubs, made of stone, and with a bamboo handle, previously mentioned in this narrative. Catching it up, said I—

"How thoughtful of you, good Katam, to provide some weapons in case we are attacked!"

Katam uttered a passionate growl, which he turned off to an inoffensive grunt as he pushed off the sampan and pretended not to have heard the remark I had made. Nevertheless, when I took my seat at the paddle, I let the stone club rest handily between my legs. Presently, however, I discovered that the savage's cunning had outdone mine own, for he had manoeuvred so that I had the foremost seat, and my back was towards him. The box containing the jewels I placed at the bottom of the boat, and rested my feet on it.

On we sped farther and farther out to sea, and all in the pitchy darkness. Never in all my life had I felt my position so critical. That Katam meditated treachery I had no doubt, and it could be but of one sort—drowning me, and appropriating the contents of the little box, which, according to his calculations, was chokefull of pearls and precious stones. Truly the temptation was enormous, and I could not avoid the unpleasant reflection that, in so unscrupulously exaggerating the power of my arm, I had set a trap for my own snaring. My only chance seemed to be that Katam would repent his malicious resolution; my possession of the club I thought might tend to alter his previous views, for as unarmed men face to face I was much his superior—that is, if there is anything in height, and breadth, and youth—but the worst of it was, we were *not* face to face, and any moment he might fetch me a clout across my bare head with the paddle which would at once put me at his mercy. So all I could do was to keep my ears well open for any suspicious movement behind me, and keep myself as cool and self-possessed as possible.

I tried to engage Katam in conversation, but he would not talk, cutting short my very first effort with the remark that a man's voice might be heard a long way on the water, and that I had better be silent. So we kept on till we were at least two miles from the shore, and I had begun to think that, after all, I had been oversuspicious, when swift as a flash of lightning came the long-expected assault from behind; not at my head, however, but at my lower extremities—such a tremendous lunge with Katam's lame leg that I was lifted fairly out of the sampan into the sea. In the scramble, however, I instinctively grasped at what I supposed was the box; but it was not—it was the stone club; and with it fast grasped in my fist I sank deep down.

My lucky stars be thanked, however, I could swim like a duck, or, what is precisely the same thing, like a Dyak; and, despite the encumbrance of the club in

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my right hand, I rose speedily to the surface with the intention of clamboring into the sampan and taking speedy vengeance on the villainous Katam; but, to my surprise, I could not see any signs either of the rascal or the sampan that had so lately contained him. At last, however, casting my eyes about me, I spied the boat, bottom upwards, about twenty yards away, and moving away at a rate that at once told me how matters stood. Katam was at the other side of it, swimming with one arm and pushing the sampan with the other. Doubtless the villain thought to sheer off and leave me easily enough by adopting this trick, but it happened to be one with which my residence at Magindano had made me very familiar; and, sticking the club-handle at the waist of my drawers, I shot after the boat faster than I ever swam before or since.

Purposely, too, I swam quietly; and, as he was not a neat swimmer, and puffed and blew considerably, besides making more splashing than a man whose legs were of a length, the noise he made quite covered mine; and I arrived at this side, as I may say, without him, who was on the other, suspecting it in the least. So we kept on for several hundred yards, and then he stopped (as did I), and listened carefully. Finding that no cry or any sort of sound broke the stillness, the rascal could not forbear giving vent to a diabolical chuckle, and proceeded to right the sampan. The side he was on, however, did not suit his purpose, so he came round to my side—that is, he was coming, but it was his fate never to get there. It was a wicked thing to do, but I humbly submit that the provocation was very great. He had deliberately planned my death—had armed himself with a club the more certainly to despatch me. Now this very weapon it was which was turned against him. I saw his ugly head just turning the corner, and——

The cry Katam uttered was not one of pain, but of unmitigated horror and consternation. The hand that pushed the sampan along had likewise upheld a paddle and the coveted box, and as he threw up his arms these articles were spun in the air, the box falling so close to me that it seemed sheer ingratitude not to secure it, even at the loss of the club, which, after the work it had lately done, I was by no means loth to part with. With little trouble I righted the sampan and secured the paddle, and then I sat for a very long and a very solemn time waiting for Katam to make his appearance, expecting each moment to see the surface of the smooth dark water broken through by his woolly head. But no such thing happened, and I presently paddled off.

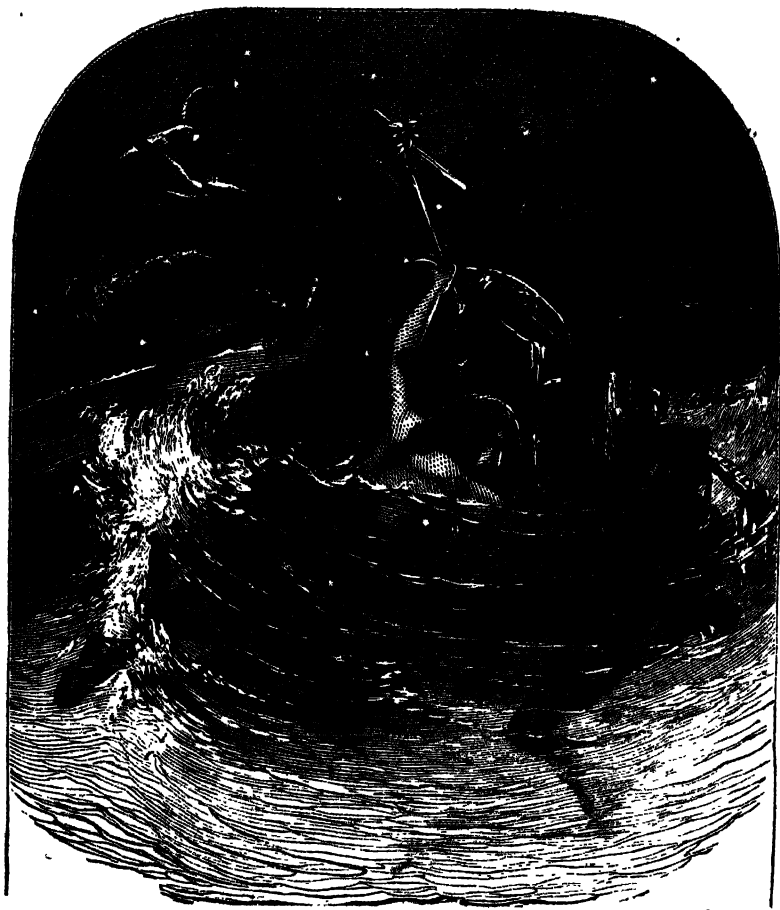
Whither? A blind man in the midst of a wilderness could not have been more completely helpless than was I; indeed, such was my case, for what a dismal wilderness the sea is can only be known to those unlucky ones whose lot, like mine, it has been to be cast in a little boat flat on the face of it, as it were, and all environed by the black shadows of night; and surely it were no worse to be blind than to be possessed of sight where nothing may be seen. Mine was a strait in which there was but one course to pursue—to humbly place myself in the hands of Him who can make the ocean's bosom as comfortable and secure for a man's resting as the pillows of his bed at home; and this course I did pursue, paddling along steadily and swiftly, and as often with my eyes shut as not.

My prayers were not unheeded; for just as the grey of morning was appearing, so that my eyes could be of use to me, I looked about, and there, to my great delight, I saw land, and so close that, although it was not nearly light, I could make out hills and trees, and when I lay on my paddle and listened I could hear

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the waves breaking on the shore as softly and easily almost as against a landing-stairs on the Thames. This was very fortunate, for I knew that a great part of the Bornean coast was rocky and precipitous, and I might have chanced on a dozen spots without finding one where it would be possible to land without danger.

I pulled to shore, and in my first sensations of delight at finding myself once more on *terra firma*, and a free man, I was for running off and leaving the sampan



Katam, coming to my aid, is sent out of the world.

to its fate; but, on second thoughts, I returned and hauled it up high and dry, and, climbing into a tree near at hand, made for the topmost branches, and to them secured my paddle by means of a strip torn from my bark cloak, and thus provided a serviceable guiding-post to direct me should I have occasion to retrace my steps. As for my three jewels, as there was no use in burdening myself with Katam's box for their accommodation, I made a little parcel of them and secured them at my waist, and threw the box away. How purely a matter of comparison is human happiness! As chief councillor to a prince I had been often very

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miserable, and yet here I was, hungry and nearly naked, on a shore whose inhabitants might, for all I knew to the contrary, be cut-throats to a man—nay, cannibals even—stepping along with as light a heart as though nothing but happiness was before me.

When I had penetrated a quarter of a mile or so into this new country, I found that the wood grew more dense, so that, although the sun was by this time well risen, the shadows of the great trees on every side made a twilight like evening. Truly it was a lovely place. All about me, among the branches, birds of dazzling plumage, just awakened from their nests, busied themselves with their young, and made the air alive with their melody, while clustering about the great trunks in vast bushes were flowers the like of which I had never seen before, and which, only that the researches of modern botanists have confirmed their existence, the reader might very reasonably suspect were never seen at all. Let the reader imagine a bush, symmetrical in shape, and with leaves of the most vivid green, all hung about with wondrous lidded cups of such lovely shape that the like never left a goldsmith's hands, and of the colours of the rainbow—scarlet, pearly white, ethereal blue, delicate lilac, and gorgeous purple—and all blending to make a spectacle most dazzlingly splendid. Nor were they *little* cups, or rather vases, or flagons—indeed, I know not how to call them; they were of large size, large enough to have held twelve bottles of wine, I should say (it would have been a sin to have filled such glorious vessels with a meaner liquid), and, as I said before, furnished each with a lid, hinged at the back and standing more than half open, of the daintiest apple-green itself, and reflecting the soft ruddiness of the cup's interior. It might have been the rarest Burgundy the lid reflected; but, peeping in, I found it nothing but water sparkling like crystal, and that it was the cup's rich lining which gave tone to the reflection.

I was weary from my hard night's work, and very thirsty. I sat down by one of these lovely chalcices—for they grew very low—and, taking it in my hands, quaffed of the cool nectar till I was satisfied. This, and the flesh of a ripe coconut picked fresh from the tree, made me a breakfast not to be despised, and, much refreshed, I once more set off.

I had walked two hours at least (taking care, by means of breaking branches and other devices, to provide a track by which to return), and was beginning to think that it was useless to venture farther, when all of a sudden I heard the sound of human voices, and, finding that the owners were coming towards me, I climbed into a tree, that I might see what sort of customers they were, and whether it would be advisable to place myself in their hands.

By the number of voices the company approaching was evidently very numerous, and, if I might judge by their laughter and cheerful talk, not bound on any very serious business. At last they came in sight, and I was able from my roosting-place to count eleven men—nine, and two who seemed by their dress to be persons in authority. Each one bore in his hand a sumpitan, and they seemed to be engaged in the sport of shooting the small black monkeys which abounded in the trees, and the skins of which, doubtless, were used, as in Magindano, in the manufacture of girdles and headresses.

From my first glimpse of them I had made up my mind to make myself known, for never before had I seen savages whose looks I liked so well, or who, from their decent manners and attire, promised such agreement with the habits of civilised

folk. But I was presently spared even this trouble, for the quick eye of one of the huntsmen presently espied me; he pointed me out to the rest, and in a moment at least half-a-dozen sumpitans were directed at me, each one, as I knew, containing an arrow tipped with poison enough to strike me with death, though it only hit my little finger. So, as loud as I could, I called, "Netu! netu!" (Wait! wait!) and waved my arms to let them see that I was a man, and not an orang-outang, as they, no doubt, at first suspected.

It was evident that my appearance caused them some dismay; for, though they numbered eleven, and could have had no dread of an attack from a single man, it possibly occurred to them that I might be the scout of a party lying in ambush; nor would they, until they had taken counsel among themselves, allow me to come down out of the tree to explain. As often, indeed, as I attempted to descend, I found myself covered by a sumpitan, and so thought it prudent to be quiet.

After a palaver of about ten minutes' duration, however, they retired to an open space some fifty yards from my tree, and then beckoned me to come to them. This I did with my hands open and held over my head, in token of peace and goodwill; nevertheless, as soon as I came within their reach, they seized and bound me very securely, and then, as though satisfied with the "game" they had captured, trooped off at a smart pace, carrying me with them.

In the custody of two men, who walked one on each side of me, we brought, up the rear of the small procession, and, finding that my custodians were inclined for conversation (though in so low a whisper that their masters, who were in front, might not hear), I very readily joined in, and gave them as much as I thought prudent of my most recent adventures, and how I came to their island. In return, they informed me that the island I was on was Maday, and that the two dignitaries in front were Orang Kalu, who ruled there, and his brother, Orang Sapasis, who was only on a visit to the island, and who was a very great man indeed, being governor of Mompara, an extensive island about thirty miles distant, and renowned for its gold mines and its pearl fishery. I ventured to inquire what would be my probable fate, and was informed that that was a matter Orang Kalu and his brother would settle between them—that, being found on Maday, I was the property of the ruler of that place; but that, most likely, as Orang Sapasis was the owner of many slaves, and was always ready to pay a good price for them, I should be packed off to Mompara. So that it seemed certain that, though my life was tolerably sure on the one hand, on the other I was doomed to slavery; and I could not forbear sighing bitterly, and wondering if ever I should regain my beloved country, from which I had now been estranged so many weary years.

After a walk of an hour we came upon the village, which, although smaller than Magindano, was equally well built, and, indeed, in its shape and general appointments, very much resembled it. The inhabitants of this place seemed of a milder nature than those I had hitherto met; the women stood at the doors of their huts and looked, I thought, almost pitifully at me as I was led along,—even the children seemed less spitefully inclined than usual, and one youngster who picked up a stone and threw it at me, was, I was glad to see, promptly seized and slapped by his mother. Although the disposition of the villagers would make but little

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difference in my position, their evidence of good will cheered me a good deal, and I somehow felt inclined to look more hopefully to the future than I had hitherto done.

CHAPTER XII.

I find a new master, and become a pearl-fisher—My hoarded pearls do me good service—Tangah, the driver, attempts a swindle, which costs him his life—I become a great man at Mompah—My joyful deliverance and return to my native land.

AS I had anticipated this interview with the Orangs Kalu and Sapasis, I had, while in the hut, pondered whether I should make known to them my entire history, and appeal to their generosity to help me to make my way to England; but I could not help reflecting that there were many difficulties in the way. At that time, the Dyaks, as a nation, knew no distinction between Frenchmen and Englishmen and Portuguese; they were all classed under the hated catalogue of "white men," the daring invaders of their territory, the assailers of their prahus, the owners of the mighty ship of war which, by a single roar of its great cannon, could mow down fleets of sampans and blow to atoms forts that it had been the labour of years to build. Under such circumstances, then, it was not advisable to appeal for mercy to my captors on the score that I was an Englishman. Truly, I might have demanded my liberty, and warned them of the terrible vengeance my countrymen would take if they discovered that I was detained against my will; but I had had experience enough of Dyak manners to know that, if they saw any difficulty in this direction, they would, without any scruple, by making me shorter by a head, effectually spoil all chances of my identity.

Again, if it had seemed politic to have declared my nationality, it would have been no easy matter to have convinced them of it, for certainly I was, at that time, the brownest "white man" the sun ever tanned; indeed, I had seen many natives (for, as among more delicate-skinned folk, there are fair and dark among the Dyaks) who were of even lighter complexion than myself. True, I wore a beard—a facial decoration seldom or never indulged in by a Sea Dyak. Since I had lost the services of poor Tom Cox, who used to perform for me the office of hair-cutter by means of a knife and a hammer and a little block of wood, my hair had grown to a preposterous length, and, for convenience' sake, I was wont to bundle it up and secure it in a knot behind—very much, in fact, after the Sea Dyak fashion; so that in this again I might have been a Bornean. Of course there were differences which, to an educated eye, would distinguish me at once from a Dyak; my face was not of the Bornean type, my limbs were not of that spiderish cut so peculiar to Polynesian islanders, and, notwithstanding the hardships I had undergone, I might without disadvantage have measured shoulders and chest against the biggest man on the island.

When I was led into the chief house I found Orang Kalu and his brother reclining on their mats and smoking, while behind each was a slave with a palm-leaf fan to keep the flies from disturbing his repose. For full five minutes they did not condescend to notice me, but continued to smoke in silence. To a man in my position, who expected, at least, to create in the breasts of his captors enough

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of interest to make them inquisitive as to who he might be and whence he came, to be so treated was a little annoying, and put me on my mettle to observe as calm and indifferent a mien as possible. Orang Kalu was the first to break silence.

"How came you in that tree?" asked he.

"I climbed into it," replied I.

"Where do you come from?"

"Magindano."

"How?"

"In a sampan."

"That is impossible," said Orang Kalu; "a man could not carry enough of food and drink in a sampan to carry him so great a distance. It is evident you are a liar, as all slaves are. Have you been used to field labour?"

"No."

"Can you weave?"

"No."

"Bah! he is both useless and a liar. You are welcome to him, Sapasis."

Sapasis merely yawned and nodded, and the fellows who had brought me in took me out again, and there was an end of the business; and I became the property of the chief of Mompara, who thought so little of his new acquisition that he did not think it worth a simple thank-ye!

"Your master is angry," I remarked to one of my gaolers.

"No," replied he; "he is always as you now see him. His calmness is wonderful—only less wonderful, indeed, than that of his brother."

This, at least, was consolatory. Under such a master the meanest slave could not fail to have easy times; and, with this morsel of cold comfort for a pillow, I flung myself on the rushes with which the hut to which I was taken back was strewed, and fell into a sleep, from which I did not awake till I was roused and informed that Orang Sapasis was about setting out for the prahu which was to carry me home to Mompara. With more wretched indifference than I had ever before experienced, I followed my conductor to the spot where Sapasis's fellows were assembled; I fell into the procession, which made its way to the beach, and thence to the prahu which was moored there.

Early the next morning we reached Mompara, and certainly Kalu's people had not exaggerated when they called it a large and important place. A long time before we reached it, it was easy to see the long row of huts that were erected close down to the shore, while, further inland, taller buildings could be made out, with countless columns of smoke, significant of preparations for breakfast, and adding to the homely aspect of the place. There was one circumstance, however, which I could not account for, and which set not only my heart but my stomach—which was, I assure the reader, at this time not at all fastidious—against Mompara and all its belongings. The wind blew off the shore, and bore towards us such an intolerable stench, as of fish in the last stage of decay, that I was fain to clap my hand over my nose and mouth and keep it there. Nobody else, however, on board appeared to notice it, and even the luxurious Sapasis himself stood, with perfect serenity, on the deck, with his eyes, and consequently his nose, towards the island. The rising smoke having turned my thoughts breakfastward, I could not but associate the horrid smell with cookery. At Magindano rotten eggs were esteemed delicious, and pork considered to be improved by hanging a day or two in

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the sun. Here, then, was the same odious taste in another shape—stinking fish was the staple food of the Mompara islanders!

As may be easily guessed, these reflections tended not at all to raise me from my melancholy, and I was agreeably surprised to find that in this last surmise at least I was mistaken as to the habits of the people I was doomed to sojourn amongst. As we neared the shore the cause of the stench manifested itself in the shape of many enormous heaps of oyster-shells, which, from their colour, evidently served for the graves, as they had served for the living abodes, of their inhabitants. I had forgotten all about what the Maday men had told me about Sapasis's pearl-fishing, but this was evidently the scene of the pearl-fishers' labours. "One thing is certain," then said I to myself sagaciously, "I shall never be a pearl-fisher; or if I am forced to the work it will not last long: the stench would kill me in a week." I wonder what would have been my sensations had some one whispered into my ear at that moment, "But you *will* become a pearl-fisher, and so far from the stench of the rotting oysters killing you in a week, you will presently grow so used to it as not to notice it as even unpleasant; you will remain on this island as a pearl-getter for ten years or more, and win renown thereby." Had any "little bird" whispered such a preposterous thing I certainly should not have believed it, but so it came about, and in a manner which I will presently relate.

To return, however, to my first introduction to Mompara. As the prahu neared land, the inhabitants came trooping out of the huts and out of the town beyond—men, and women, and children. At a glance it was easy to see that they were not all Dyaks, for there were men with their faces carved and tattooed in a way never seen among Borneans, and men with billets of wood stuck through their under-lips and with rings through their noses, plainly bespeaking them Malays; and men with almond-shaped eyes and flat faces, and with pigtailed behind, who could be nothing but Chinese. But I looked in vain among the mob of faces to find one that was English or Portuguese, or French even; such a face was not to be seen. Still it was comforting to find in all these people of different countries the same amount of cheerfulness and clamorous delight to see their master return. Moreover, there was an air of content visible on the majority of countenances which could not have been falsely assumed; and though some of the mob were scarcely clothed at all, it seemed to be from choice rather than necessity; for there were others—evidently workers like the naked ones—who were clothed more decently than any people I had seen since I had left Magindano; this was especially observable among the Chinese, who all wore some sort of jacket and trousers, and a cap on their heads. There could not have been a less number of people on the beach than three or four hundred, exclusive of the children, who counted as many again; but this I afterwards found did not constitute a tenth part of the inhabitants, who were employed, far from the shore, in the fields and in the gold mines; indeed, with few exceptions, the whole of the men in sight were engaged in pearl-getting, and numbered about fifteen slaves to one free man.

So sickening was the stench on every side, that my stomach loathed the wholesome breakfast of rice and pork of which I might have partaken. Such an effect, indeed, did it have on me that I turned faint and giddy, and began to experience many sensations to which I had been a stranger since I was sea-sick in the hold of the ill-fated Margaret. I made no complaint, but presently became so ill that an old Chinese woman, compassionate my condition, took me to her house

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and made me up some sort of a bed, and, when I was somewhat better, prepared me a basin of broth, which, though it, like everything else to be met with on the island, was tainted with the odious fishy smell, was very comforting.

The gold mines, as I have before intimated, were situated at the farthest end of the island, and great was my anxiety to be taken there and set to work; for, besides the advantage of getting away from the polluted air I was now breathing, the notion of "working in a gold mine" was not without its attraction to my mind, which, despite the many hard realities it had encountered, was still susceptible of romance. I think I must have entertained a vague notion that a mine of gold was pretty much like a mine of coal, only, instead of the walls, and the roof, and the floor being sooty black, all was dazzling and resplendent, and gorgeously hazed by the sparkling cloud of gold-dust raised by the picks of the workmen.

The only alternative, should I be disappointed in my desire to be sent to the gold mines, appeared to me that I should be set at field work. Judge, then, of my surprise and horror when, in the course of the afternoon, I was sent for to come down to the beach where the rotting oysters were. "that the driver might show me my work," the messenger said.

Rebellion I knew would avail me nothing, so, fortifying my nerves with a good quid of tobacco, I followed the messenger down to where the business of pearl-seeking was in full operation.

At a glance it was easy to understand the nature of the loathsome trade—that is, as regards the finding the pearl in the oyster. All round about the pestiferous heaps previously mentioned squatted men and women, with a sort of shallow tub before them. In each tub a man who attended at the heap from time to time pitched a shovelful of oysters, and to this the owner of the tub added a measure of water. The pearl-hunter's business then was to dabble amongst the dreadful tubful—to wrench the shells asunder and let their contents escape into the water, or rather into the slimy mud, for so it became after a single stir of the pearl-seeker's hands. The shells parted from the dead fish; the former were thrown aside, leaving nothing in the tub but the putrid mass lying at the bottom. This the man then literally took in hand, taking it up in convenient bits and passing it carefully over the flat of one hand with the fingers of the other, so that it would be impossible for a pearl no bigger than the smallest seed to escape him.

The driver was sprawled on a heap of empty shells, smoking a great roughly-made cigar of native tobacco, and evidently keeping a much sharper eye on the operatives under his control than they suspected. As he was a Malay, I could not very readily follow his rapid nasal talk, but the substance of it was, alas! too easy to be misunderstood. I belonged to his gang, and must be there to-morrow morning with the rest. If I came to him in the evening he would provide me with a tub and a spoon, and then he would likewise instruct me as to the laws and regulations of the business. He had sent for me that afternoon, not to set me to work, but that I might have an opportunity of observing how it was done, and, by being enabled to go at it in the morning without bungling, save myself an acquaintance with the rattan he invariably carried with him.

Gladly would I, having received his instructions, have hurried away and refreshed my nearly stifled senses by a breath of comparatively sweet air; but part of the driver's commands was that I should stand and watch the washers and learn the way, so there was no help for it. It was easy enough to learn, however,

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and, with my customary inclination to "take the bull by the horns," as the saying is, I had a great mind to screw up my courage to such a pitch as to enable me to try my hand at a tubful on the spot, and it was only a fear that I might faint over the stench and fall headforemost into the tub that deterred me from the attempt.

Fortunate indeed was it that I did not try my hand that afternoon at pearl-fishing, and for this reason. After awhile the signal was given for the men to strike work, and then each gang ranged itself before the driver, who inspected them one at a time most minutely. Any article of clothing they wore he took off and shook; he passed his hand over their heads and ears, and with his forefinger, searched round the insides of their mouths, and all for the purpose of ascertaining whether they had concealed any of the treasure their tub might, in the course of the day, have yielded. Now, although I have of late made no mention of them, my two great pearls and my diamond lay snug enough in the waistband of my drawers, and, had I meddled with the tubs, more likely than not I, too, should have come under the driver's examination, with a result the reader may easily imagine.

The gang with which I found myself associated was composed of men of different countries, and, as is usual with communities of slaves, there was little of sympathy or good-fellowship amongst them. It seemed that one of the laws of the island was that, whenever a new slave was introduced into a gang, the whole gang should at once assist in building the new-comer a hut; and no sooner had my gang partaken of their evening meal than they at once set about hut-building on my account. The helpers were many, and the materials neither numerous nor elaborate, consisting, indeed, only of a score of rough boards, a bundle of reeds, and a couple of bushels of mud; so that in less than an hour my habitation was finished, and my unfriendly fellow-labourers at once departed, and left me to sit in it alone.

Of furniture my house contained not a single scrap, and it was while casting about for something to sit on (for I never could bring myself to adopt the Eastern method of squatting on the ground) that I bethought me of the washing-tub which was promised me, and resolved to go at once to the driver's house and fetch it.

Besides the tub and spoon (the latter an iron scoop-like instrument to scrape round the washing-tub), the driver gave me an iron pot, a bag of rice, some salt, some sugar, and a couple of dried fish something like cod in appearance, but not so large. This, I was informed, was my allowance for a week, except a bit of pork or beef I should get on the Wednesday. He likewise instructed me as to the laws by which the pearl-washers were governed, and which, though they occupied a long time in delivery, may be summed up as follow:—1. All the pearls in the sea belonged to the sultan, whose servant Sapis was, and to whom Sapis was responsible for an annual tribute of large pearls. 2. That it was death for a slave to conceal a pearl, however small its size. 3. That any slave who was fortunate enough to find a pearl of extraordinary size and beauty should be free from work for a whole year, and be fed and lodged, and provided with tobacco and palm wine in plenty, at the expense of Orang Sapis; but that if the pearl found should be of such great size as to cover the forefinger-nail, then the slave might demand his liberty, or his value in dollars.

As may be imagined, no part of the driver's harangue interested me so much as this last. How fortunate it was that I had been enabled to preserve my pearls! Why, the smallest of the two would cover, not only a man's finger-nail, but, if laid thereon, the entire top of his finger would be invisible!

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EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

X.

VISION AND OPTICAL ILLUSIONS (*continued*).

THE DIVIDED LINES.

We will now show an experiment of another kind which gives rise to some comment.

A divided space appears larger than when it is not divided. So thus in the cut (Fig. 57) one would say that the length $a b$ is equal to $b c$, while in reality $a b$ is longer than $b c$.

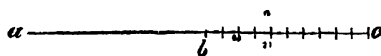


Fig. 57. $a b$ appears equal to $b c$.

The reader may satisfy himself of the exactitude of the measurement; when the lines are drawn on a larger scale the illusion is more striking. We recommend our readers to try the effect for themselves.

LINES AND ANGLES.

The illusions relative to parallel lines are appreciable when the distances to be compared take different directions. If we look at A

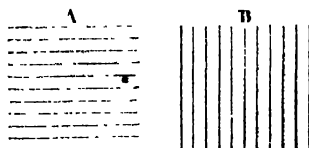


Fig. 58. A and B are perfect Squares.

and B (Fig. 58), which are both perfect squares, A appears higher than it is wide, and B appears wider than it is high.

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It is the same with angles. Look at Fig. 59. The angles 1, 2, 3, 4, are *right angles*, and ought to appear so when examined with both eyes. But 1 and 2 seem to be acute, and 3 and 4 obtuse angles. The illusion will be intensified if the diagram be looked at with the right eye.

Certain analogous illusions are daily presented to us. For instance, an empty room appears smaller than when furnished, a papered

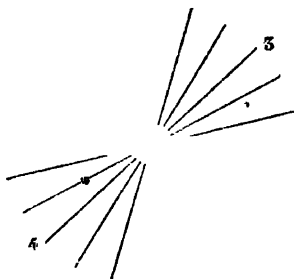


Fig. 59. The Angles 1-4 are equal.

wall appears larger than a naked wall, a dress striped crossways makes the wearer appear bigger than when the dress is striped downwards—lengthways.

THE HAT EXPERIMENT.

A simple amusement consists in requesting some one to measure the height of your hat on the wall from the floor. Generally the person addressed will indicate one and a half times the actual height if unacquainted with the trick. In drawing the illustration (Fig. 60) for this experiment we were astonished to find that the design reproduced the same illusion. The plinth in the illustration is exactly the same height as the hat, but one would scarcely think so when looking at the two objects. The measurement can be verified with a compass.

PARALLEL LINES CUT BY OBLIQUE LINES.

A learned professor named Zollner has carefully studied these interesting questions of optical illusions, and has published his observations, which are of great value. He has shown a certain number of designs formed by parallel lines cut in certain conditions by oblique lines. These lines produce a really curious effect, as may be judged by the illustrations (Fig. 61).

In the illustration A and B afford examples of this kind. The lines

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Fig. 60. "The Height of the Hat.

$a b$ and $c d$ are parallel, yet they appear to deviate, expanding at A and contracting at B. The effect is so strong that one will hardly admit the truth until the ruler proves the correctness of the drawing.

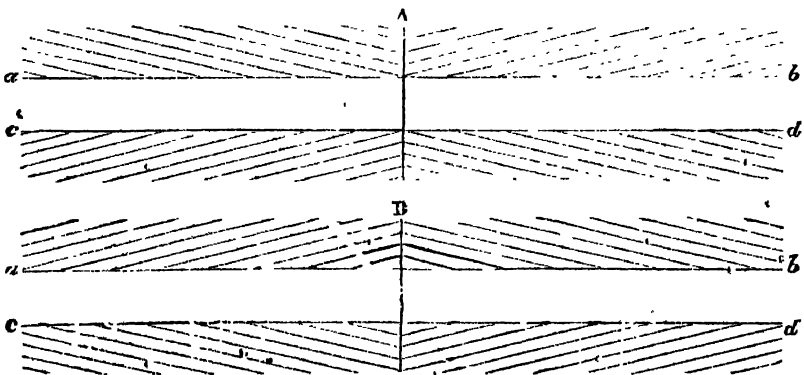


Fig. 61. The Horizontal Lines are perfectly Parallel, but appear to Deviate under the influence of the Oblique Lines.

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THE MAGIC RINGS.

The rings, which we reproduce from a photograph, give birth to a curious illusion, which may be included in the class of phenomena which we have been studying. These rings are made of metallic coils, each alternate "strand" being of a golden and silver hue, and brilliantly polished.

The rings are of equal diameters, the coils of equal thickness, and absolutely parallel. Now when we look at one of the rings sideways, the coils seem to come closer near the bottom, and the ring appears thinner there than at the top, and when the ring be turned round the

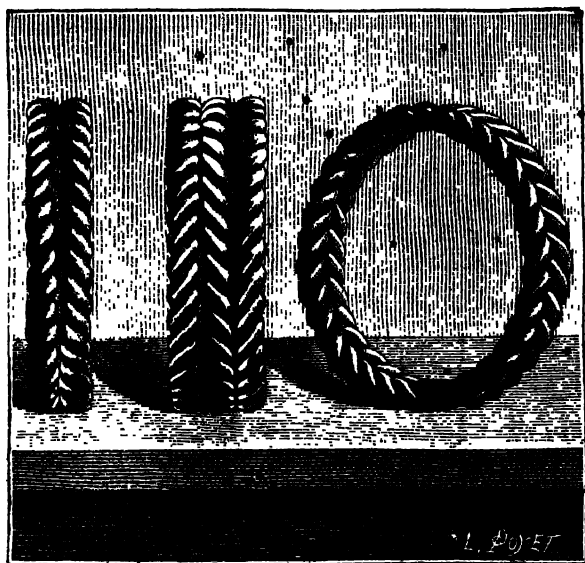


Fig. 62. The Magic Rings.

finger, the illusion is produced at the same point. The ring at the left of the illustration gives some notion of the illusion, but the effect much greater in the real ring.

In the three-coiled ring shown in the centre of the illustration the middle coil appears to lean aside, but the design does not reproduce the illusion as it is in actual practice. The right-hand ring merely shows the arrangement of the coils. It is not very easy to give an explanation of these facts.

The phenomenon is in great measure due to the reflection of the light on the rounded threads of the metallic coils. The light is reflected on the exterior border of the upper part, and in the middle of

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the coil in the lower part of the ring. The left-hand ring^c shows this plainly.

Other objects probably would facilitate the study of this illusion. Skeins of silk of various colours rolled round a hoop or ring would afford the same effect. It would be necessary to be careful in the blending of the colours so as to produce the proper result. By adopting this suggestion many amusing experiments may be attempted. But, in any case, the ring represented can be obtained at most jewellers' shops at a small cost, and the experiment may be tried.

PERSISTENCE OF IMPRESSIONS ON THE RETINA.

THE IMP ON THE CEILING.

This experiment, which can be performed with the aid of the next illustration, is one appertaining to the principle of persistence of im-



Fig 63. Figure for Experiment of Persistence of Impressions on the Retina.

pressions on the retina, to which must be added that of complementary colours.

Look steadily with both eyes at the white figure in the illustration, on a black ground, particularly keeping your gaze fixed on the band in the centre; then, just when your eyes are beginning to feel tired—say in half a minute—look up to the ceiling, and in a few seconds

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you will perceive the outline of the imp, in grey, on the ceiling, repeatedly.

This experiment will gain by being made in a strong light. If the imp, be *red* in the *silhouette* the impression will come out in *green*, which is the complementary colour of red. It is rather comical when a number of people try the experiment simultaneously, all with heads in the air waiting for the imp to appear. A card, such as the ace of hearts may replace the design, and instead of the ceiling, a sheet of white paper may be looked at after the figure has been studied. This experiment can be varied to any extent—a white, black, or green image will be reproduced in the complementary blue, white, or red. If painted green on a red ground the result will appear as red on green. The annexed illustration coloured will suffice for any experiments.



Fig. 64. The Mule Rigolo.

THE MULE RIGOLO. .

We have seen on the boulevards a very simple zoetroptic apparatus represented in the cut above (Fig. 64). It is composed of four panels

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of cardboard, mounted at a right angle around a hollow axis. This cardboard arrangement can be put on a vertical stem, fixed on a pedestal, on which it turns with ease. Each panel contains a zootropic design, and the impression of each figure on the retina gives the spectator the idea of a single figure with different action; at the different periods of a movement comprised between its extreme limits.



Fig. 65. The Silhouette Portraits.

THE SILHOUETTE PORTRAITS.

Take a large sheet of paper, black on one side and white on the other. Fix it by means of pins to the wall so that the white surface is outermost. On a table close by place a good lamp, and let the person whose portrait you wish to take stand between the lamp and the sheet of white paper. You can then outline the profile with a pencil. Cut out the design, and, turning the paper, gum the drawing black side outwards on another sheet of (white) paper. Your portrait will then be mounted, and the *silhouette* will show very well in black.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

TO VARY THE SIZE OF A HALFPENNY.

Take a rectangular box of white wood, and in one side of it fix a nail or bodkin, to which attach, with wax or other substance, a halfpenny. Beside this halfpenny, but *on the surface of the box*, fasten a farthing. If you gaze at these two pieces of money through a small, circular hole in a piece of cardboard (as in Fig. 66), you will not be able to distinguish one coin from the other. They will both appear the same size.

Of course the distance at which the coins must be placed will depend upon the powers of vision of the spectator. It is as well to fix the

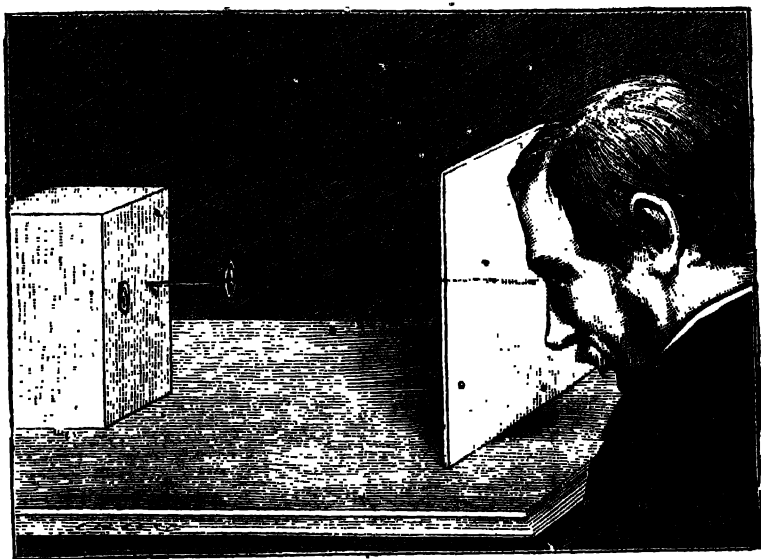


Fig. 66. Mode of Equalizing the size of Larger and Smaller Coins.

cardboard screen, and then move the box farther or nearer, as may be desirable. A time will come when the two coins will appear of equal size; but by gradually lessening the distance the farthing will actually appear larger than the halfpenny.

This experiment demonstrates that the eye under the conditions indicated is unable to appreciate the distance between two objects. By a similar phenomenon the moon, when viewed through an astronomical telescope, appears smaller than it looks to the unaided eye, while as a matter of fact it is magnified by the telescope.

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE PAGES.

130.—CHARADE.



N Stella's laughing azure eyes
 My first has made his nest,
 But never yet has entrance gained
 To vex her quiet breast.

In vain unnumbered sighing swains
 To gain her heart have reckoned;
 With vows and prayers besieged her ears,
 And sued her by my second.

In vain ye sue, ye luckless crew,
 In person or on paper.
 My first, 'tis true, sets fire to you—
 My whole 'lights Stella's taper.

131.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

A stern Italian reformer who dared to stand up against the Pope and popedom. He condemned all worldly pleasures and worldly enjoyments, and would have converted the whole world into a house of prayer. But the Pope was stronger than the reformer, and he suffered martyrdom at Florence. As late as the close of the last century, the place where his pile was raised might be soon covered with garlands of flowers.

Five names are below
 The answer to show;
 And this you must do
 To find it out true:
 Search with great pains,
 And from each of these names
 Now take the first two
 Of the letters, then view
 Them in order combined,
 And the answer you'll find.

1. An English city which has a cathedral with the tallest spire in England.
2. A French writer, and the most celebrated literary character of his age. He was a poet, a wit, an historian, and a dramatist: infidelity claims him as one of her greatest champions.
3. A town in Hindostan which means "The town of serpents."
4. A daughter of William the Good, King of Sicily, who, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, abandoned the court of her father to live in a solitary cave, solely for prayer and intercourse with Heaven, and was there lost to sight and knowledge until, after the lapse of several hundred years, a vision of some shepherds led to the discovery of her bones, which, tradition says, being carried in procession through Palermo, saved the city from a desolating pestilence.
5. An eminent French chemist, who was guillotined in 1791.

132.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

ATUOSER.—A river which washed the walls of Sparta, whose inhabitants from plunging often into its waves, acquired much of their strength and vigour.

HTTIE.—A name given to the lower class of people amongst the Athenians, including all artisans and labourers.

SGAL.—A King of Sparta condemned and executed by his own people.

GIAM.—An order of Persian priests instituted by OORSTAZE, who worshipped fire.

PUZZLE PAGES.

133.—AN OLD NURSERY RHYME DONE INTO LATIN.

Vetula quædam erat
Quæ in Solâ degelat
Multos liberos habebat
Quid faciendum nosciebat
Cenam iis sine pane præbebat
Palmas à tergo imponebat
Lectulisque eos committēbat.

134.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

My first is the name of a small island be-
longing to Greece.

My second is the last syllable of an island
belonging to the English. Its name means
"Holy Land." It was venerated by the Saxons,
and contained a temple of their goddess Hertha
(Earth).

My whole is an island near the mouth of a
European river on which is situated a European
city. The name of this city means "Mer-
chant's Harbour."

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

135. In August I took a trip into Wilts, and
remained awhile at Durrington, an ancient
British village near Stonehenge; thence paying
a visit to a young friend, Lennie, at Limpley
Stoke, near Bath, passing with him '15 of the
whole time I was in Wilts. After leaving Dur-
rington I went to Southampton, and there
tarried '6 of the time I was with Lennie; and
then returned to London by the Dublin steam-
boat, the Foyle, the voyage taking half as long
as the time I was at Southampton. Altogether,
I was a way from home 23 days. How long was
I at Durrington, Limpley Stoke, Southampton,
and on board the Foyle?

136. The wheels of three velocipedes, X, Y, Z,
are as 6 : 5 : 4 in circumference, and those of Y
make 20 more revolutions than those of X in
every 300 feet traversed. How far will the
three boys who urge them on their wild career
have gone when the rider of Z, keeping up man-
fully with the rider of X, has made his wheels
revolve 880 times oftener?

137. Three youngsters, A, B, C, shooting with
the long bow (not metaphorically), agree that
whichever makes the bull's-eye shall receive
from the others half of what money they have
in pocket. Each makes the lucky shot in turn;
A first, then B, then C; when, after adjusting
all claims, A had 2s. 6d., B 5s., and C 10s.
How much had each at first?

138.—ENIGMA.

My first is a dye,
My next you drink dry,
And my whole's a fly

139.—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

The third letters of the following form a
Grecian kingdom founded B.C. 1493.

The initials give the name of its founder, who
was a Phœnician, and introduced the use of
alphabetical writing into Greece. To him
are ascribed sixteen letters of the Greek
alphabet.

1. A South American volcano in the Andes.
2. A famous Grecian mountain, through
which a celebrated commander, in his ex-
pedition against the Grecian states, ordered a
passage to be cut.
3. A German town on the Elbe, especially
noted for its magnificent collection of paintings,
sculpture, and antiquities.
4. A French author, who died in 1707.
5. An island of Pomerania, seated at the
mouth of the Oder, on the Baltic Sea.
6. An English maritime county.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c.

(Pages c 382 to c 384.)

92. Rhine—Porns—Ceramieus—Thales—
Æschines. HIPPOCRATES.

93. To be or not to be—that is the question.
To be read—Toby or (in heraldry)—knot—
Toby—T hat is the question.

94. Solon—Pelops—Plato—Plata—Callao
—Cajouna—Potosi. CONSTANTINOPLE (bathed
on the south by the Sea of Marmora, and on
the north by its splendid harbour, the Golden
Horn).

95. Care killed a cat. To be read—K R
killed A cat.

96. F to C, 5½ miles; to H, 8; to B, 11 miles.

97. C 11b.

98. If x and y = their ages, $x \cdot y = 224$; and 21
 $(y + 21 - x) = 399 \therefore x = 2 + y$; and $y^2 + 2y =$
 $224 \therefore y = 11$, Norton's age, and $x = 16$, Danyers'.

99. 8 miles. Started at 10 A.M.

100. If R = pressure caused by 2 opposite boys,
P and Q, their weights, we have $R^2 = P^2 + Q^2 +$
 $2P \cdot Q \cos A$, where A = whole angle between the
two ropes.

$\therefore R = 155\text{lb. pressure by Malcolm and Spencer.}$

$= 121\text{lb. pressure by Danyers and Norton.}$

Total = 277lb.

101. Elephanta—Marseilles—Mithridates—
Seleucus.

102. King-cup.

103. Germany.

104. Seine—Spey—Lea—Lena—Neva—
Nile. PENNSYLVANIA.

PUZZLE PAGES.

140.—A LINE FROM MILTON.



ENIGMAS.

141.

My first is J,
My second is May,
My third is K;
On the whole you will say,
"Well, come!
That's ram."

142.

My first's a recess in the land,
My next's to admit, understand,
My third is the latin for and,
And my whole's fixed by word of
command.

143.—ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



144.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.

AAHESIPL.—A Sicilian tyrant, who, having ordered the philosopher ENOZ to be put to the torture, so exasperated his people that they flew to arms, and stoned their cruel monarch to death.

GYHISUN.—The Pope who established the form of consecrating churches, and also ordained that godfathers and godmothers should stand for children.

The Black Man's Ghost.

A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS' BURIED TREASURE
OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON,

AUTHOR OF "PICKED UP AT SEA," "ON BOARD THE *ESMERALDA*," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAM JEDFOOT'S YARN.

"HO-HO-HO! I shall die a-laughing!" exclaimed another voice at this juncture, interrupting Sam's terrified appeal to the spiritual powers. "Ho-ho-ho! I shall die a-laughing!"

The voice sounded like that of Tom Bullover; but, before I could look up to see if it were really he, Sam and I, the negro cook still clatching me tightly in his frantic grasp as we rolled down the little declivity on to the beach below the entrance to the cave, fetched up against Hiram; who, only just recovering from the shock he had received, was then in the act of rising from the ground, where he had dropped at the sight of Sam and his banjo—still dazed with the fright and hardly yet knowing where he was or what had happened.

"My golly!" cried Sam, thinking him another ghost. "Lor' sakes! massa duppy, do forgib me! I'll nebbah do so no moah, I'se swau I'll nebbah do so no moah!"

"Wa-ll, I'm jiggered!" ejaculated Hiram, on the two of us coming against him with a thump, nearly knocking him again off his legs, as we scrambled to ours. "What in thunder dew this air muss mean? Jee-rusalem—it beats creation, it dew!"

Neither Sam nor I could get out a word; but, while we all stared, out of breath and speechless with astonishment, at each other, another wild shout of laughter came right over our heads from within the cave above, and I heard Tom's voice exclaiming, as before,—

"Ho-ho-ho! you'll be the death o' me sure, sonnies! I never seed sich a go in my life! Hang it all—Charley and Hiram and you, Sambo—why, it's only me! Ho-ho-ho! I shall bust meself, if you go staring round and woolgathering like that any longer! Ho-ho-ho! this is a game, and no mistake!"

With that, the three of us looked up, and now saw Tom Bullover standing on top of the plateau in front of the cave, with a sort of long white sheet or piece of sailcloth round him, and Sam's banjo in one hand.

Then the real facts of the case flashed on my mind in a moment;

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and I could not help joining in the carpenter's hearty merriment at the way in which he had humbugged us all.

"Oh, Tom!" I cried; "so it was you, after all?"

"Yes; ho-ho! Charley; yes, my lad. Ho-ho-ho!"

"Guess I don't see nuthin' to snigger over!" growled Hiram, shame-faced at being so readily imposed on, but he was too good a sailor to mind a joke against himself; and the comicality of the situation striking him, too, like me, he was soon laughing as loudly as Tom and I.

Sam only needed this further secession likewise to set him off, his negro nature possessing the hysterical features of his race, and going readily from one extreme to the other.

A second before he had been paralysed with fright; now he was as instantly convulsed with gloo.

"My gosh!" he yelled, showing his ivories as his whole face expanded into one big guffaw, that utterly eclipsed all our attempts at merriment. "Hoo-hoo! yah-yah! Dat am prime, Cholly—black ghost fo' whitey! Hoo-hoo! yah-yah! I'se die a-laffin', like Tom! Black ghost fo' whitey—hoo-hoo! yah-yah! hoo-hoo! Golly! Dat am prime fo' suah!"

Sam's negro abandon and queer gestures, as he danced about and doubled himself up in his wild convulsions of mirth, were absolutely irresistible; and so we all roared in concert, like a party of lunatics, laughing until the tears actually ran down our cheeks.

"An' how did yer fix the hull thing so smartly?" inquired the American, presently, when he was able to speak. "Ye took me in finely, I guess; ye did thet so!"

"Lor', old ship! that were easy enough, when you comes to think of it."

"But, how?" persisted Hiram, as Tom broke off his explanation to indulge in another laugh. "Hyar's Sam, what was ded, alive agen an' kickin', ez my shins ken tell, I reckon! How about his hauntin' the shep an' all thet?"

"Yes, Tom," I put in here; "how was it that he wasn't killed?"

"Oh, Sam'll explain all about his bizness," replied Tom, laughing again, the ridiculous nature of the whole thing appealing strongly to his risible faculties. "I've got enough to do to tell you about my own ghost—the sperrit, that is, of the black man that our second-mate spun that yarn about yesterday arternoon."

"A-a-h!" drawled out Hiram; "I begins to smell a rat, I dew!"

"But, suah dat 'perrit wasn't reel, hey, Mass' Tom?" interposed Sam, his eyeballs starting again out of his head, as he recollected all the mysterious occurrences in the cave. "Dat 'perrit wasn't real, hey? I'se take um fo' duppy, suah!"

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"No, ye durned fule!" exclaimed Hiram indignantly; "don't ye know that?"

"Some people weren't quite so wise just now," said Tom Bullover dryly; "eh, Hiram?"

"Nary mind about that," growled the American, giving Tom a dig in the ribs playfully. "Heave ahead with yer yarn, 'or we'll never git in the slack of it 'fore nightfall!"

"Well then, here's the long and the short of it," said Tom, sitting down on the top of the little cliff-mound, so as to make himself as comfortable as possible, while we stood grouped around him. "You see, now, our Dutch mate's story about the nigger that the buccaneers used to bury with their treasure put me up to taking a rise out of our friend Sambo here, who, though he was artful enough to play at being a ghost and haunt the ship, as you fellors thought all through the v'yage, was yet mortal 'fraid of them same ghostesses hisself, as I well knowed!"

"Oh, Lor', Mass' Tom, dunno say dat," interrupted Sam reproachfully. "Speak fo' true, an' shame de debble!"

"That's just what I'm doing, darkey. You know I'm speaking the truth; and I'm saro Charley and Hiram here can judge for theirselves, from what they saw not long ago!"

"Bully for ye!" cried Hiram, confirming Tom Bullover's reference to himself. "Why, ye durned nigger! ye wer a'most yellor with frit jest now, when ye kinder thought ye seed qno o' them blessed ghostesses Tom 'ver a-talkin' on!"

This effectually shut up Sam; and my friend the carpenter then went on with his account of the phenomenon we had seen.

"I knew," said he, "that the darkey would be up here this arternoon, for I showed him the cave myself this mornin', afore any of you beggars aboard the ship were up or stirring. I thought it would be just a good place for him to hide in, besides preventing the skipper and that brute Flinders, or any of the other hands, from coming spying round and interfering with us, which, as you know—I means you! Charley and Hiram—we wished for to keep to ourselves."

"Ay, bo," assented Hiram approvingly; "true enuff; ye acted rightly, shipmet."

"So I tells Sam to rig hisself up herer as comf'ably as he could; and if he should hear any footsteps comin' nigh the place he was to strike up a toon on his banjo and frighten them away, makin' any inquisitive folk think the place was haunted by the same old ghost they knew aboard the ship."

"What a capital idea!" said I; "how did you come to think of it?"

"I thought of more than that, Charley," replied Tom, with a broad

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grin.—“It wasn't long arter I brought Sam here that I thought of makin' the second ghost out of the proper black man belonging to the cave, that Jan Steenbock had told us on, and which you, Hiram, said you wouldn't be frightened at nohow.”

“Stow thet,” growled Hiram, shaking his fist at Tom. “Carry on with yer yarn, an' don't mind me, old stick-in-the-mud!”

“I'm carryin' on, if you'll only let a feller tell his story in his own way. You know we agreed to come up here together this arternoon, and make a reg'ler up-and-down search for the buried treasure; and you told me, you rec'lect, to bring a port fire, such as we had aboard, for to light up the place.”

“Thet's right enuff,” said Hiram, “thet's right enuff; but, durn it all, heave ahead, bo! Heave ahead!”

“Well then,” continued Tom, “I gets this blessed jigmaree of a port fire from the ship; and, having done my spell at digging out the dock, my gang finishing work at ‘four bells,’ I com'd up here afore you and Charley. It were then that I thinks of having a bit of a game with old Sam, while I was waitin' for you two to join company and look for the treasure together, as we agreed atween us when we first discovered the place.”

“And you didn't intend to frighten us, Tom?” I asked him at this point; “eh, really?”

“No, I'll take my davy I didn't—that is, not at first,” replied he, grinning in his usual way. “Arterwards, in course, I couldn't help it, when you and our Chickopee friend here took the bait so finely.”

“Ah! I'll pay you out, bo, for it,” cried Hiram, interrupting Tom, as I had done, “never you fear. I'll pay you out, my hearty, 'fore this time to-morrow come-never—both me and Cholly will tew, I guess, sirree!”

“Threaten'd men live long,” observed Tom, with a dry chuckle. “Still, that ain't got nothin' to do with this here yarn. I com'd up, as I were sayin', a good half-hour afore you; and, to spin out the time, I goes round to the cave by the way were we first lighted on it t'other day, and gets inside by the hole through the broken old door where we entered it afore gettin' down to this end.”

“And then?” I asked, on Tom's pausing for a moment in his narrative—“and then?”

“Why, then I saw poor Sam with his back turned towards me, a-sittin' down on that rock as we called ‘the ghost's pulpit,’ and playin' his blessed old banjo as sweetly as you please, without thinkin' that I or any one else were within miles of him! So, seein' this were a good chance for finding whether Master Sammy, as was thought a ghost hisself aboard, liked ghosts as he didn't know of, I catches up a bit o'

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sailcloth that was lying on the ground, which he'd taken up there to serve for his bed, and clapped this over my head and shoulders, like a picter my mother had in the parlour at home of 'Samuel and the Witch of Endor.' Then, I lights the port fire and gives a yell to rouse up the darkie, and arter that—ho-ho! my hearties, you knows what happened. Ho-ho! it was as good as a play!"

"Golly! Me taut yer one duppy, fo' suah, Massa Tom!" said Sam, after another chorus of laughter from all of us all round. "Me taut yer was de debble!"

"Not quite so bad as that, my hearty," mildly suggested Tom, grinning at the compliment. "Still, I don't think I made such a bad ghost altogether for a green hand!"

"Don't ye kinder think ye frit me, bo!" declaimed Hiram vehemently. "It wer the sight o' thet durned nigger thaar a-sottin' an' playin' his banjo—him ez we all thought ez ded ez a coffin nail, an' buried fathoms below the sea, an' which all on us hed b'leaved ter hev' haunted the ship fur the hull v'y'ge. Ay, thet it wer, streehnger, what ez frit me an' made me fall all of a heap, an' lie thaar till Cholly an' the durned nigger riz me up agen by tumblin' thawrt my hawse!"

"I think I was the most frightened of all," I confessed conscientiously, on Hiram thus bravely acknowledging his own terror. "I really for the moment believed that I actually was looking at two real, distinct ghosts, or spirits—the one that of Sam, which you, Tom and Hiram, know I already thought I had seen before on board the ship; and the second apparition that of the negro slave which Mr. Steenbock told us of. But, how is it that Sam is here at all—how did he escape?"

"Let him tell his yarn in his own way, the same as I have done mine," replied Tom. "Ax him."

"Now, Sam," said I, "tell us all about it."

"Ay, dew," chimed in Hiram; "fire away, my old black son of a gun!"

"All right, Mass' Hiram, an' yer, too, Cholly. I'se tell you de trute, de hole trute, an' nuffin' but de trute, s'help me!"

"Carry on, you blooming old crocodile! Carry on!"

"I'se specks," Sam commenced, "dat yer all 'members when de cap'en shake him billy-goat beard, an' shoot dis pore niggah in de tumjon, an' I'se drop inter de bottom ob de sea, hey?"

"Yes," replied Hiram; while I added. "But, how on earth did you manage to save your life and get on board again?"

"Dis chile cleberer dan yer tinks," replied Sam proudly. "When de cap'en shoot, I'se jump one side, like de Bobalink bird, an' de bullet, dat he taut go troo my tumjon, go in de air. I'se make one big mis-calkerfation, dough, fo' my han' mis de riggin' when I'se stretch up to catch him, an' I'se tumble inter de water."

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"Poor Sam!" said I. "Your heart must have come right into your mouth, eh?"

"Inter my mout, 'sonny?" he repeated after me. "Bress yer, it come up inter my mout, an' I swaller it agen, an' him go down agen to de pit ob my tumjon! Lor', Cholly, I'se tink I wer drown fo' su-ah, an' nebbah come up no moah, fo' de wave come ober my head an' ebberyting! Den, jest as I was scrape along de side ob de ship an' wash away aft in de wake astern, I catch holt ob de end ob de boom-sheet, dat was tow oberboard, an' climb on ter de rudder chain, where I was hang wid my head out ob de water till it was come dark an' de night grow ober de sea. Den, when I tink de cap'en drink nuff rum to get drunk, an' not fo' see me come on board agen, I let my ole leg wash up wid de wave to de sill ob de stern port; an' den, when I looks an' see dere was nobody in de cabin, I was smash de glass ob de window an' climb inside."

"And then it was, I suppose," said I, taking up the burden of his story, "that I took your real self, as you crept through the cabin, for your ghost?"

"Dat troo, Cholly. Yer see me, dough, by de light o' de moon, fo' I take care blow out de swing lamp in cabin, dat nobody might see nuffin. I'se reel glad, dough, dat I'se able friten de cap'en an' make him tink see um duppy!"

"Wa-ll, I guess ye come out o' thet smart enuff," said Hiram, with a hearty thump of approval that doubled up poor Sam, more effectually than his convulsions of laughter had previously done. "But, whaar did ye manage ter stow yerself when ye comed out o' the cabin?"

"I'se creep along de deck, keepin' under de lee ob de moonlight; an' den when nobody was lookin' I go forwards an' crawl down into de forepeak. Den, it was dat Mass' Tom hyar see me."

"And a pretty fine fright you gave me too!" said that worthy, bursting out into another laugh at the recollection. "It was the next mornin', as I went down into the sail room as were by the forepeak, to fetch up a spare tops'le, when I comes across my joker here. I caught hold of his frizzy head at first, and thought it were a mop one of the hands had forgotten below; but when I turned my lantern, there I seed Sam, whom I thought miles astern, safe and snug in old Davy Jones' locker. Lord! shipmates, you could ha' knocked me down with a feather and club-hauled me for a nincompoop!"

"Wer ye ez frit ez I wer jest now?" asked Hiram quizzingly. "Mind, quite ez much ez I wer?"

"Ay, bo," replied Tom, "I dessay I were, if the truth be told."

This pleased Hiram immensely.

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"Then, I guess I don't see whaar yer crow comes in, my boker!" he exclaimed, giving Tom a similar thump on the back to that which he had a short time before bestowed on Sam, a slight token of affection, by no means to be sneezed at. "Why, ye wer cacklin' like a durned old hen with one egg 'bout Cholly an' I bein' frit jest now, thinkin' we seed Sam's ghostoss, when hyar, ye sez now, ye wer frit yerself the same at the fust sight ye seed of him!"

"Ay, bo; but I wern't going to tell you that, nor 'bout another fright I had next, when the darkey and I were a-smoking down in the forepeak and nearly set the ship a-fire," said Tom knowingly, with a shrewd, expressive wink to each of us respectively in turn, before he resumed his story. "But, to go on properly with my yarn from the beginning, when I found Sam's head wasn't a mop, but belonged to his real darkey self, and that he wasn't drowned after all, why, I made him as snug as I could down below, thinking it were best for him to keep hid, as if the skipper saw him, on deck and knew he wore alive he would be soon shooting him again, or else ill-treating him in the way he had already done. Sam agreed to act by my advice, and I promising to take him down grub and all he might want into the forepeak; but, bless you, the contrary darkey wouldn't act up to this arrangement arter a day or two."

"Dat was 'cause yer hab forget to bring de grub," interposed Sam, to explain this apparent breach of contract on his part. "I'se cook, an' not use ter go widout my vittles fo' nobody!"

"How could I get below to you when we had bad weather and the hatchkes were battened down?" retorted Tom Bullover, in his turn. "Howsomedever, to stop arguofying, Master Sammy, finding himself hungry and knowing something of the stowage below, from having been in the ship on a previous voyage, he manages to work a passage through the hold to the after part right under the cuddy; and from there my gentleman, if you please, makes his way on deck again through the hatchway in the captain's cabin, not forgetting to rummage the steward's pantry for provisions when he goes by!"

"An' mighty little grub was dere, su-ah," put in the negro cook, with great dignity. "I'se feel mean as a pore white if yer was ebbah come to my galley an' fin' sich a scrubby lot tings! Dere was nuffin' fit fo' a decent culler'd pusson ter eat—dat feller Morris Jones one big skunk!"

"I guess ye air 'bout right," agreed Hiram; while Tom and I signified our assent likewise by nodding our heads with great unction. "He's the biggest skunk I ever wer' shipmets with afore!"

"Let him slide, for he don't consarn us now," said Tom, continuing the narrative of Sam's story. "Well, you must know, our darkey

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friends here, having taken first to prowling about the ship for grub, keeps it up arterwards for plesure and devarshun, thinking it a jolly lark to make the hands believe the old barquey was 'haunted. Then, one day he gets hold of his banjo from out of Hiram's chest in the fo'c's'le, where old Chicopee really did stow it away arter he bought it at the auction, o' Sam's traps, as he thought he did, although I persuaded him and you Charley, too, if you remember, that the banjo had been left hanging up still in the galley in the place where Sam used to keep it. Once, indeed, when Sam forgot to put it back arter playing on it in the hold, where he had taken it, I brought it up and hung it on its old peg in the galley right afore your very eyes, Hiram !”

“ I recollect, Tom,” said I ; “ and so, Sam used to play on it in the hold below, then, when we heard the mysterious music coming from we knew not where ? ”

“ Yes, that's so,” replied he. “ At first Sam touched the strings only now and then, 'specially when the wind were blowing high, and he thought that nobody would hear the sound from the rattling of the ship's timbers and all ; but, when I noticed how you above on deck could distinguish, not only the notes of the banjo, but also the very air that Sam played, and how the skipper was terrified and almost frightened out of his boots when he recognised the tune, which he had heard Sam chaunt often and often in the galley of an evening, why, then, I puts up the darkey to keep on the 'rig, so as to punish our brute of a skipper for his cold-blooded attempt at murdering poor Sam—which, but for the interposition of Providence, would have succeeded ! ”

Before Tom could proceed any further, however, consternation fell upon us all, as if a bombshell had burst in our midst ; for Sam, who was looking the opposite way to us and could see over our heads, suddenly sprang upon his feet, his mouth open from ear to ear and his teeth chattering with fear ; while his short woolly hair literally seemed to crinkle up, and stand on end.

“ O Lor' ! O Lor' ! ” he exclaimed. “ Look dere ! Look dere ! ”

And there, right before us, stood the skipper himself, snorting and sniffing and foaming with rage, his keen ferrety eyes piercing us through and through—so close, that his long nose almost touched me, and his billy-goat beard seemed to bristle right into my face, I being the nearest to him.

I felt a cold shiver run through me that froze the very marrow of my bones !

Captain Snaggs had, no doubt, overheard all our conversation, listening quietly, hidden behind the bushes that grew up close to the entrance to the cave, until Tom's last words proved too much for his equanimity,

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when, his indignation forced him to come out from his retreat. He was certainly in an awful rage, for he was so angry that his snarling voice fuined and sputtered with wrath; and if a look would have annihilated us, we must all have been killed on the spot.

He was a terrible sight!

"Oh, thet's yer little game, my jokers!" he yelled out convulsively, glaring at us each in turn. "So, thet durned nigger ain't dead, arter all, hey? Snakes an' alligators! Why, it's a reg'lar con-spi-racy all round—rank mutiny, by thunder! I guess I'll hev ye all hung at the yard-arm, ev'ry man Jack of ye, fur it, ez sur, ez my name's Ephraim O. Snaggs!"

His passion was so intense that we were spellbound for the moment, not one of us venturing to speak or reply to his threats; while he stared at us, as if he could 'eat us without salt,' as the saying goes, while we remained stock still and silent before him.

As for Sam, he fairly wallowed on the ground in terror, for the captain looked and acted like a madman.

Hiram Baug's was the only one who had the pluck to open his mouth.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WARNING SHOCK.

"WA-LL, I'm jiggered!" ejaculated Hiram, having recourse to his usual favourite expression when startled or surprised at anything; and I'm sure he had met with many extraordinary adventures of late, especially on this very afternoon, before the appearance of the skipper on the scene, to upset the even current of his thoughts. "Keep yer haar on, cap, an' don't make a muss about nuthin'!"

Captain Snaggs made a gesture as if he were going to strike him.

"Ye durned rep-tile!" he yelled out. "I'll soon knock the sass out o' ye; I will so, by thunder!"

"No, ye don't, cap; no, ye don't," said Hiram good-humouredly, putting up his fists to guard himself, but not doing so offensively. "I guess two ken play at thet game, I reckon, an' ye'd best let me bide; fur, I'm a quiet coon when ye stroke me down the right way, but a reg'lar screamer when I'm riled, an' mighty risky to handle, sirree, ez ye ken bet yer bottom dollar!"

"Jee-rusalem—this air rank mutiny!" exclaimed the skipper, starting back. "Would ye hit me, yer own cap'en?"

"No, cap; I don't mean fur to go ez fur ez thet"—replied the other, lowering his fists, but keeping his eye steadily on Captain Snaggs, the two looking at each other straight up and down—"not if yer doesn't

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lay hands on me; but, if yea dew, why, I reckon I'll hev to take my own part, fur I ain't d-goin' to be knocked about by no man, cap'en or no cap'en, ez we're now ashore an' this air a free country!"

"Snakes an' alligators, this air a rum state o' things!" cried the skipper, sobering down a bit at this reply, as well as awed by Hiram's steadfast manner. "But, I don't kinder wish to be at loggerheads with ye, my man, fur ye hev ben a good seaman right through the v'y'ge, an' I ken pass over yer sass, ez I don't think ye mean any disrespect."

"Nary a cent, cap," agreed Hiram to this; "nary a cent o' thet."

"But ez fur thet durned nigger thaar," continued the skipper, foaming up with passion again on seeing Sam and Tom grinning together at his backing down so mildly before Hiram's resolute attitude, "I'll hev him an' thet scoundrel of a carpenter in irons, an' tried fur conspi-racy, I guess, when we git back to some civilized port."

"Better wait till ye fetch 'thaar, boss," said Hiram drily. "I guess we air hard an' fast aground jest now; an' it ain't no good a-talkin' till ye ken do ez yer sez; threat'nin's all buskum!"

"I'll soon show ye the rights o' thet," shouted Captain Snaggs, making a rush past Hiram to reach Sam, who drew away behind Tom, just beyond his grasp. "Only let me catch holt 'n thet durned nigger, an' I'll skin him alive.—I'll ghost him, I will!"

Hiram, however, protected the darkey, with his outstretched arm, thus barring the skipper's advance; while Tom Bullover also stood up in front, further shielding Sam, who now spoke up for himself from his safe position in the rear, whither I too retreated, out of harm's way.

"Golly! Massa Cap'en," said Sam, with a native dignity and eloquence which I had not previously believed him to possess, "what fur am yer wish ter injure a pore black man like me, dat nebbah done you no harm? But fur der impersition ob de good God abobe us all, you'd a-murd'ed me, as yer taut yea hab dat time dat yer shoots me, an' I tumbles inter de sea?"

"Harm, cuss ye?" retorted Captain Snaggs. "Didn't ye try to pizen me afore I went fur ye: it wer arter thet I drew a bead on ye with my six-shootner?"

"No, Mass' Snaggs," answered the negro solemnly; "I'se swau I nebbah done dat ting! I'se nebbah pizen yer, nor no man. I'se only put one lilly bit jalap in de grub, fo' joke, 'cause yer turn me out ob de galley so' nuffin'. I'se oply done it fo' joke, I swau!"

"A durned fine joke thet, I reckon," sneered the skipper, snorting and fuming with rage at the recollection. "Why, me an' Flinders hed

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the mullygrabs fur a week arterwards; an', I guess I don't feel all right yet! I ain't half punched ye yet fur it, by thunder! But, thet ain't the wust by a durned sight. By yer dodrotted tomfoolery, an' carryin' on with thet scoundrel yer accomplice thaar—thet British hound, Ballover, I mean—ye hev so fuddled every one aboard thet ye hev caused the loss of the shep an' cargy on this air outlandish island. But, I'll make ye answer fur it,—I will, by the jumpin' Jeehosophat!"

"Ye air wrong thaar, cap," put in Hiram here; "ye air wrong thaar!"

"Wrong? who sez I'm wrong?"

"I dow," replied the other, in his sturdy fashion, in no ways abashed by the question; "I sez ye air wrong. It warn't Sam ez lost the ship, or 'cashion'd the wrack in airy a way, nor yet yerself, cap, neither. It wer summat else."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the skipper, puzzled by this. "What dow ye make it out fur to be?"

"Rum, an' not 'thunder,' mister," at once responded Hiram, equally laconically. "I guess if ye hadn't took to raisin' yer elber thet powerful ez to see snakes, an' hev the jimjams, we'd all be now, slick ez clams, safe in port at Frisco!"

This home truth silenced the captain for the moment, but the next instant he startled 'em all with an utterly inconsequent question, having no reference to what he had before been speaking of.

"Where hev ye stowed it?"

Hiram stared at him.

"I don't mean ye," said the skipper, dropping his eyes as if he could not stand being gazed at; and I could see his face twitching about in a queer manner, and his hands trembling, the fingers turning and twisting together. "I mean the nigger an' thet other skunk thaar—the white man thet's got a blacker heart inside his carkiss than the nigger hez. Whaar hev they stowed it?"

"Stowed what, cap?" inquired Hiram, humouring him, as he now noticed that he was in a very excited state. "I don't kinder underconstubble 'zactly what yer means."

"The chest o' gold," snorted out the skipper. "Ye know durned well what I means!"

"Chest o' goold?" repeated Hiram, astonished. "I hev'n't seed no chests o' goold about hyar. No such luck!"

"You lie!" roared the captain, springing on him like a tiger, and throwing him down by his sudden attack, clutching poor Hiram by the throat so tightly as almost to strangle him. "I saw the nigger makin' off with it, an' thet scoundrel the carpenter; fur the buccancers told me jest now. Lord, thaar's the skull rollin' after me, with its

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wild eyes flashin' fire out o' the sockets, an' its grinnin' teeth—oh, save me! Save me!"

With that, he took to crying and sobbing like mad; and it was only then we realized the fact that the skipper was suffering from another of his fits of delirium, though it was a far worse one than any I had seen him labouring under during the voyage. Tom Bullover and Sam had the greatest difficulty in unclenching his hands from Hiram's neck and restraining him from doing further violence, our unfortunate shipmate being quite black in the face and speechless for some minutes after our releasing him.

As for Captain Snaggs, he then went on like a raging madman; and it was as much as Tom and Sam could do, with my help, to tie his hands and legs so as to keep him quiet, he struggling furiously all the while with the strength of ten men!

In the middle of this we heard a strange rumbling noise under our feet, the ground beginning to oscillate violently, as if we were on board ship in a heavy sea; while, at the same time, a lot of earth and pieces of rock were thrown down on us from the heights above the little plateau where the cave was situated, and the air grew thick and heavy and dark, similarly to what is generally omened when a severe thunderstorm is impending.

"Oh, Tom!" I cried in alarm, "what has happened?"

"It's an earthquake, I think," he replied, looking frightened too. "We'd better get under shelter as quickly as we can, for these stones are tumbling down too plentifully for pleasure!"

"Where can we go?" said I. "The ship's too far off. Oh dear, something has just hit me on the head, and it hurts!"

"Come in here to the cave; we'll be safe inside, if the bottom can stand all this shaking. At all events, it'll be better than being out in the open, and stand the chance of having one's head smashed by a boulder from aloft!"

So saying, Tom disappeared within the mouth of the cavern, dragging after him the prostrate form of the skipper, who appeared to have fallen asleep, overcome by the violent paroxysms of his fit, for he was snoring stertorally. Sam and I quickly followed Tom, while the rear was brought up by Hiram—now pretty well recovered from the mauling he had received at the hands of our unconscious skipper, the shock of the earthquake having roused up our shipmate effectually and the continual dropping on him of the falling earth and stones, which now began to rain down like hail, hastening his retreat.

"I guess this air more comfortable," said he, as soon as he was well within our place of shelter, now so dark and gloomy that we could barely see each other; while Sam's colour was quite indistinguishable.

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"Talk o' raiven' cats an' dogs! Why, the airth seems topsides down, an' brickbats an' pavin' stones air a reg'ler caution to it!"

Hardly, however, had he got out these words than there came a tremendous crash of thunder, a vivid sheet of forked lightning simultaneously illuminating the whole interior of the cavern; when, to our great surprise, we perceived by the bright electric glare the figure of another man besides our own party—the stranger standing at the upper end of the cave, near the block of stone in the centre, where Sam had been seated when I had seen him playing the banjo, and Tom gave him such a fright by pretending to be a ghost.

Sam, now, like the rest of us, saw this figure advancing in our direction, and believed he was going to be treated to another visitation from the apparition which had terrified him previously, and which he was still only half convinced was but the creation of Tom's erratic fancy.

"O Lor', Cholly!" he exclaimed, in great fright, clutching hold of my hand, as I stood near him at the entrance to the cave. "Dere's audder duppy come, fo' suah! My golly! What am dat?"

But, before I could say anything, much to our great relief—for I felt almost as much terrified as he—the voice of Jan Steenbock sounded from out the gloomy interior in answer to his question.

"It vas mees, mein frents—it vas mees!"

"Goodness gracious, Mister Steenbock!" sung out Tom Bullover, looking towards him, as the lazy figure advanced nearer and became more distinct, although we could not yet actually see the second mate's face. "How did you get here?"

"I vas hoont affaire ze cap'en," replied Jan, coming up close to us now. "He vas get troonk, and go mat again in ze valley beyont ze sheep, and I vas run affaire hims, as he vas run aways, and den he vas go out of zight in one big hole at ze top of ze hill. I vas vollow affaire hims, but den I loose hims, and ze erdquake vas come and ze toonder and lightning, and I vas zee yous and here I vas!"

"Oh, we've got the skipper all right," said Tom. "He nearly killed Hiram jest now in his frenzy; but we've tied him up with a lashing round his arms and legs, so that he can't get away and come to no harm till he's all serene again. I'm a-sitting on him now to keep him down; as, though he's sleepin', he tries to start up on us every minute. By Jingo! there he goes again!"

"He vas bat mans," observed Jan Steenbock, helping to hold down the struggling skipper, whose fits of delirium came back still every now and again. "He vas voof of mischiefs and ze rhoom! Joost now, he vas zink dat he vas talk to ze boocaner cap'en, and dat he vas show him dat dreazure dat vas accurst, and he vas zink he vinds it, and dat I vas shtear hims away."

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"I'm 'jiggered!" ejaculated Hiram, in surprise. "Why, he comed up hyar an' goes fur me to throttle me, sayin' oz how I had takon the durried treasure tew! I guess I only wish we could sot eyes on it!"

"Bettaire not, mino frents, bettaire not zee it never no mores," said Jan, solemnly shaking his head in the dim light. "It vas accurst, as I vas tell yous, by ze bloot of ze schlabe dat vas kill by ze Shaniards! It vas only bringt bat look to ze beeples dat vas touch hims. Bettaire not, mein frent, nevaire!"

"I ain't got no skear 'bout thet," replied Hiram, with a defiant laugh. "Guess, we air all on us pretty wa-ll season'd to thom ghostesses by this time, both aboard ship an' ashore, an' I don't care a cuss fur the hull bilin' on them, I reckon!"

"Shtop!—listen!"—whispered Jan Steenbock, in his deep, impressive voice, as another vivid flash of lightning lit up the cave for a brief instant, making it all the darker afterwards. This was followed by a second crashing peal of thunder, as if the very heavens were coming down, rattling about our ears; and then, the ground heaved up beneath our feet violently, with its former jerky motion.—"Ze sbirrits of evil vas valk abroat in ze shtorm."

Even as he spoke, his solemn tones sending a thrill through my heart, there came a still more violent shock of earthquake, which was succeeded by a tremendous grinding, thumping noise from the back of the cave; and then, all of a sudden, a large black body bounded past us through the entrance close to where we stood. This knocked us all down flat on our backs by the wind it made in its passage out, and, finally, we could hear it, a second later, plunge into the sea below at the foot of the declivity.

"Bress de Lor'!" ejaculated Sam, in greater terror than ever. "Dere's de duppy, fo' suah! Hole on ter me, Cholly! Hole on! I'se mighty 'fraid! Hole on ter me, for de Lor's sake, sonny!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JUDGMENT OF FATE.

WE were all speechless, and could see nothing as we scrambled to our feet in the darkness, for the cave was now filled with a thick dust, that nearly suffocated us, as well as blinded us—filling our eyes, and mouths, and nostrils.

Presently, the dust settled down; and then we found that the cavern was no longer dark, for the crash that had so startled us at first was occasioned by a portion of the roof breaking away, which let in the daylight from above, right immediately over the big rock in the centre that Tom had called 'the pulpit.'

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The rock, however, had disappeared, and this was doubtless the mysterious body that had rushed by us through the mouth of the cave, so frightening Sam.

But, something more surprising still had happened.

The earthquake, in rending the rock, had upheaved all the earth around it, and there beneath, in a large cavity, was a collection of old oaken chests, bound round apparently with heavy clamps of iron, similar to those used by our forefathers a couple of centuries ago for the storage of their goods and chattels—boxes that could defy alike the ravages of age and the ordinary wear and tear of time, the carpenters and builders of bygone days making things to last, and not merely to sell, as in modern years!

"Hooray!" cried Hiram, springing towards one of the chests, which had been crushed open by a piece of detached rock from the roof of the cave, thus disclosing to view a lot of glittering ingots of gold, with a crucifix and some little images of the same precious metal, like the Madonna figure we had first discovered. "Hyar's the boocanber treasure, I guess, at last!"

"I vas mooch sorry," said Jan Steenbock, shaking his head solemnly, as we gathered round the hole, eagerly inspecting its contents, when we noticed that there were seven or eight of the large chests within the cavity, besides the broken one and a number of smaller ones, along with pieces of armour and a collection of old guns and pistols all heaped up together. "I vas mooch sorry. It vas bringt us bat look, like it did to ze schgooners, and Cap'en Shackson, and all ze crew of ze sheep I vas zail in befores!"

"Why, old hoss," asked Hiram, all excitement, "I guess we air all friends hyar, an' 'll go share an' share alike; so thaar's no fear on a muss happenin' atween us, like thaar wer with ye an' them durned cut-throat Spaniards. Why shu'd it bring us bad luck, hey?"

"I vas avraid of ze curse," replied the other. "It vas hoonted mit blood, and vas bringt harm to every ones! I vill not touch it meinselvs—no, nevaire!"

"Guess I will, though," retorted Hiram. "I ain't afeard o' no nigger ez was buried two hundred year ago; no, nor on his ghostess neither. What say ye, Sam, consarnin' this brother darkey o' yourn?"

"Golly, Massa Hiram!" said Sam, grinning from ear to ear at the sight of the gold. "I'se tink I'se hab claim to de lot, if it am belong to de nigger family. Ho-ho-ho!"

With that we all laughed; whereupon the skipper, whom we had forgotten for the moment, made a movement where he still lay on the floor of the cave by the entrance, opening his eyes and trying to get up, which, of course, he was unable to do, from our having tied his legs together.

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"Hillo!" he called out. "Whaar am I?"

His voice now was quite rational, and on Tom going up to him, he found that the delirium had left him, and that he was quite sober and in his senses again, so he unloosed him, helping him on to his feet.

Strange to say, Captain Snaggs did not utter a word about finding himself tied, nor did he seem in any way surprised at being there amongst us. He was not angry either a bit now!

He simply walked up to where we stood; and, looking down at the hole with the chests piled up in it, as if following out a concentrated train of thought which had been simmering in his brain before his fit, exclaimed,—

"Thaar it air, jest ez I told ye an' the buccaner cap'n told me. Thaar it air all right, I reckon; an' now we must see about gettin' it down to the shep."

This staggered us somewhat; but, Tom Bullover thought it best to humour him.

"How would you like it took down to the shore, cap'en?" he asked deferentially. "Shall I go and fetch some of the hands, sir?"

"Yes, I guess thet'll be the best plan," replied Captain Snaggs, as easy a syou please, and as if only talking about some ordinary thing, and he were giving his usual orders. "Wait a minnit, though. I guess I'll come with ye ez soon as I've toted up the hull lot, fur thaar ain't no fear of any coon walkin' off with the plunder while we're away, an' I wants to see how the shep's gettin' on. I reckon she ought to be pretty near afloat by now."

There seemed a method in his madness, even if he were yet mad, for he carefully jotted down the number of the chests in his pocket-book; and then, turning away as composedly as possible, he made his way down to the beach by our old path,—just as if he had been in the habit of going that way every day of his life, and it was quite familiar to him.

"Come on, men!" cried he. "Follow me!"

So, down we all tramped after him in single file to the shore, where we found a stranger thing had happened since our long absence, which, long as it seemed from the series of occurrences that had happened, the one succeeding the other in rapid succession, was not long in reality.

However, it appeared months since we had left the ship; for, in the short space of time, comparatively speaking, that we had been away, all around her had been altered, and she more than anything.

Instead of her being high and dry ashore, with her bows up in the air between the two hillocks where they had been wedged, there she was now afloat, placidly riding on the smooth waters of the harbour by

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her anchors, which had been laid out, it may be remembered, the morning after she stranded.

This was a far more providential circumstance than our finding the treasure; for even Mr. Steenbock, sanguine as he had been at first when he suggested digging the dock under her, had begun to have fears of our eventually getting her off again into her native element—the operation taking longer than he had expected, for the water at the last had penetrated through the coffer-dam, thus preventing the men from digging out the after part of the trench under the keel piece, between the main and mizzen-chains.

Now, through the effects of the earthquake, we were fortunately saved all further trouble on this score.

The skipper did not appear the least surprised at this, displaying the same nonchalance as he did when gazing down into the cavity where the buccancers' gold was stowed—as if he had dreamt it all beforehand and everything was turning out exactly according to the sequence of his dream!

As we got nearer we saw that a lot of the men were grouped about the shore, collecting a lot of stray gear, which they were taking off to the ship in the jolly-boat; so, calling to these, Captain Snaggs asked where Mr. Flinders was.

"He's gone aboard bad," said one of the hands, with a snigger, whereat they all laughed. "He don't feel all right this arternoon, sir, an' he went into his cabin afore the ship floated."

"I guess, then, we'd better go aboard, too," replied the skipper, quite quiet like. "It's gettin' late now, an' we'll break off work till to-morrow. We'll then see about gettin' the sticks up on her agen, and the stores in the hold; fur, I means to sail out of this hyar harbour afore the end of the week!"

The men gave a hearty hurrah at this, as if the idea pleased them, as they were quite sick of the place by this time; and the skipper therefore ordered Jan Steenbock and Tom, with Hiram, Sam, and me, to come off with him in the boat, telling us when we presently got aboard not to mention about the treasure to any one yet, as it might prevent the men working and rigging the ship so as to get her ready for sea.

This we promised to do, keeping our word easily enough, as we did not find it difficult to hold our tongues in the matter, considering the lot there was for all hands to talk about concerning Sam's restoration to life, after being supposed dead so long. Several of the hands though, persisted that they knew all about this all along, and had not been taken in by the ghost business; but this was all brag on their part, for I am sure they thoroughly believed in it at the time, just the

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same as Morris Jones and Hiram and I did—only Tom being in the secret from first to last.

In the course of the next four days, all the hands working with a will, even more energetically than they had done when dismantling her, the *Denver City* had her rigging up all afloat again, with her graceful yards crossed, and most of her cargo on board, ready to sail.

During this time, the skipper had said not a word about the treasure, nor did he speak of sending up any one to fetch it; and so, as none of us had been back to the cave since leaving it with the captain, after the earthquake and our discovery of the *cave*, Hiram and Tom, with Sam and I, stole away late on the afternoon of the fourth day to see whether the boxes were all right,—Jan Steenbock being the only one of the original party present when it was found who did not accompany us; but he said he knew it would be unlucky for him, at all events, and he preferred stopping away.

So it was that only we four went, though Jan came part of the way with us from the ship, sitting down by the spring which had been the haunt of the doves to await our return.

Jan did not have to remain there long alone.

No sooner had we got to the cave than we found that the treacherous skipper had anticipated and outreached us; for, from the hurried look we took, we could see that every single chest and box had been removed and were probably now stored in the captain's own cabin. No doubt by-and-by, he would swear that we had no hand in finding them, and, of course, were not entitled to any share in the proceeds from the treasure!

This was a pretty state of things, each and all of us thought; and, boiling with indignation, we rushed back to Jan to tell him the news.

But, we met with but sorry sympathy from him.

"You vas mooch bettaire off," he said stolidly—"mooch bettaire off nitout ze accursed stoof! It vas bringt harm to Cap'en Shackson, and ze crew of ze schooners dat I vas in; and, markt mine vort, it vas bringt harms to Cap'en Shnaggs, as zertain as I vas here and dere!"

"I'm durned, though, if I don't make him suffer fur it, if he don't shell out!" cried Hiram hotly, as we all resumed the path back to the shore, much more quickly than we had gone up to the cave.—"I'll give him goods!"

"He vill meet his vate vrom elsevere," said Jan Steenbock solemnly, hurrying after us, for Hiram and Tom seemed all eagerness to tackle the skipper at once, and I trotted close after them. "Ze sbirit ob ze dreazure vill hoont him, and poonish him in ze end!"

And, incredible as my story may seem, quite unwittingly, Jan became a true prophet, as what occurred subsequently will show.

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When we got to the shore, we found that the ship had her boats hoisted in, and her anchor weighed; while the topsails were cast loose, showing that she was ready to sail at a moment's notice.

What concerned us most, though, was that we could see no means for getting on board; for the dinghy in which we had landed was towing astern by its painter, and thus all communication cut off with the shore.

"*Denver City*, ahoy!" shouted out Hiram, putting his hands to his mouth for an improvised speaking trumpet. "Send a boat to take us off!"

Captain Snaggs at once jumped up on the taffrail on our hailing her.

"Not one o' ye durned cusses comes aboard my shep agen, if I knows it!" he yelled back loudly. "Ye went ashore o' yer own accord, an' thaar ye shell stop, by thunder!"

"Ye durned thief!" cried Hiram, mad with rage at the villain for thus cheating us, and abandoning us to our fate there on that lone desert isle. "Whaar's our treesor?"

"Guess ye're ravin', man," bawled Captain Snaggs; and then, as if this ended the colloquy, he sang out to the hands forward to "Hoist away!"

We then noticed a slight commotion on board, as if some of our shipmates rebelled at the idea of leaving us thus behind, while they sailed homeward; but this intervention on our behalf was futile, for the skipper brandished his revolver, as we could easily see from the top of the cliff, to which we had now climbed, in order to make our voices better heard on board, and after a momentary pause the sails were let drop and hauled out, and the vessel began to make her way out of the bay. The captain then called out to us, as if in bragging malice, "I've got ev'ry durned chest aboard! D'ye haar? Flinders an' I brought 'em down to the beach last night when ye wer all caulkin'; an' I guess ye air pretty well chiselled at last!—thet's quits fur the nigger's ghost, an' yer mutiny, an' all! Reckon I've paid ye all out in full, ye durned skellywags!"

Those were the last words, in all human probability, that Captain Snaggs ever uttered in this mortal life.

There had been slight rumblings underground all the morning of that day, as if nature were warning us of further volcanic disturbance throughout the Galapagian archipelago; and now, of a sudden, an immense tidal wave, that seemed sixty feet high at the least, rolled into the little harbour like a huge wall, filling up the opening between the cliffs on either hand up to their very tops, came sweeping inward from the outside sea.

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The next instant, the *Deuver City*, with all on board her, disappeared, the wave sweeping back outwards with its prey, leaving the bottom of the harbour bare for over a mile, where all previously had been deep water.

The sea came back once more, though the tidal wave was not so high as before.

And still once again—ebb and flow, ebb and flow

It was awful!

CHAPTER XIX.

RESCUED.

We five—Jan Steenbock, Tom Bullover, Hiram, Sam Jedfoot, and lastly, though by no means least, myself—sole, solitary survivors of the awful catastrophe that had swallowed up our comrades, stood on the cliff above the yawning chasm, watching the tidal wave that still ebbed and flowed in diminishing volume at each reflux.

This it continued to do for a full half-hour afterwards, when the sea returned to its normal state, welling up tranquilly on the beach, and quickly washing away all traces of the recent convulsion of nature, as if nothing had happened—only that a sort of sobbing moan seemed to come from the water every now and then at spasmodic intervals, as if the spirits of the deep were lamenting over the mischief and destruction they had wrought!

We stopped there on the cliff without speaking until it was close on sunset.

Our hearts were too full to express the various thoughts that coursed through our minds; and there we remained, silent and still, as if we five were dumb.

Tom Bullover was the first to speak.

"Come, boys," he said, when the sun's lower limb was just dipping into the sea, leaving a solitary pathway of light across the main, while all the rest of the sea became gradually darker, as well as the heavens overhead, telling us that the evening was beginning to close in. "Come, Mr. Steenbock and you fellows, we'd best go back to the cave for the night, so as to be out of the damp air. Besides, it won't be so lonesome like as it is here!"

"Ay, bo," acquiesced Hiram. "Thaar's Sam's old sail thaar, which 'll sarve us fur a bed anyhow."

"Dat so," chimed in the darkey. "I'se belly comfortable dere till Mass' Tom friten me wid duppy. I'se got some grub dere, too; an' we can light fire an' boil coffee in pannikin, which I bring ashore wid me from ship."

"Bully for ye!" cried Hiram, waking up again to the practical

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realities of life at the thought of eating, and realizing that he was hungry, not having, like, indeed, all of us, tasted anything since the morning, the events of the day having made us forget our ordinary meal-time. "I guess I could pick a bit if I'd anythin' to fix atween my teeth!"

"Golly! don't you fret, massa," said Sam cheerfully, in response to this hint, leading the way towards his whilom retreat. "I'se hab a good hunk ob salt pork stow away dere, an' hard tack, too!"

"Why, what made you think of getting provisions up there for?" observed I, laughing, being rather surprised at his precaution, when every one else had been taken up with the treasure, and believed that we were on the point of leaving the island for good and all. "Were you going to give a party, Sam?"

"I'se make de preparations fo' 'mergencies, Cholly," he replied gravely. "Nobuddy know what happen, an' dere's nuffin' like bein' surah ob de grub!"

"Thet's true enuff, an' good sound doctrine. Don't ye kinder think so, mister?"

Jan Steenbock, to whom this question was addressed, made no reply; but, as he got up and followed Sam, Hiram took this for his answer, and followed too, the five of us entering the cave one after another in single file.

Here, we found that, from its position on the higher ground, the tidal wave had not affected any damage, the only alteration being that made by the first shock of earthquake, causing the crack across the upper eifd, which had dislodged the stone in the centre, and disclosed the buccaneers' treasure. So then, on Sam's producing a good big piece of salt junk, with some ship's biscuit, which he had wrapped up in a yellow bandana handkerchief and stowed away in one corner under his sailcloth, we all imitated the American, and 'put our teeth through' the unexpected food, finding ourselves, now that we had something to eat before us, with better appetites than might have been thought possible after what we had gone through.

Sailors, though, do not trouble themselves much over things that have happened, looking out more for those to come!

The next day, it seemed very strange, to wake up and find ourselves alone there, especially after the stirring time we had recently, with the discovery of the treasure, and getting the ship afloat, and all; so, when we crawled out of the cave and went down to the beach, we five forlorn fellows felt more melancholy than can be readily imagined at seeing this bare and desolate, and hearing no sound but that of our own sad voices.

Jan Steenbock, whose place it was naturally to be our leader, now

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once more reinstated himself in our good opinion, showing himself to be the sensible man that he always was, despite the fact of his having hitherto been more despondent than any of us.

"My mans," said he bravely, turning his back on the beach and away from the treacherous, smiling sea, "we moost not give vays to bat thoughts and tings! Let us go inlands and do zometing dat vill make us dink of zometing else! We vill go oop to dat blace vere ze ground vas blanted mit tings bedween ze hills, and zee if we can zee any bodatoes or bananes vor to eat; vor, as mein frent Sambo heio zays, it vas goot to look after ze grub, vor we hab no sheeps now to supply us mit provisions!"

This was sound advice, which we immediately acted on, our little quintet abandoning the shore, and following our leader again up the cliff to the old deserted plantation. This, it may be remembered, Tom and Hiram and I had first lighted on in our quest for the treasure before we discovered the cave, but we now found out that Jan Stenbock had been previously acquainted with it from being formerly on the island.

Here we made a camp, bringing Sam's sailcloth from the cave, with a tin pot and other mess gear he had stowed away for his own use when in hiding there, and no one knew save Tom Bullover that he was anything but a ghost; and thenceforward, by the help of the tortoises, whose flesh we fed on, with an occasional wild hog, when we were lucky enough to catch one, our meat diet being varied with the varicus tropical vegetables which we found in the valley in profusion, here we lived until the rainy season came on, when we went back again to the cave for shelter.

It must not be thought, though, that our time was entirely spent in eating, or in devices how we should procure food, notwithstanding that this was the principal care of our solitary desert island life, like as in the case of most shipwrecked mariners.

No, we had a greater purpose than this.

It was the hope of escaping from our dismal exile, through the help of some coasting vessel bound up or down the Pacific, or to ports within the Gulf of Panama; and, in order to observe such passing craft we erected a signal station on the top of Mount Chalmers, and took it in turns to keep watch there throughout the day, with a bonfire hard by, ready to be kindled the moment a sail was sighted.

Alas, our watch for weeks was in vain!

Sometimes we would see a ship in the distance, but she was generally too far off to notice us; and our hearts would sink again to utter despondency when this occurred, more than when we never noticed any sail at all, or our seeing her gradually melting away, until she would be finally lost in the mists of the sea and air.

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At last, however, one morning, about six months or so after the loss of the *Denver City*—I'm sure I cannot tell the precise date, for we began then to forget even the passage of time—Tom Bullover, who was on the look-out, came rushing down the sloping side of the cliff like a madman, covering yards with each leap and bound he took in his rapid descent, looking as if he were flying.

"A sail! a sail!" he shouted, as soon as he got near. "There's a ship in sight, and she's just entering the bay!"

"Vere?—vere?" cried Jan Steenbock, equally excited, running to meet him. "A sheep? You was mat, mein pore yellow,—you was mat!"

"Jee-rusalem—no, he aint!" exclaimed Hiram, who, standing on the summit of the little mound by the entrance to the cave, could see further out to sea than Jan from below. "Tom's all right. Hooray! It's a ship sure enuff, an' she's now tarnin' the pint on the starboard side over thaar!"

With that we all looked now in this direction; and, oh, the blessed sight! There, as Hiram said, was a vessel under full sail rounding the opposite cliff and coming into the bay!

"My golly! P'shell bust—I'se so glad!" cried poor Sam, dancing, and shouting, and laughing, and crying, all in one breath. "Bress de Lor'! Bress de Lor'!"

What I and the rest did to express our joy under the circumstances it would be impossible to tell; but I am pretty sure we were quite as extravagant in our actions and demeanour as the negro,—if not so hearty in our recognition of the allwise Providence that had sent this ship to our rescue!

There is little more to add.

The vessel soon cast anchor in the bay; and on her lowering a boat and reaching the beach where, as may be supposed, we eagerly awaited its coming, we found out that she was a whaler, full of oil and homeward bound to San Francisco, her captain putting in at Abingdon Island for fresh water and vegetables, as some of his crew were suffering from scurvy, and they had run short of all tinned meat on board, having only salt provisions left.

We were thus able to mutually accommodate each other, Hiram, and Sam, and Tom Bullover soon fetching a big store of green stuff from our plantation in the valley, besides securing a batch of tortoises for the men in the boat to kill and take on board; while Jan Steenbock and I went with the whaler's captain to point out our water spring near the cave, where the doves' grove used to be, the stream from the hills still finding its way down there to the sea below, although the little lake, or pool, had become dried up by the accumulation of sand and the trees all disappeared,

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In return for these welcome supplies, the captain of the whaler gladly agreed to give us all a free passage to 'Frisco'; although, as I need hardly tell, he would have willingly done this without any such consideration at all, after hearing our story and being made acquainted with the strange and awful catastrophe that had befallen our ill-fated ship.

But we were not altogether destitute.

Our good fortune, if long in coming, smiled on us at the last; for, the very morning of our departure from the island, a week after the whaler's arrival, the captain remaining a few days longer than he first intended in order to allow his sick hands to recover, Hiram, while routing out our few traps left in the cave to take on board with us, found, much to Jan Steenbock's regret,—the second-mate saying it would bring us ill-luck again,—one of the little chests containing the buccaneers' treasure, which Captain Snaggs had left unwittingly behind him when he and Mr. Flinders cleared off with the rest, which they thought the entire lot.

The box contained a number of gold ingots and silver dollars, which the whaler captain said were worth 'a heap of money,' as he expressed it, though he would not take a penny of it for himself.

The whaler skipper was an honest man, for he told Hiram Bangs and Tom, who tried to press a certain portion of the treasure on him as his due, that it all rightfully belonged to us, and that he should consider himself a pitiful scoundrel if he took advantage of our misfortunes!

There—could anything be nobler than that?

"Guess not," said Hiram; and, so we all agreed!

We had a capital voyage to San Francisco from the island, which we were glad enough to lose sight of, with its lava cliffs and cactus plants, and other strange belongings in the animal and vegetable world, and, above all, its sad memories and associations in other ways to us; and no more happy sailors ever landed from board ship than we five did who set foot ashore in the 'Golden State,' as California is called, some three odd summers ago.

The whaler captain sold our treasure for us and divided the proceeds—I, though only a boy, being given by the others a fourth share, just as if I had been a man—Jan Steenbock refusing to touch any.

Mine when realized amounted to over £400, a sum which, if not quite enough to set one up in life and enable one to stop working, was still 'not to be sneezed at,' as Tom Bullover remarked to me confidentially, as we made our way eastwards from San Francisco towards New York, by the Union Pacific line, a month or so afterwards.

Hiram remained behind in California, saying he had gone through enough sailing, and intended trying something in the farming or

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mining line. But Tom, and Jan Steenbock, and I, with our old friend Sam, stuck together to the end, taking ship at New York for Liverpool, where we touched English ground again, just a year almost to a day from the time we started on our ill-starred voyage in the poor *Denver City*.

All of us still see each other now and again, even Hiram meeting us sometimes, when he ships in a liner and comes 'across the herring pond,' having soon got tired of a life ashore; and our general rendezvous is a little shop kept by Sam Jedfoot, who has married a wife, and supplies goods in the ship chandling line to vessels outward bound—the darkey having a large acquaintance amongst stewards and such gentry who have the purchasing of the same, and being a general favourite with all this class of men, save and excepting Welshmen, whom he detests most heartily, somehow or other!

I am now a grown-up sailor, too, like Tom Bullover, and he and I always sail together in the same ship, being called the 'two inseparables' by the brokers, for one of us will never sign articles for a new vessel unless the other goes; and when we come off a voyage and land at Liverpool old town, as frequently is the case, no sooner do we step ashore, at the Prince's landing stage or in the docks, as may happen, than we 'make tracks,' to use Hiram Bang's Yankee lingo, for Sam Jedfoot's all-sorts shop hard by in Water Street.

Here, 'you may bet your bottom dollar,' adopting Hiram's favourite phrase again, we are always warmly welcomed by our old friend, the whilom darkey cook of the lost *Denver City*, whose wife also greets us cordially whenever we drop in to visit her 'good man,' as she calls him.

They are a happy couple and much attached, though differing in colour; and, of an evening, after the hearty spread which Sam insists invariably on preparing for our enjoyment—to show us that he has not lost practice in his culinary profession, I believe, as well as from his innate sense of hospitality—the ex-cook will, as regularly as he was accustomed to do on board ship in his caboose towards the end of the second dog-watch, when the hands were allowed to skylark and divert themselves, take up his banjo, the same that he brought home with him from Abingdon Island.

The tune he always plays, the song he always sings, is that well-remembered one which none of us, his shipmates, can ever forget, bringing back as it does with its plaintive refrain every incident of our memorable passage across the Atlantic and round Cape Horn—ay, and all the way up the Pacific. It is full of the Galapagos Isles, our past life, so pregnant with its strange perils and weird surroundings, and ending in such a terrible catastrophe:—

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" "Oh, down in Alabama, 'fore I wer sot free,
I lubbed a p'ooty yaller gal, an' t'ought dat she lubbed me;
But she am groob unconstant, an' leff me hyar to tell
How my pore hart am breakin' fur dat croo-el Nancy Bell!"

Sam's wife, too, although she isn't a 'yaller gal,' but, on the contrary, as white as he is black, and Tom Bullover and I, with Hiram or Jan Steenbock—should either or both happen likewise to be ashore in Liverpool, and with us, of course, at the time—all as regularly and unfailingly on such occasions join in the same old chorus—

"Den cheer up, Sam! don't let yer sperrits go down; -
Dere's many a gal dat you knows wal am waitin' fur you in de town!"

—The ditty always as invariably winds up with the selfsame sharp twang of the chords of the banjo at the end of the last bar, that Sam used to give in the old time long ago, when sitting in the galley of the poor old *Denver City*.

"Ponk-a-tink-a-long-tang-p-lang!" I can hear it now.

I shall never forget that tune—no, never—brimful as it is with the memory of our ill-fated ship and of "THE BLACK MAN'S GHOST!"

THE END

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER,
SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG
THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.*

• CHAPTER XII. (*continued.*)

• MY first impulse after finding the pearls was to put into force my very simple stratagem—so simple and apparent that it would be an insult to the reader's understanding to enter further into any explanation than to say that he is quite right in his surmise that it was merely to introduce one of my pearls into my washing-tub, and make believe I had found it there in the regular manner. Upon reflection, however, it seemed that I had better not act too hurriedly over the business. Had the driver, like the governor of the island, been a Sea Dyak, it would not have made the least difference had I made my tremendous discovery within the very first hour of my being at work. It is a great chance if a Sea Dyak would have dreamt of any sort of trick; but the driver of our gang was not a Sea Dyak, but a Malay, and of all people on the face of the earth there are none more suspicious, and treacherous, and cunning. And I don't say this because the individual who is chiefly responsible for having set me roving was a Malay. I owe her no grudge. On the contrary, I have a strong belief that she—the old lady whom Bill Jupp and myself encountered in the brickmaker's shed, of course I mean—was by many degrees the best specimen of her nation I ever met. But, after all, she could be scarcely called a Malay, having spent nearly the space of an ordinary life among civilized folks.

The more I thought about it the less feasible seemed the plan of secreting and recovering one of my pearls the very next morning. It would certainly be better to wait for a week—a month—three months even—than spoil my excellent chance by over-eagerness. True, I should meanwhile have to endure the odious labour already described, but I had no doubt that the certain prospect of being presently released from it would make it endurable; indeed, strange as it may appear, even the few hours I had already passed at the nasty place had sufficiently familiarised me with its odours that I could at least breathe without continually retching and shuddering. Before I went to bed, therefore, I stamped my treasure into the floor of my hut, and resolved to wake with a stout heart for the ordeal before me.

• And truly I needed a stout heart, and a strong stomach, to bear up against the terrors of the work which the following day found me engaged in. But somehow I did bear up. I kept my mind's eye continually on the precious gem which was to redeem me from my tribulation, as the benighted traveller caught in a morass constantly regards the far-off twinkling light. Fifty times in the course of that woeful morning I was for kicking away the cause of my misery; but I managed to struggle through, and at the close of the day was able to give as good an account as the rest.

The next day I found my disgust decreasing, and the day following it was less still, and so on in proportion. It was nearly a week, however, before I could

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partake of my food with anything like regularity, and I saved quite a store of rice, which, I can assure the reader, was not wasted, for, ere many more days had passed I could manipulate the contents of my washing-tub with as much indifference as though it were dough, and my appetite became so pressing for its arrears of food that it took all my store of rice and fish to appease it. The disgust thus overcome, the rest was easy enough; for our food was wholesome and plentiful, and the labour required of us neither heavy nor urgent.

So passed more than two months, and I at last made up my mind to put into execution my long-cherished scheme.

For an hour or so I worked on steadily, and then, quick as thought, spat my pearls into the trough, and the die was cast. They were so large and so lovely, that the least stir of the mess revealed them, and presently, affecting to give an astonished cry, I caught up one and, immediately uttering a still more astonished cry, seized the other and ran with them to the driver, who was standing alone some paces off.

"Take me to Orang Sapis," said I. "I have found that which will change his sadness to joy."

And, opening my hand, I showed him the pearls. His first act was to snatch them from me with an ejaculation of amazement, and to retire behind a shell-heap that he might examine them, I following close enough at his heels, the reader may depend. When he had examined them, however, he seemed strangely agitated, and instead of, as I desired, hurrying off with me at once to Orang Sapis, he loitered, and lingered, and looked from the town to the beach, and from the beach to me, and seemed very undecided indeed. At last said he, in a cautious whisper—

"Do the fellows about you know of this?"

"No," replied I, innocently enough, "'tis but a moment ago that I found them, and I came straight here."

"Good!" said the Malay, his little eyes twinkling with greed and cunning. "And do you know, Rusa" (or "The Deer," a name with which the driver had dubbed me)—"do you know, Rusa, the worth of these things?"

"Riches and liberty!" replied I shortly. "Take me to Orang Sapis, and he will pay the price."

"But, my good Rusa," pursued the Malay persuasively, "these are pearls of size—marvels of beauty; the like of them was never seen on Mompara before. One of them would purchase the liberty of twenty slaves, and all you will get will be the bare price of one. Listen, Rusa; the Orang Sapis is rich. We are poor. You shall keep one of these pearls, and I the other. Quick! Hide this one (the smallest) in your belt, and get at once back to your work. We will talk the matter over in the evening."

So saying, he turned away and busied himself at some distance, leaving me to go back and wallow in my wretched tub, with no better consolation than that the execution of my long-treasured scheme had left me poorer than before.

My first sensations were only of bitter disappointment and exasperation against the rascally Malay driver; but when in a few minutes I grew calmer, there dawned on me the reflection that disappointment might not be the least evil I might have to endure. From what I knew of Malay character generally, and of this man in particular, he was far too cautious a fellow to allow a slave to share with him a secret the betrayal of which would involve at least his utter ruin. This set me

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thinking more seriously ; and it presently came into my mind that when a slave was found to have concealed a pearl in Orang Sapasis' absence, it was not customary to wait for the Orang's return, *but to deal with the culprit instantly*. It was so with the young Chinese whose case I have already quoted. This recollection, coupled with the fact that Orang Sapasis set out the very next day for a longish voyage, at once resolved me how to act—as soon as work was over I would go up to the Orang's palace and tell him all about it.

Even as I was thinking, by a lucky chance the Orang himself, attended by a troop of his courtiers, came down to the beach to see how the work progressed, and to give his overseers final instructions as to their behaviour during his absence. Whether it was that I suddenly ceased work, or that I looked with particular earnestness towards the advancing party, I don't know, but, happening to turn my eyes in the driver's direction, I saw that his sallow complexion was many shades paler than usual ; and, as I regarded him, he laid one hand on his lips as a caution, and the other on the handle of his kris, by way of gentle intimation of what would be the penalty if I disobeyed him.

But my situation was desperate, and I resolved not to swerve from my resolution ; and when the Orang and his party approached where I was sitting I started up, and, to the Orang's surprise and alarm, fell on my knees before him, and in as few words as possible narrated my story, at the same time producing my pearl in corroboration.

At first Sapasis looked incredulous, but, as the story went on, his brow lowered threateningly, and finally he looked round him for Tangah, the driver, and, not seeing him, called him aloud, and sent some of his people to look for him. And speedily the poor wretch was found behind a shell-heap, writhing and struggling on the ground in his last agonies—overmatched, beaten out of life, by his own cunning. For no sooner had he seen me kneel at the Orang's feet than, having no doubt of my intention, he had for a moment hidden himself for the purpose of swallowing the evidence of his guilt, after which he probably would have come forward, and with much virtuous indignation denied my scandalous accusations. But Providence had otherwise willed. The jewel, hastily swallowed, had stuck fast in his gullet, stopping his breath and choking him.

The Orang was a shrewd man, and, when his anger was excited, as cruel as he was shrewd. At a glance he saw how matters stood, which was not difficult, for the wretched driver was grasping at his throat and making all sorts of horrid pantomime that there was the cause of his distress. Had help been promptly given, undoubtedly Tangah might have been saved : but Sapasis would let no one touch him.

“Leave him alone,” said he with a cruel laugh, and at the same time turning away. “Poor Tangah is ill ; he will be quiet presently, and then we will inquire what ails him.”

And sure enough presently Tangah was quiet—quiet as death could make him. Somebody went after Sapasis, who had sauntered down to the edge of the sea, to tell him.

“Tangah is dead,” said the messenger.

“Ah, well, I thought he would die,” replied Sapasis indifferently. “Look in his throat and find the cause of his death ; if you find it, give it to the slave Lusa that he may give it to me.”

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So they looked in Tangah's throat, and of course found the jewel which had suffocated him, and, bringing it to me, bade me carry it to Orang Sapasis, and I did, delivering it to him as he was surrounded by his attendants.

"Now," said Sapasis, fondly regarding the instrument of the driver's death—gleaming pure, and lovely, and spotless as ever—"now do I know, O Rusa, that you spoke truly. Rise, Rusa, slave no longer, and name thy double reward."

"Liberty, only liberty, my lord," replied I, "and with no further extension of your bounty than sufficient means to——"

"Means to carry me to my own country," was what I would have said, but Sapasis, eager to display his gratitude and generosity, interrupted me.

"Liberty shall be yours," said he; "there is no part of my dominion to which thou mayst not go as freely as myself; and as to means, take thou the place of the villain Tangah, with his house and all he may have hoarded therein, with his wife, and his sons, and his daughters as thy slaves. These are my commands," continued Sapasis, raising his voice and looking round on the crowd now assembled; "let all who hear take such part as they may be called on to see them obeyed."

Although it was a sore disappointment to me that the Orang's notion of "liberty" should be circumscribed by the dimensions of his island, still surely I had no cause to grumble. At least I was free to go whenever a chance presented, and meanwhile my time could be passed easily and lucratively. Marching at once to Tangah's house, I took possession, and immediately made inventory of the goods it contained, and which were not inconsiderable, for Tangah had been a driver several years, and what with his honest gains and his pilferings had prepared a nest very well feathered indeed.

The nest was mine, and so was the brood—Tangah's daughters, two of them, and his three little sons. Tangah's widow was mine, too; and of this she wanted no telling, for she prostrated herself before me, and cried and implored me not to part her from her young ones. At this very moment came a message from Sapasis to say that, since I might not have a use for all the slaves he had given me, he would gladly purchase such as I could spare; but, to the utter surprise of all who heard me, I returned an answer to the Orang begging him to allow Tangah's family to retain their liberty, and that I could never be happy if I allowed myself to inflict injury on these innocent creatures. When this answer was carried to Sapasis he merely laughed, and said that I was a fool; but that he thought differently was clearly shown by the constant kindness he ever afterwards manifested towards me.

And here I may say was an end to my Bornean adventures; for though, as already intimated, I remained among the pearl-fishers for the long space of ten years, one day was so exactly like another that almost any one might be taken as a sample of a thousand. Tangah's was a large house, so that there was room enough for the widow and the youngest children, which was a great accommodation to her and an advantage to me, as she proved a frugal and considerate housekeeper and an excellent cook. My pay as driver was two dollars a day, which was sufficient to allow of not only good living, but of the putting a something away to increase the store I inherited from Tangah.

I remained well in health during these ten years, and was every way happy except for the one circumstance that Orang Sapasis, who knew my urgent desire to leave his dominions spared no pains to prevent me; and really he did this in so kind-

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in a manner that I never could remonstrate very seriously with him. And so I should have remained a slave-driver at a pearl-fishery to the end either of the Orang's days or mine own, had it not happened that on a certain bright June morning, and just as the people were beginning their work, and I, having lit my first cigar, was strolling amongst them—had it not happened, I say, that, all unexpectedly, a ship hove in sight—a British ship, with the British colours flying!

Who shall tell the emotion which filled me as my eyes dwelt on the sudden ship with its white sails, and the white faces of her crew, which shone out against the dark shrouds? All that was English in me awoke, as though my long seventeen years and over of experience among savage people had been but the dream of a single night. Home—another—everything connected with the dear old country, came vividly before me, and, kneeling down on the shore, I most heartily thanked God that He had at last delivered me from my long bondage.

To my amazement, however, no one but myself seemed delighted at the approach of the ship; and when she came so near that her guns might be seen and counted the consternation of the pearl-seekers increased, and they ran off to the palace of the Orang, and flocked therein a vast mob, begging that he would protect them. But the Orang was not at all dismayed, and, although a European ship had never before visited his island, he had had dealings through his agents with both Dutch and Portuguese, and therefore, like a hospitable prince, came down to the beach to welcome the strangers.

Great was the Orang's surprise to find that I had already boarded the first boat the Pegasus had sent off: indeed, I had not waited for it to touch the shore, but, as soon as I saw it lowered over the ship's side, had swum towards it. Rather indignant, too, was the Orang, and called out in a commanding tone that I should come away, and leave the business of greeting to him; but when for the first time I made known to him that, despite my tawny skin, I was of the same country as his visitors, his anger ceased, and when I expressed my intention of departing when the Pegasus did, he made no objection.

The business of the Pegasus was simply that of exploring and surveying; nevertheless its stay at Mompara was protracted for full a fortnight—a weary fortnight for me, I do assure the reader. Not that I was idle meantime: I had various business to arrange, not the least important being the conversion of my worldly goods to the most portable shape. This, however, was effected, and, with three thousand dollars, my great diamond, and a pair of huge gold bracelets, heavy as fetters, which Orang Sapasis gave me as a parting gift, I joyfully sailed away.

Only that the voyage to England was very tedious I can tell nothing about it, my sole thoughts being engrossed with thoughts of home, and who had gone, and who was left. My mother, I counted, must be by this time nearly sixty, and my father sixty-seven; so there was not so bad a chance that I might find them alive—at least one of them.

Within an hour of the ship touching at Portsmouth I was bowling along on the coach Londonward, and in good time was set down at the Saracen's Head, in Aldgate, which, if the reader is at all acquainted with that neighbourhood, he knows is but a short step from Goodman's Fields. I had a bag and a great trunk with me, but these I left at the coach office, and set out to inquire for my relations.

My first journey was to the little house at home, of course. It was night, and the lamps were lit, and as I turned into our street (how narrow, and little, and

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER.

My heart beat at a tremendous rate, as, starting with number six, I went on to number seven. A glance told me that the familiar beard, "Davidger Tailor, &c." (what the " &c." over-meant was a mystery to me), was not over the door. Still there was nothing in this; it might have been taken down—fell down—gone to be painted. Three, four, five, six steps more, and the dismal truth was revealed: there were lasts in the parlour window, and a brass plate on the green street-door, inscribed, "Rogers, Shoemaker."

"Mrs. Rogers came to the door." Did she know where Mrs. Davidger had removed to? Miss Davidger, she supposed I meant: "the old people are dead, you know—him five summers ago, and the old lady the spring before last." The Miss Davidger she alluded to was Miss Mary Ann (my youngest sister), who was a dressmaker, and supported her mother till she died. Where was she now? Ah! that was more than Mrs. Rogers could tell. there *was* a talk of her marrying a young grazier who lived out Hampshire way, and who met Mary Ann at a Whitechapel vestry-hall tea-meeting.

That was the extent of the information Mrs. Rogers could give me, so I thought I would run round to Cable-street, and see if my kind old aunt was in the land of the living; but, alas! the baby-linen shop was now a beer-shop, and there was singing, and smoking, and beer-drinking going on in the very chamber which used to be so sacred.

Now where should I go? It mattered little, for, finding myself so lonely & *ver!*, believe, if the next turning had taken me to Mompara, I should have taken it. Stay: there was Bill Jupp!

I knew the way to the cord-calcer's well enough, and in a few moments stood before its well-known window, looking in. The name was still over the door, and the appearance of the shop had not at all altered, with this exception, that the person behind the counter was a buxom, bright-eyed little woman whom I had never seen before. Anyhow I would go in and ask after Bill; but lo! as I entered at the door, Bill's head emerged from the hole leading to the cellar under the shop, and, taking me, by my brown skin and the rings in my ears, for a distinguished foreigner, he hastened behind the counter, and politely asked my pleasure.

"A ha'p'orth of grey peas, Bill," said I.

If my appearance had altered, my voice had not, for by it he recognised me instantly, and in less than a minute we—that is, he, and his wife, and myself—were cosily sitting in the comfortable shop-parlour, exchanging histories. The reader knows mine, and the summary of his was, that his father had taken to farming and left him the corn business.

Bill made room for me in his house, and there I am at present staying. My search after my relations has not been very successful. I can gain no tidings of sister Polly, but of Annie, the eldest, I hear that she has married Mr. Levy the clothier's son, and that the pair are now in thriving business in Liverpool. My next sister is dead. So is my Cable-street aunt. So is her brother Sampson, the stevedore. His niece Margaret I discovered alive, and charing at eightpence a day. Finding that her ambition soared no higher than a comfortable laundry business, with a mangle attached, it was instantly provided for her, and, I am happy to say, she is getting along very well. As for me, having written my *Bornan* adventures, I am reduced to sitting smoking at the window from morning till night, and wondering what I shall do next.

THE END.

